AMERICAN LITERATURE

WITH READINGS

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AMERICAN LITERATURE

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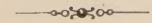
AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY

ROY BENNETT PACE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE



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To

WILLIAM ALLEN WILBUR

SCHOLAR TEACHER

FRIEND

PREFACE

This book is the outcome of personal experience with the problem of teaching literature to young people. Usefulness has been the first thing sought, and it is this that has determined the chief features of the book.

Only those writers have been treated whose works the students may reasonably be expected to read. It is not the mission of a history of literature for schools to furnish a complete encyclopedia of names.

There has been no attempt to give detailed treatment of recent writers, with whom the magazines have made most pupils familiar. A fair judgment cannot as yet be passed on their work, and time for consideration of them cannot well be spared from the earlier writers, who are the first object of our study.

Nowhere in the book has simplicity been sacrificed for the sake of literary effect. Too often the author of a text-book has spoiled an otherwise good chapter by a few flights of fancy or a clever analogy quite beyond the student's observation and experience.

In the matter of proportion this book differs from most in the space given to Southern literature. The position that should be taken on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line is admirably expressed by Professor Wendell: "As our new patriotism strengthens, we cannot prize too highly such verses as Whittier's, honestly phrasing noble Northern sentiment, or as Timrod's, who with equal honesty phrased the noble sentiment of the South."

No pains have been spared to equip the book with useful and attractive illustrations. "Whoever would understand a poet," says the proverb, "must pay a visit to the poet's country." It is hoped that the homes and haunts, the manuscripts and title-pages, the portraits, tombs, and monuments reproduced here will help the pupil to pay such visits in imagination, and will enliven and increase his interest in the men and their works.

To the many friends who have aided by criticism and suggestion the author here records his indebtedness and gratitude. Though he alone is responsible for the form which the book finally takes, that form is due in no small degree to kindly consideration given by those with other and better points of view.

ROY BENNETT PACE.

Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania,
January 1, 1915.

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AMERICAN LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION

This book aims to trace briefly the rise and growth of literature in America. The word literature is here used in its broadest sense — the written record of the life of a people or nation. Of literature in its more restricted sense — "writing which has claim to consideration on the ground of beauty of form or emotional effect" — the first two hundred years of English life in America produced only a few examples; the first hundred years scarcely one. During this time, however, there were produced many pieces of writing an acquaintance with which is essential to an understanding of the life of our forefathers, and which throw not a little light on genuine literary productions of the later period.

It is only three centuries since the first permanent English colony was planted on the shores of the James. That little band of settlers found a vast expanse of country over which roamed at will savage tribes of red men. Their only writings consisted of hieroglyphics scratched rudely on bark or stone for the purpose of conveying information of passing interest. So far as is known they had not a single permanent record of any kind. The only literature, therefore, that can be called American is that produced by the European settlers of America, and we are interested in only so much of that as was produced in the thirteen English colonies and their outgrowth, the United States. To

this literature by common consent the name American has been limited.

England at the time of the dawn of American literature was enjoying a period of great prosperity and influence, thanks to the genius and wisdom of Queen Elizabeth, who had lived till four years before the landing at Jamestown. James I, as king of England and Scotland, had united the crowns of the two countries. He was encouraging the expansion of British trade and the extension of the British domain by subsidizing exploration, and by granting royal patents to his noble friends for the colonizing of America.

Englishmen of this happy period possessed a rich heritage of literature, including the works of Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Marlowe. They were enjoying the companionship of such immortals as Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Bacon, and Shakspere. Under the direction of the authors themselves they saw acted those great dramas that will be the delight and inspiration of millions so long as the English language shall exist.

When our forefathers sailed away from the shores of England to Virginia and to Massachusetts, they carried with them, as Englishmen, an interest in this priceless heritage. As we trace the growth of literature in America we shall observe that the literary dependence of America on England gradually became less in the same way and for much the same reason as did the political dependence. As America became settled and her men and women found time for self-culture and contemplation, she became less dependent on the mother country for literary inspiration; and with nationality came literature in its more restricted sense, a literature permeated with the freshness and the vigor of the land that gave it birth.

While no division of American literature into periods can be entirely satisfactory, it will be convenient to recognize

four up to the year 1892 — the year chosen as the limit of this survey. These are:

1. From John Smith to Benjamin Franklin (1608–1758).
2. From Benjamin Franklin to Washington Irving (1758–1809).
3. From Washington Irving to the end of the Civil War (1809–1865).
4. From the end of the Civil War to the deaths of Walt Whitman and John G. Whittier (1865–1892).

THE PORTRAICTUER OF CAPTAINE IOHN SMITH ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND.
These are the Lines that ſhew thy Face; but thoſe
That ſhew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee:
Thy Faire-Diſcoueries and Fowle-Overthrowes
Of Salvages, much Civilliz'd by thee
Beſt ſhew thy Spirit; and to it Glory Wyn:
So, thou art Braſſe without, but Golde within.

JOHN SMITH, "ADMIRAL OF NEW ENGLAND."

CHAPTER I

FROM JOHN SMITH TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

American literature had a beginning very different from that of most nations. Most literatures began before the language in which they were subsequently written had a definite form. They began in verse, usually in the songs of bards who celebrated the heroic deeds of individuals and of tribes. They expressed the emotions, beliefs, aspirations, of a society more or less primitive, a civilization but slightly developed. Our knowledge of these beginnings rests on a long period of oral transmission.

Quite in contrast to such conditions, the author of the first book written on American soil knew that his work could be manifolded by the printing press within a few months of its completion. His language was the language of one of the world's great literatures, even then at its highest achievement. Furthermore, it was the language of a civilization second to none, of a nation acknowledging no superior in intellectual or physical accomplishment. It looked back nine centuries to a great epic poem, *Beowulf;* two centuries to Chaucer, a poet whose breadth of view made him a world figure; and a few decades to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a victory that showed the men who spoke the language to be truly great spirits.

John Smith (1580–1631). — The author of this first book was John Smith, whose writings belong to history rather than to literature, and to England rather than to America, but who cannot be omitted from a sketch like the present. Born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1580, he had from the

age of sixteen been an adventurer, traveling in various parts of Europe and in Northern Africa, fighting in various armies and causes, and gathering an interesting lot of experiences. His love of adventure persuaded him to join the party just setting out to colonize Virginia in 1607, and soon after reaching Jamestown he was named a member of the Council, or governing board. In this position Smith showed such ability that in September, 1608, he was made president of the body; and it was chiefly to his wise and vigorous, if sometimes unscrupulous, methods that the successful establishment of the Virginia colony was due.

Statue at Jamestown of Smith, "Governor of Virginia."

Only one of Smith's numerous books comes within the scope of this work. Its full title, which in its length is characteristic of the time, is: *A True Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony, which is now resident in the South part thereof, till the last returne from thence. Written by Captaine Smith Coronell of the said Collony, to a worshipfull friend of his in England.* The author lays no claim to style, and even the construction of his sentences is often such as would shame a high school boy of to-day. But his narrative possesses in no small degree the merits of simplicity, directness, and vividness, and gives many inter-

TRVE RE-
lation of ſuch occur-

rences and accidents of noateas
hath hapned in Virginia ſince the firſt
planting of that Collony, which is now
reſident in the South part thereof, till
the laſt returne from
thence.

Writt. n by Captaine Smith *Coronell of the ſaid Collony, to a*
worſhipfull friend of his in England.

LONDON
Printed for *Iohn Tappe*, and are to bee ſolde at the Grey-
hound in Paules-Church-yard, by *W. W.*
1608

FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF SMITH'S *A True Relation*, FIRST EDITION.
(Courtesy of New York Public Library.)

esting details of the life of the natives and his experiences with them. His reason for writing he gives in these words: "Many of the most eminent warriors what their swords did, their pens writ. Though I be never so much their inferior, yet I hold it no great error to follow good examples." It should be remarked, however, that some modern scholars question the accuracy of much Smith wrote. The Pocahontas incident, for example, which Smith told in two ways, is by many considered a choice bit of fiction.

Still, after making due allowances for boasting and for unintentional exaggeration, the *True Relation* is conceded to be in the main a trustworthy account; and as the first written record of the first permanent English colony in America, it deserves a place of honor in our literature as well as in our history.

William Strachey. — Of several other historians of the Southern colony William Strachey is perhaps the most notable. Almost nothing is known of his life, but his selection as secretary of the colony indicates that he had enjoyed educational advantages. Strachey's *History of Travaile into Virginia Britannia*, written after his return to England, is said to be "the most reliable single narrative of events during the period of Virginia history with which he deals."[1] Our interest in the man, however, arises not from his importance as an historian, but from the fact that one work of his is by some believed to have given a hint to Shakspere. This work is entitled: *A True Reportory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Kt., upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas; his Coming to Virginia; and the Estate of that Colony then and after under the Government of Lord La Ware.* (Compare, for length, Smith's title above.) In it occurs a powerful description of a storm encountered by a fleet of English vessels bound for Virginia. It is said

[1] *New International Encyclopedia.*

that Shakspere had this description before him when he wrote *The Tempest*.[1]

While Strachey is forceful and vivid, far more so than Smith ever could have been, it seems rather an exaggeration to say, even of the tempest passage, as does Tyler, that "it has some sentences which for imaginative and pathetic beauty . . . can hardly be surpassed in the whole range of English prose."

Ruins of Jamestown Church.
Now cared for by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, which owns the island.

Early Literary Work in North and South. — Writings of perhaps a dozen Southern colonists before 1700 have come down to us, while from New England during that time we have three or four times as many. The explanation of this difference is not difficult. Virginia was colonized at first largely by adventurers and speculators — men who came in hope of gain for themselves and for the noble gentlemen in England who financed the expeditions.[2] They had no thought of settling permanently, and

[1] For a full statement of the question, with what seems to us a fair conclusion, see *The Tempest*, Furness's Variorum Ed., page 312.

[2] Beginning about forty years after Jamestown, a much better class of immigrants arrived, men of good birth and education who sought

many of them — including Smith and Strachey — did remain only a few years. They had little interest in literature, and no ambition to enroll themselves in the register of literary fame. Their published "works" are hardly more than elaborate official reports, containing such information about the country and its inhabitants and the experience of the colony as the patentees at home might reasonably expect. Lastly, lack of educational facilities — or we may say more truly, the presence of educational restrictions — necessarily prevented those who became permanent residents from being equipped for literary work.

The settlers of New England, on the contrary, came to escape persecution, to found a new *home* for themselves. If not interested in literature for its own sake, they realized the value of clear, forceful writing for controversial purposes. Even the narrative writers of New England wrote with a very different purpose from that of the Southerners. Although often forced by pressure of more immediate considerations to make their chronicles brief, they prepared them with much care, not for the present but for the future. This is sufficiently shown by the fact that the first two historians, Bradford and Winthrop, did not publish, but at their deaths left their works in manuscript. Another point to be noted is that public schools were early provided in Massachusetts (1636), and a very generally educated citizenship resulted.

William Bradford (1590–1657). — The first work written in New England was William Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation.* In its original and complete form it was not printed until 1855; but it was the chief source of several historical works published in Massachusetts from 1669 down,

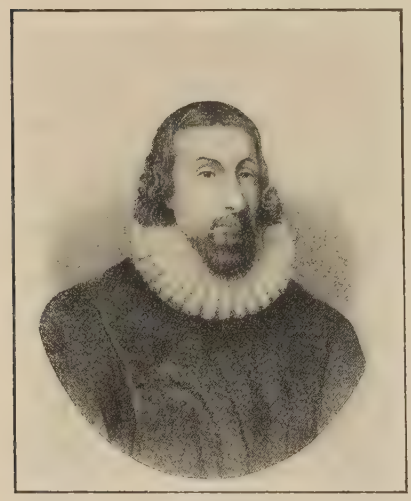
refuge from the repressive rule of Cromwell. It is from the "Cavaliers" who came over in the half century following 1650 that many of the "First Families of Virginia" are descended.

and its author has been not inaptly called the "Father of American History." Bradford was born in Yorkshire in 1590, and landed on Plymouth Rock from the *Mayflower*. The following year he was elected governor, and was re-elected annually until his death in 1657, with the exception of a few years when by his own wish he was allowed to retire. His *History* covers in the form of annals the period from 1620 to 1647. It cannot be said to have greater literary merit than the narratives of Smith and Strachey. Nowhere does it approach the power and vividness of Strachey's tempest passage; but it is characterized by a uniform dignity and sincerity not found in the works of the Southern chroniclers. As might be expected, it has a religious tone throughout, as had every expression of the first century of New England life. An excellent example of the Puritan attitude toward amusements, as well as of Bradford's general style, may be found in his account of Morton's settlement at "Ma-re Mount" — a passage which has additional interest because of having formed the basis of one of Hawthorne's tales.[1]

John Winthrop (1588–1649). — Hardly less important than Bradford is John Winthrop, the first governor of the Massachusetts Colony. Appointed to that position by the Company, he led the band of colonists that landed at Salem in June, 1630, and removed in September to Boston. He was repeatedly (though not consecutively) reappointed, holding the governorship for twelve out of nineteen years. His history, published under the ambitious title of *The History of New England*, is a diary recording the life of the colony to his death. He is quite indiscriminate in noting events, and is unintentionally amusing in the blunt and matter-of-fact way in which he writes of them. The death of a cow is mentioned without comment, as is that of his son; the

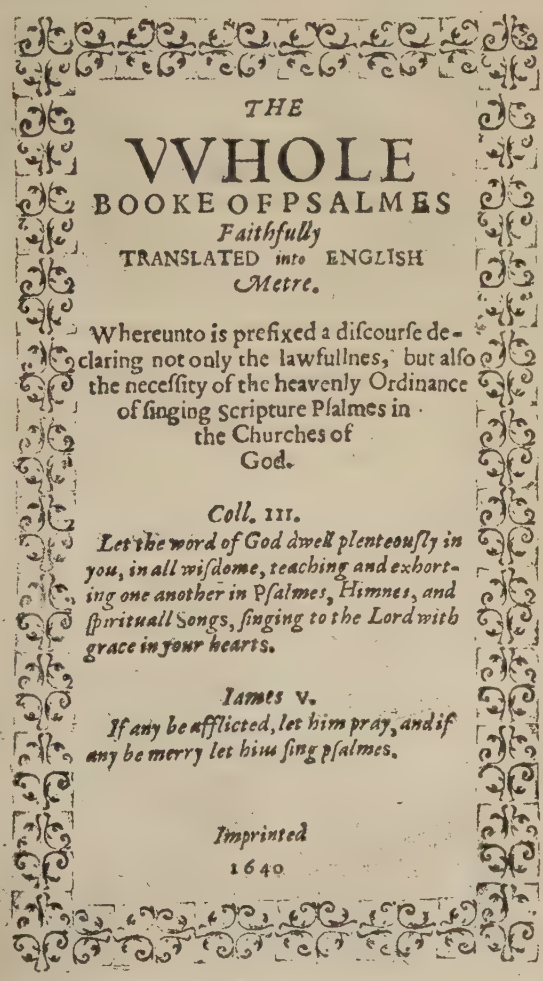
[1] *The Maypole of Merry Mount*, in *Twice Told Tales*.

execution of a murderer, the meeting of court, his unexpectedly filling a vacant pulpit, the killing of six calves by wolves, the marriage of Captain Endicott, a debate in church — all these matters are, if we may judge by the space and prominence given them, of equal consequence to future times. A sense of proportion cannot be included in the long list of merits attributed to him by his admirers. The book is, however, an invaluable record of the early days of the Massachusetts Colony, from which all subsequent historians have drawn. One year (1645) stands out conspicuously above the average, because in it is reported a speech of Governor Winthrop on the nature of liberty, delivered in court after acquittal of the charge of exceeding his authority. Of this speech a distinguished statesman said, "It is the best definition of liberty in the English language."



JOHN WINTHROP.

The Bay Psalm Book. — Since there was produced almost, if not absolutely, no real poetry in colonial New England, it is on first thought remarkable that the first book printed there was a book of verse. The fact, however, becomes less striking when we discover that this production was *The Bay Psalm Book*, the work of several clergymen, of whom the most important were John Eliot (1604–1690) and Richard Mather (1596–1669). The extremest enthusiast for our early


THE

VVHOLE BOOKE OF PSALMES

Faithfully
TRANSLATED *into* ENGLISH
Metre.

Whereunto is prefixed a diſcourſe declaring not only the lawfullnes, but alſo the neceſſity of the heavenly Ordinance of ſinging Scripture Pſalmes in the Churches of God.

Coll. III.

Let the word of God dwell plenteouſly in you, in all wiſdome, teaching and exhorting one another in Pſalmes, Himnes, and ſpirituall Songs, ſinging to the Lord with grace in your hearts.

Iames V.

If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be merry let him ſing pſalmes.

Imprinted
1640

FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF *The Bay Psalm Book.*
(New York Public Library.)

literature would not call these versified psalms poetry. The authors did not, indeed, aim to make poetry; they aimed merely to produce a hymn book which should render faithfully "David's poetry into English metre." The most that can be said for the forms of the Psalms here is that they are generally not much worse than Milton's juvenile performances in the same field. "Everywhere in the book is manifested the agony it cost the writers to find two words that would rhyme — more or less; and so often as this arduous feat is achieved, the poetic athlete appears to pause a while from sheer exhaustion, panting heavily for breath."

Apart from their connection with this work Eliot and Mather are worthy of further mention. The former gave his life to christianizing the natives, and is generally known as the "Apostle to the Indians." He translated into their language not only the entire Bible, but the Catechism, Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, and Thomas Shepard's *The Sincere Convert*. Richard Mather shines rather by reflected light than by any luster of his own. He was the founder of the "Mather Dynasty," which included ten clergymen, and which in the second generation produced Increase Mather, a president of Harvard College, and in the third, Cotton Mather, of whom we shall hear later.

Michael Wigglesworth (1631–1705). — Besides *The Bay Psalm Book* the writings of two other seventeenth century verse makers should be noticed. Michael Wigglesworth was a clergyman, a physician, and a versifier. Of his worth in the first and third of these capacities a good impression may be got from his most famous production, entitled *The Day of Doom, or, A Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment*. In this all mankind are brought before the Creator to hear his judgment upon them for eternity. The "sheep," few in number, are quickly assigned to their happy places; the rest of the poem (over 1500 lines) is taken up

with the pleas of the "goats" and their condemnation by the Judge. Its vivid pictures of a future punishment of fire and brimstone are interesting as a concrete expression of the general religious conviction of the author's time. In what is perhaps the most striking passage in the poem the Judge allows to the infants who may not dwell in bliss "the easiest room in hell." As we read the work to-day, we find it hard to realize how it could have been popular, even among such religious zealots as the Puritans of New England. It is said that the first edition of 1800 copies was sold in New England within twelve months of its publication (1662), which means one copy to every thirty-five people then living there; and that the poem was memorized by children along with the Catechism.

Anne Bradstreet (1612–1672). — The position of Anne Bradstreet in this period is unique: she was the only person who wrote verse for its own sake. Like all the authors so far mentioned, Mrs. Bradstreet was born in England. She married at the age of sixteen, and emigrated with her husband two years later. A delicate woman, mother of eight children, hard-working wife of a hard-working New England farmer, she wrote enough in prose and verse to fill a volume of 400 pages — most of it before she was thirty. The volume, published in London in 1650, was burdened with one of those long-drawn-out titles characteristic of the time. It reads: *The Tenth Muse Lately sprung up in America; or, Several Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight; wherein is especially contained a complete discourse and description of the four elements, constitutions, ages of man, seasons of the year; together with an exact epitome of the four monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman; also, a dialogue between Old England and New concerning the late troubles; with divers other pleasant and serious poems. By a Gentlewoman in those parts.*

It must be admitted that much in Mrs. Bradstreet's verse does not rise above that of Wigglesworth or *The Bay Psalm Book*. On the other hand she at times reaches a height altogether beyond that of any of her contemporaries. Though usually faulty in execution, her best passages show unquestionable poetic insight, and a genuine poetic approach to

Old Bradstreet House.
North Andover, Massachusetts.

nature. A good specimen of this may be seen in the stanza of *Contemplations* in praise of the grasshopper and the cricket. Though much of her poetry has the characteristic religious tone, Mrs. Bradstreet is distinguished from other New England verse writers by the fact that it was never her purpose to inculcate doctrine. The mere pleasure of composition seems to have been her greatest spur. Of her it has been well said that she, "in some worthy sense, found in poetry a vocation."

Of the host of theologians who gave to the literature of this period its character, two stand out preëminent — Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. Both came of ministerial stock; both were phenomenal children; both distinguished themselves in their own calling and in others; and both exerted great influence among their people.

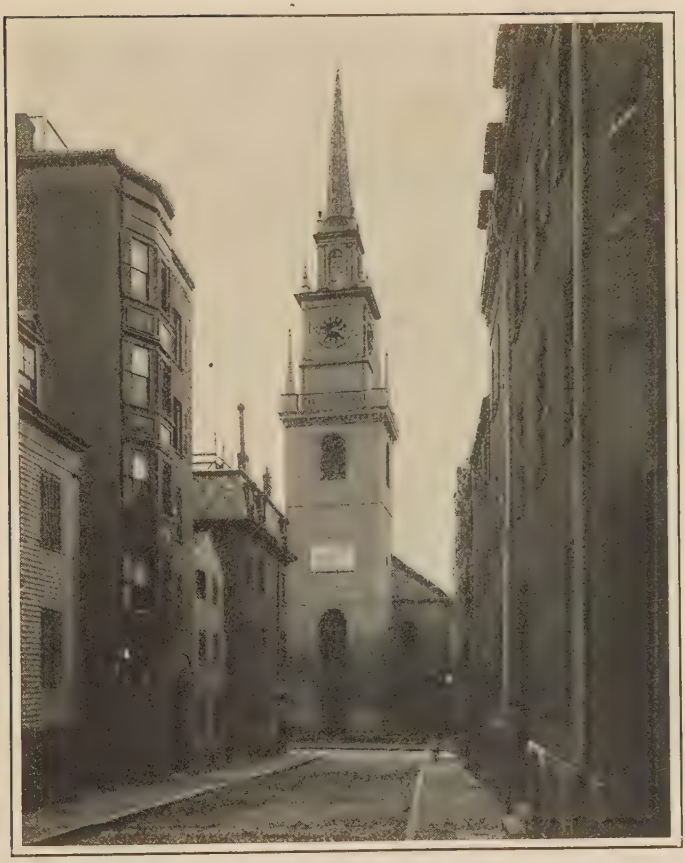
Cotton Mather (1663–1728). — Cotton Mather was the third and the greatest of the "Mather Dynasty" already referred to, and is the first writer mentioned in this book who was born in America. His father, Increase, and both his grandfathers, Richard Mather and John Cotton, were ministers. From childhood he was famed for his learning and piety; he was graduated from Harvard at the age of fifteen; he began preaching at seventeen. He knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, and Algonquin (an Indian dialect); and he published books in most of these languages. He had the largest private library in the New World, and was, apparently, acquainted with all it contained. He was a tremendous worker, and by a legend over his study door invited visitors to waste no words. For forty years he was connected with the North Church of Boston as assistant pastor (to his father) and as pastor.

Grave of Cotton Mather.
In Copp's Hill Cemetery, Boston.

From firm conviction he became a leader in the witchcraft persecution, and set forth the grounds of his conviction in several treatises.

We shall notice only two of the more than four hundred works written by Mather. To his *Essays to do Good* Franklin attributed much of his own usefulness in life, a sufficient evidence that it possessed real merit even for a practical man. Mather's greatest work, and in many respects the greatest of colonial America, is entitled: *Magnalia Christi Americana ; or, The Ecclesiastical History of New England from its First Planting in the year 1620, unto the Year of Our Lord 1698.* "A bulky thing," Mather appropriately called it, for it fills over one thousand pages. A miscellaneous thing it might also be called ; for it contains history of the colony, history of Harvard College, biographies of governors and of ministers, church doctrine, a record of church squabbles, and a collection of "remarkable mercies and judgements." His main purpose in the *Magnalia* seems to have been to make a final defense of the old order — of the rigorous Puritan religion which was already fast losing its power, and of the immense importance of the clergy, who were beginning to find much of their power assumed by civil officers. By this book he became more famous in Europe for his learning than were any of his countrymen. It is a storehouse of facts regarding the life of the people; but as history it is not so dependable as are the writings of Bradford and Winthrop.

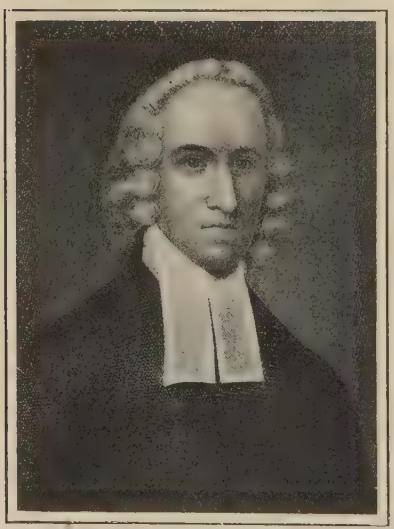
Mather was a man of strong prejudices, and his learning was ill-digested and ill-arranged. His great book is, moreover, unattractive to our day by reason of its style, which was no accident, but deliberately cultivated by its author. He followed what is known as the "fantastic" school of literature, the distinguishing quality of which is a boastful display of all sorts of learning. Scarcely a page in the



Old North Church, Boston,
In the tower of which Paul Revere's lanterns were placed.

Magnalia but is burdened with unusual phraseology and figures of speech, and with learned allusions to books, very frequently in foreign languages. The "fantastic" school had already had its day in Europe; with Mather it may be said to have had its demise.

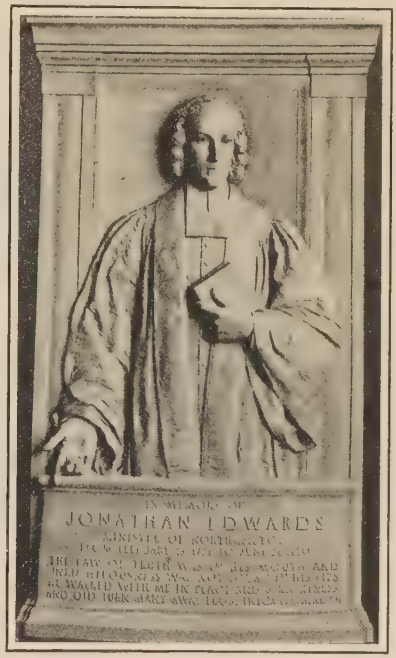
With Mather passed away also the ascendency of the clergy. His son Samuel, who succeeded him in the pastorate of the North Church, was forced by disaffection to leave his charge and form a new organization of those who adhered to him. Edwards, as we shall see, found also that a New England congregation would no longer take its pastor's word as law, but would discipline him just as he would discipline a humble member. And this changed state of things lasted. The ministry continued to be influential and respected, but never again occupied any such position of power as it had occupied throughout the seventeenth century.



JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Jonathan Edwards (1703–1758). — Jonathan Edwards was a theologian of the same type as Mather, but a man of much more trustworthy knowledge. Like Mather also he was born old and a preacher. His father was a preacher, as was his maternal grandfather; he himself married at the age of twenty-three a preacher's daughter; and one of his daughters married a preacher. On the face of things there would seem to have been enough religion in the atmosphere in which he lived, and the effect of this environment appeared early; for when about ten years old, he set apart a retreat in a near-by swamp for secret prayer.

After graduating from Yale at the age of seventeen, he studied divinity; and a few years later became a colleague pastor of the Northampton church under his grandfather, Mr. Stoddard. On the latter's death in 1729 Edwards became pastor, and remained in that position twenty-one years. At the end of that time a disagreement arose between pastor and people, and he was dismissed by an overwhelming vote. He refused calls to England, to Virginia, and to a new church to be composed of his Northampton adherents, and went as missionary to the Indians in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Here for seven years he conducted a very successful work, and found abundant time for writing. In September, 1757, he was elected president of Princeton College, and took up the duties of this position the following January. Smallpox was prevalent in the college town when Edwards arrived; he contracted the disease, and died from it in March.



MEMORIAL TABLET TO EDWARDS.
In the church at Northampton.

Edwards's chief claim to literary distinction is usually said to rest on his philosophical treatise, *On the Freedom of the Will,* which had some influence on English as well as on

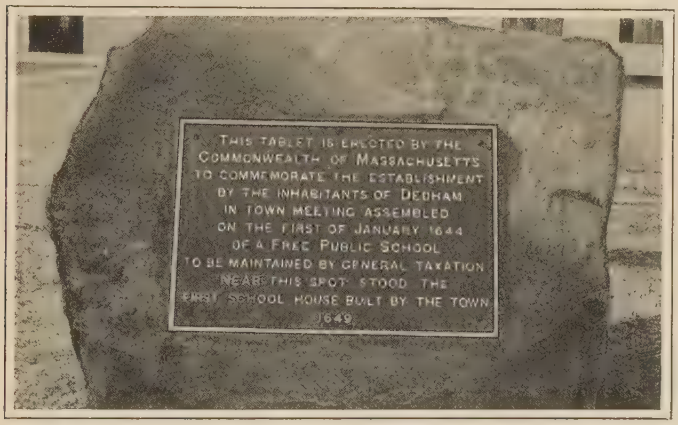
American thought. In spite of the almost universal praise bestowed upon this work as a powerful piece of independent thought, it has little real value to-day. Except for theologians and metaphysicians, it can hardly be called a "readable" book.

His sermons, which exerted such wonderful influence when delivered, read very curiously in the twentieth century. One is rather amused than edified by the fire and brimstone theology in most of them. Some critics have said that the real Edwards is not to be found in such discourses, but in those which expound the Divine Love. If, however, there is little sweetness and light and love in a sermon on the text — "In my father's house are many mansions" — one is at a loss where to look for it. What is the tone of Edwards's sermon on this text?

"You may be encouraged by what has been said, earnestly to seek heaven; for there are many mansions there. There is room enough there. . . . Let our young people, therefore, take warning from hence, and don't be such fools as to neglect seeking a place and mansion in heaven. . . . Consider when you die, if you have no mansion in the house of God in heaven, you must have your place of abode in the habitation of devils."

Edwards's most famous discourse, and the one which, if not thoroughly typical of him, is at least typical of the religion he believed and expounded, is *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God.* This was the beginning, we are told, of a great religious revival, which lasted two years; and of its immediate effect: "There was such a breathing of distress and weeping that the preacher was obliged to speak to the people and desire silence, that he might be heard." Future punishment was a theme often treated by him, and always in very realistic style. In one of these sermons, *The Future Punishment of the Wicked Unavoidable and Intolerable,* beginning with the picture of a human being cast into a fiery

oven for a quarter of an hour, he works up to what he intended to be a terrific climax, and then adds: "But your torment in hell will be immensely greater than this illustration represents." In another, *The Distinguishing Marks of a Work of the Spirit of God*, explaining, as it were, his continual return to this topic, he says: "If I am in danger of going to hell, I should be glad to know as much as I possibly can of the dreadfulness of it." With an ever


THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
TO COMMEMORATE THE ESTABLISHMENT
BY THE INHABITANTS OF DEDHAM
IN TOWN MEETING ASSEMBLED
ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY 1644
OF A FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL
TO BE MAINTAINED BY GENERAL TAXATION
NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD THE
FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE BUILT BY THE TOWN
1649

Tablet Commemorating the First Public School in America. (Photograph by courtesy of Julius H. Tuttle, Esq., President of the Dedham Historical Society.)

present conviction of the intense wickedness of men, and an equally strong conviction of the terrors of future punishment, he felt impelled to repeated warnings. His preaching aimed, it would seem, not so much to lead men to eternal bliss as to save them from eternal torment.

Education in the Colonies. — Since the literary activity of the different colonies depended very largely on their educational advantages, it is interesting to trace the development of education among them. New England was settled in

towns and villages, often by pastors with their flocks. Large farms were not profitable, the Indians were hostile, and family ties tended to keep the settlements compact. No sooner was one well established than the meeting house and schoolhouse were built. The preacher and the schoolmaster were the most influential persons in every community. To provide for the education of the children was as essential as to provide means of worship. In 1647 the first school law in America was passed in Massachusetts,

HARVARD COLLEGE.
From an old print by Paul Revere.

requiring every town of fifty householders to establish a school. By 1649 every New England colony excepting Rhode Island had passed laws making education compulsory.

In the Southern colonies, on the other hand, the farms were large and scattered, the Indians were less troublesome, and there were few villages. Frequently even the county court house stood by itself with only one or two dwellings within miles. "The Virginia parishes were so extensive," says Campbell in his *History of Virginia*, "that parishioners

sometimes lived at a distance of fifty miles from the parish church." By the very nature of things a system of schools like that in New England was impossible. The people grieved much because it could be said that their children "were inferior in knowledge to their ancestors," and proposed various methods for solving the problem. To make

OLDEST BUILDING OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE (FOUNDED 1693). Part of the wall is left from the original structure, which was destroyed by fire.

things still harder for them they were afflicted from 1641 to 1677 with Sir William Berkeley as a royal governor, whose position as to education was expressed in these words: "I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing presses; and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy, and sects

New-England. Numb. 308.

The Boston News-Letter.

Published by Authority.

From Monday March 6. to Monday March 13. 1709.

Whitehall, August 17.

The following Address from the Commons of *Ireland* has been Transmitted by his Excellency the Earl of *Wharton*, Lord-Lieutenant of that Kingdom, & presented by Mr. Secretary *Boyle* to Her Majesty, who received it very graciously.

To the QUEEN's most Excellent Majesty.
The humble Address of the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses in Parliament Assembled.

May it please your Majesty,

YOur Majesty's loyal & faithful Commons, with great Delight & Satisfaction, return their unfeigned Thanks to your Majesty for your most gracious Answer to their humble Address, in which they beseech your Majesty, that the Outlawries of Persons guilty of the Rebellions in One thousand six hundred forty one, and One thousand six hundred eighty eight, which are of Force, may so remain.

They no longer apprehend that any Sollicitations can be successful to obtain the Reversal of such Outlawries, when they consider the Protection they have hitherto enjoyed under your Majesty's most auspicious Government, and have your Royal Promise that your Majesty will always have a great Regard to the Titles and Interests of your Protestant Subjects, and particularly to such as depend upon the Forfeitures and Outlawries of Persons guilty of the Rebellions in One thousand six hundred forty one, and One thousand six hundred eighty eight.

And are happy in this Opportunity of assuring your Majesty, That as they have from the beginning of this Parliament, acted with the deepest Sense of Duty and Gratitude towards the best of Queens, they will by their future Behaviour, endeavour to deserve the Continuance of Your Majesty's Favour and good Opinion of your Majesty's most dutiful Subjects.

London, August 16. We have at present little business stirring at home; the chief Affair in hand is how to provide for the poor Protestant Palatines: A great many of the Unmarried Men have been new Cloath'd, and put on Board Her Majesties Ships of War, to be trained up in Navigation. The Commissioners are sending 500 Families to *Ireland* to be settled there; which may prove a very proper Method in a short time to Outvote the Roman Catholicks, who are but too too numerous in that Kingdom. It is said another part of them will be settled along the Coasts of *North Britain*. The Lords Proprietors of *Carolina* have invited them upon very advantageous Terms to settle there, but as it would certainly be more beneficial to this Nation, and Correspondent with the late Naturalization Act, upon which foundation they came over, to settle here: It is under Consideration how to dispose of them so as that without being any burthen to the *English*, they may be put into a Capacity of maintaining themselves, and Encreasing the Wealth and Trade of these Kingdoms. In the mean time they dwell with their Families in Tents on Black-heath and adjacent Parts. Her Majesty allows them upwards of an hundred and sixty Pounds *per* day, which with private Charity subsists them pretty well. They appear a very harmless, innocent People, industrious, willing to labour, and very ingenious. Almost all sorts of Trades are carrying on in their Camp, which draws daily an incredible Concourse of People from all Parts, out of Curiosity to see this new Palatinate. Where-ever they settle, they will encrease and multiply, for their women are very fruitful, and seldom fail of two at a Birth. People Contribute very liberally for their Maintainance and Settlement to the General Collection for them by Publick Authority, which will amount to a considerable Sum. We have advice from *Newfoundland*, that the *French* had blown up the Fortifications of Fort St. *Johns*, burnt some of the Houses, and suffer'd the Inhabitants to ransom the rest, together with their Fishing Trade; Payment to be made in *October* next, and so were gone for fear of the British Fleet expected from *England*. Ships now Loading for Boston. Drake Capt. *Ebenezar Dennis*. Nightingale Capt. *William Weber*. New-York Merchant Capt. *Thomas Jefferson* for New-York.

Ostend, Aug. 17. N. S. Letters from *Hanover* of the 6th Instant advise, that his Electoral Highness began his Journey towards the Imperial Army on the Upper Rhine the Day before. They write from *Strasbourg*, that it is expected the *French* Army will repass the Rhine as soon as the Imperialists move out of their present Camp. They add, that the Forces of the Empire are much superior in number to those of *France*, which makes the Marshal *d'Harcourt* very apprehensive that some great Attempt will be made in *Alsace* upon the arrival of the Elector of *Hanover* to the Army. The *French* keep great Numbers at work on their Lines behind the *Lauter* to prevent the Irruptions of the Enemy, and preserve the Corn of the adjacent Country for their own use. When these Advices were dispatched, the Marshal *d'Harcourt* was just arrived at *Strasbourg*, and had given the necessary Orders of his Infantry to be Transported to the Lines of *Lauterbourg*. It is reported from the Frontiers, that in the Action near *Constans* the Enemy lost twelve hundred Men; after which the Confederate Forces marched on towards *Chamberry*, which Place not being in a condition for a Defence, the Garison retired and marched to the Camp near Barreaux. The Inhabitants of the Country are in a general Consternation & fly in Crouds to *Grenoble*. All Persons of distinction in those Parts are so much alarmed at the approach of the Imperial Forces, that they remove their Effects beyond the Rhone.

Tournay August 17. N. S. On Tuesday, a General review is to be made of our Army; and no doubt, if the War continues, we shall endeavour to penetr[illegible] into France. General Schulemberg reck[illegible] Master of the Counterscarp in 4 Days, by [illegible]

[illegible], A[illegible] N. S. His Excellency the Earl of Ga[illegible] [illegible]ngerously ill of the Gout, but is now [illegible]. The Project of that Gene-

BOSTON NEWS-LETTER.
The first periodical in America that enjoyed a long life.
(New York Public Library.)

into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

In the middle colonies New Jersey was the first (1693) to provide public schools. New York and Pennsylvania had only private schools until after the Revolution.

In 1636 Massachusetts provided for the establishment at Newtown (Cambridge) of a college, which was later called Harvard, in grateful remembrance of the liberality of a preacher, John Harvard. The other colleges established before 1758 were: William and Mary, in 1693; Yale, in 1700; Princeton, in 1746; the University of Pennsylvania, in 1749; Columbia, in 1754. Many of the colonists, especially those in the South, sent their sons to England to be educated. It is said that at a time before 1700 one person out of every two hundred in New England was a graduate of the English Cambridge, and that there were many Oxford men besides.

Old South Church, Boston.
Besides serving for many years as a meeting-house, Old South was the scene of many momentous town meetings in the years just preceding the Revolution.

Periodical Literature. — Periodical literature in America began with *Publick Occurrences*, one issue of which appeared in Boston in 1690. It was announced to be published monthly "or oftener"; but the contents of the first number

displeased the authorities, and it was suppressed within twenty-four hours. The Boston *News-Letter*, begun in 1704, held the field alone for fifteen years, after which rivals sprang up rapidly. The most important of these early journals were: the *Boston Gazette*, and the *American Weekly Mercury* of Philadelphia (both 1719); the *New England Courant* (by James Franklin, brother of Benjamin, 1721); the *New York Gazette* (1725); the *Boston Evening Post* (1735); and a second *Boston Gazette* (1755).[1] John Adams was a contributor to the last named, and it became a strong "voice of the people" against England. After this date other papers followed rapidly, and for a long time contented themselves with simply publishing news items and advertisements, abstaining carefully from anything that resembled an editorial opinion. Most of them were weeklies, and were very diminutive sheets.

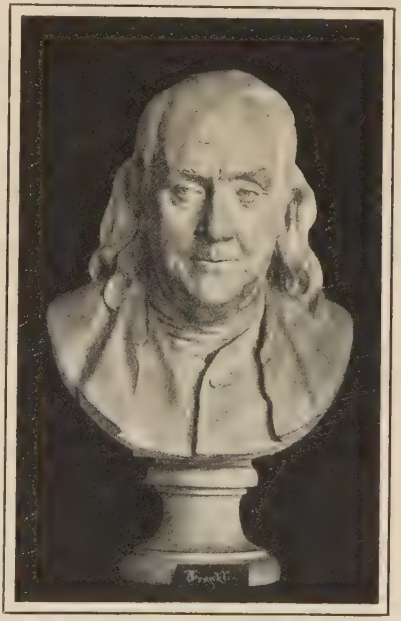
Monthly journals, with distinctly literary pretensions, began with Franklin's *The General Magazine* (Philadelphia, 1741). Of its many followers during the next twenty years the most noteworthy were *The American Magazine* (Boston, 1743), *The Independent Reflector* (New York, 1752), and a second *American Magazine* (Philadelphia, 1757).

[1] The earlier *Gazette* had been absorbed by the *News-Letter*, the pro-British organ in New England.

CHAPTER II

FROM FRANKLIN TO IRVING, 1758–1809

Introduction. — In the year 1758 Jonathan Edwards, the last of the great colonial theologians, died. As we noted in writing of Mather, the ascendency of the clergy was already on the wane; and Edwards was the last of that calling who strove to maintain the dictatorship it had possessed.



Bust of Franklin.
By Houdon, noted French sculptor.

An event of far more importance to letters than the death of Edwards was the appearance in the same year of "the most famous piece of literature the colonies produced." This was Franklin's *The Way to Wealth, or, Preface to Poor Richard Improved,* better known perhaps as "Father Abraham's Speech." Its particular significance in the chronology of our literature lies in the fact that it is the first notable piece of writing of the first American to obtain recognition abroad.

Rise of Political Literature. — Although *The Way to Wealth* is not quite typical of the literary productions of this period, the author is typical of the writers in that most of his life and writing were devoted to the gaining of independence and the establishment of the Republic. The literature of the preceding period was chiefly either leisurely records of current events (in the South), or vigorous religious discussions (in New England). The former dealt with existing conditions only, and was satisfied with them. The latter represented an aspiration for improvement, but only in the direction of a future life. On the other hand, the men we are now to study became convinced that the government under which they lived was unjust; and they devoted the best energies of their pens and voices toward breaking away from this government, and creating a new one and a new society on altogether new principles. Their concern was to better their circumstances in this earthly life.

The new style of writing was the natural expression of a feeling of nationality which had previously been lacking. Henry's "I am not a Virginian, but an American," found an echo in thousands of hearts in every colony. Thomas Paine speaks of the wrongs under which, not Pennsylvania, but "this continent," labors. Hamilton vindicates the title to freedom, not of New Yorkers, but of "Americans." Otis pleads for redress, not for Massachusetts alone, but for "all his Majesty's most loyal and affectionate British-American subjects." Different as were the motives and aims of the settlers in the various colonies, they had now come to realize that their common interests were far greater than any interest binding a single colony to the mother country.

By far the greatest part of this period's literary expression took the simple and popular forms of oratory, political pamphlets and essays, and patriotic poems. Before the end of the century, however, we find our first dramatist

(Godfrey), our first poet worthy of the name (Freneau), and our first novelist (Brown). Joining these three names with that of Franklin, we perceive that in addition to founding a new nation, the last half of the eighteenth century began also a new literature destined, before another half century had passed, to take an honorable place among the literatures of the world.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1706–1790

Franklin's own story of his life down to 1757 is one of the great biographies of the world. Written in the form of a letter to his son, for the latter and his descendants only, and with no thought of publication, it has found a secure place among the world's classics. It is a simple straightforward account of the author's rise by his own efforts from "poverty and obscurity . . . to a state of affluence and some degree of celebrity in the world."

FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE IN MILK STREET, BOSTON.

At the age of seventeen Benjamin ran away, and from that time his home was in Philadelphia.

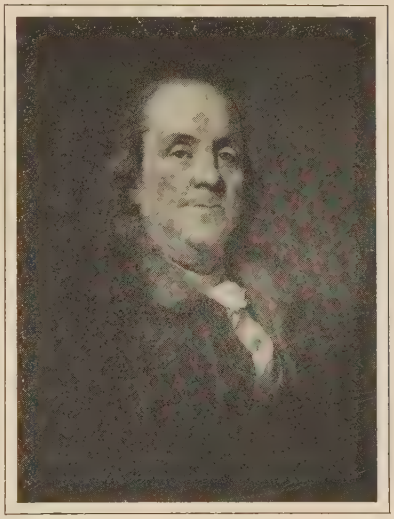
Early Life. — He was born in Boston, the fifteenth of seventeen children of his father, of whom ten were by a second wife, Abiah Folger, daughter of a New England preacher who distinguished himself somewhat by his advocacy of religious toleration. Add to the

size of the family the fact that Franklin's father was a candle maker, and the "poverty and obscurity" of his situation will be readily understood. After two years at school Benjamin was taken at the age of ten to help his father. He disliked the business; and his father, fearing that the boy would yield to a strong "hankering" for the sea, decided to put him in some line of work that would please him better. His great fondness for books prompted his father to apprentice him to his brother James, a printer.

Franklin's Printing Press.

After some disagreements with his employer, Benjamin, then seventeen years old, ran away to New York. Finding no work there, he proceeded on the advice of an acquaintance to Philadelphia, which city was to be his home for the rest of his life, and with whose history his own was to be inseparably connected. One of his familiar and humorous stories is that of his first promenade up Market Street, eating a loaf of dry bread, and carrying a loaf under each arm. Miss Read, his future wife, saw him, "and thought I made," says he, "as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance." He worked with one Keimer for a time; and

becoming known as a good workman, was led by Governor Keith to go to England in order to secure equipment for a shop of his own which would do the government printing. In London Keith's name proved of no value, and Franklin was obliged to seek work at his trade for support. He was very successful at this, and attained great distinction as the "Water-American" among the beer-drinking English printers, who marveled that he was stronger than they. After eighteen months in London, he sailed for Philadelphia in July, 1726.



PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN BY DUPLESSIS. The subject's favorite of the 600 likenesses of himself which had come under his notice.

Part in Public Affairs. — Again engaging in the printing business, he purchased three years later *The Pennsylvania Gazette.* His influence, always for good, increased. He formed a number of his most substantial friends into a society called the "Junto" — which developed into the American Philosophical Society. With the aid of the Junto he started his "first project of a public nature — that for a subscription library, — the mother of all the North American subscription libraries." In 1749 he was the moving spirit in the foundation of an academy, which six years later received a charter raising it to collegiate grade, and subsequently became the University of

Pennsylvania. Among other results of his activity for the public good were the paving of the Philadelphia streets, the organization of a regular police force and a fire department, and the establishment of a state militia.

After 1748 he took no active part in business, "having taken a very able, industrious, and honest partner," who managed the concern successfully for eighteen years. By this move "I flattered myself," says Franklin, "that I had found leisure during the rest of my life for philosophical studies and amusements; but the public laid hold of me for their purposes." He was appointed or elected magistrate, councilman, assemblyman, postmaster-general, delegate to the Albany Congress in 1754,[1] colonial agent in England and in France, member of the Second Continental Congress, and member of the Constitutional Convention. He has the distinction of being the only man who signed the four most important documents of our country, — the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with England, and the Constitution.

It is interesting to note that, though Franklin's services to the colonies were inestimable, he was out of the country during the war and during the greater part of the twenty years preceding it. From 1757 to 1762 he represented Pennsylvania in England; from 1764 to 1775, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Georgia; and from 1776 to 1783 he was ambassador to France from the United States of America. He was uniformly and eminently successful in every public office he held, and on his foreign missions achieved great social triumphs. On his return to Pennsylvania in 1785 he was chosen governor of the state, and two

[1] Franklin drew up a plan of union, which was rejected by the colonies because "there was too much *prerogative* in it," and by the mother country because there was "too much of the *democratic*." — *Autobiography*, Chap. X.

years later was an influential member of the body that framed the Constitution. This was his last public service, and was performed faithfully despite the fact that he was not only in poor health, incident to old age, but was suffering constant, severe pain.

"Whilst the last members were signing" [the Constitution], says James Madison,[1] "Doctor Franklin, looking towards the president's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him, that painters had found it difficult to distinguish in their art, a rising, from a setting sun. 'I have,' said he, 'often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now at length, I have the happiness to know, that it is a rising, and not a setting sun.'" The sun of Franklin's life, on the contrary, was approaching its setting; and the end came April 17, 1790, a month before the last state signed the Constitution. At his death Congress went into mourning for one month, and the French Assembly addressed a letter of condolence to the American people.

First Literary Efforts. — The above outline of Franklin's life gives little hint of why he has a place in literature, and no writings of his have been mentioned except the *Autobiography* and *The Way to Wealth*. He was, however, a voluminous writer, and on a wide range of subjects. His first publications appeared while he was still a boy (1722) — a series of fourteen letters written to his brother James's newspaper, signed "Silence Dogood." The substance of them was inspired by Mather's essays,[2] and the style by Addison's *Spectator*.

"Mrs. Dogood" introduces herself in the first papers as a

[1] In his *Journal of the Constitutional Convention*.

[2] See above, page 18.

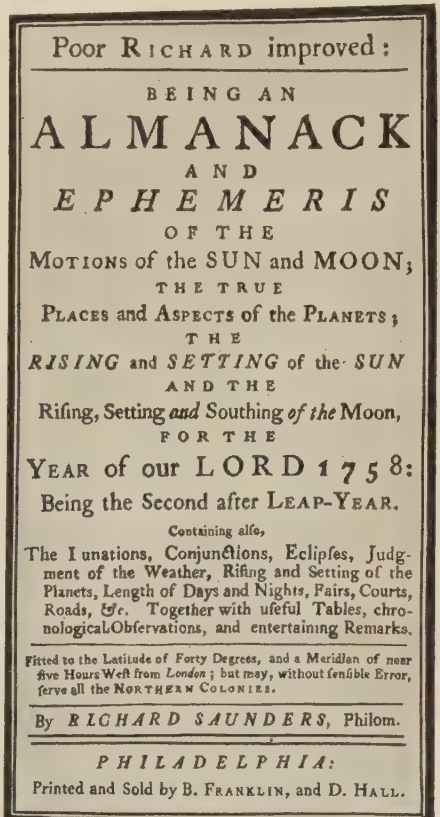
"courteous and affable, good-humored and handsome, and sometimes witty" widow, not unwilling to change her state, "an enemy to vice, . . . jealous for the liberties of my country," and inclined "to reprove the faults of others"; and then proceeds to satirize some of the foibles and vices of the town (Boston). She ridicules pride, popular poetry, hypocrites, fanciful philanthropic schemes, drunkenness, and so on. These papers are important to us chiefly as showing how early Franklin acquired something of the simplicity and purity of style, the characteristic humor, and the interest in matters of more than personal importance which marked his whole career.

The *Dogood Papers*, however, reached no great audience and probably had little influence. Nor can more be said of the *Busy-Body* pieces written in 1729, for the express purpose of driving an unfair competitor out of business. This they accomplished, but they show no advance in literary merit over their predecessors. Though Franklin continued to write under his own as well as under various assumed names and on a variety of subjects, big and little, it was not until the appearance of his *Almanac* that he became something of an influence in the colony.

"Poor Richard's Almanac." — Begun in 1732, under the name of "Richard Saunders," the *Almanac* circulated largely, made money for its author, and was thought to have "its share of influence," says Franklin, "in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication." This was due, doubtless, to the proverbs or maxims scattered through the book, being "chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality." While in substance they were the world's wisdom and not Franklin's, it was in his phraseology that they became current; and no one should feel any hesitation in calling them *original*, — a term, which, as Lowell observes, "is never

absolute." The proverbs, scattered through the issues of the *Almanac* for sixteen years, obtained still greater currency through their collection in the preface of 1758, the "Father Abraham's Speech" mentioned above. It is in this form also that they have become so familiar to the succeeding generations. Almost any American boy or girl of a dozen years can finish, "Early to bed and . . .," "A small leak will . . .," "Constant dropping . . .," "Experience keeps a dear school but . . ."

It would be impossible to give in our small space quotations or summaries adequately characterizing the body of Franklin's writings. One of the many collections of his manuscripts, that of the American Philosophical Society, numbers 13,000 documents, "comprising," says Professor



Poor RICHARD improved:

BEING AN

ALMANACK

AND

EPHEMERIS

OF THE

MOTIONS of the SUN and MOON;

THE TRUE

PLACES and ASPECTS of the PLANETS;

THE

RISING and *SETTING* of the *SUN*

AND THE

Rising, Setting *and* Southing *of the* Moon,

FOR THE

YEAR of our LORD 1758:

Being the Second after LEAP-YEAR.

Containing alſo,

The Inundations, Conjunctions, Eclipſes, Judgment of the Weather, Riſing and Setting of the Planets, Length of Days and Nights, Fairs, Courts, Roads, &c. Together with uſeful Tables, chronological Obſervations, and entertaining Remarks.

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of near five Hours Weſt from *London*; but may, without ſenſible Error, ſerve all the NORTHERN COLONIES.

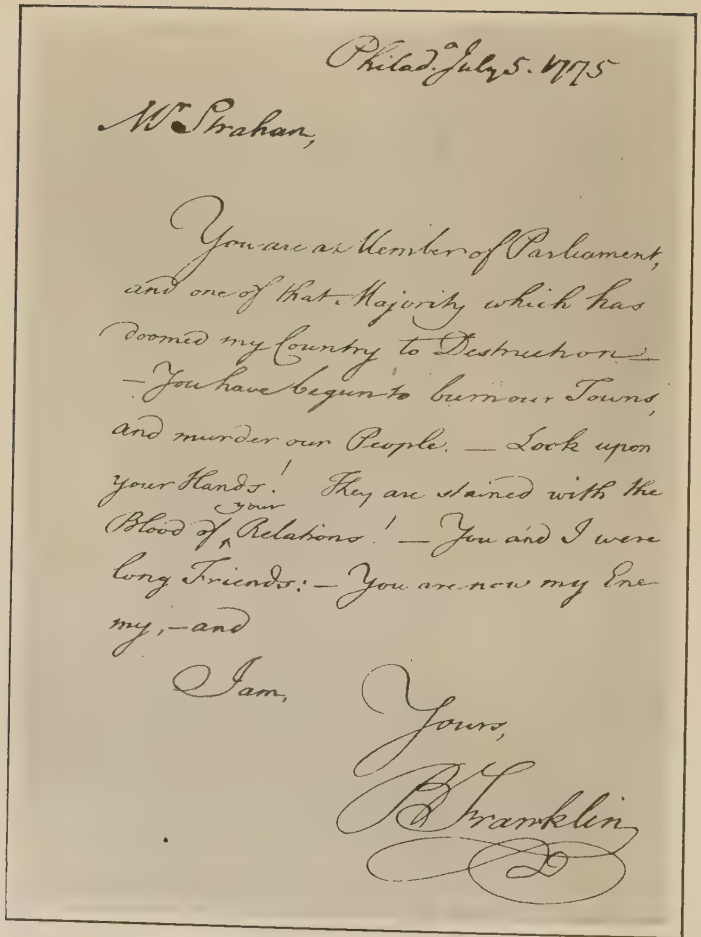
By *RICHARD SAUNDERS*, Philom.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN, and D. HALL.

TITLE-PAGE OF *Poor Richard's Almanac* FOR 1758, the Issue in which Poor Richard's "Sayings" were first collected.

(Courtesy of the Library of Congress.)



Philad.a July 5. 1775

M.r Strahan,

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. —You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. —Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! —You and I were long Friends: —You are now my Enemy, —and

I am,

Yours,

B Franklin

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF FRANKLIN'S WHICH WAS NEVER SENT.
(Library of Congress.)

Smyth, "a correspondence carried on in nine languages with all the world, and dealing with every theory of philosophy and every scheme of politics familiar and unfamiliar in the eighteenth century."[1]

Political Writings. — Of his many political pieces the *Causes of the American Discontents before 1768* is an excellent example of Franklin's serious vein, and the *Edict of the King of Prussia* of his satiric. In the former, professing to write as "an impartial historian of American facts and opinions," he cites as causes of the unfortunate conditions in America: first, the various forms of taxation following the repeal of the Stamp Act; second, the restrictions on the colonists' trade; third, the multiplicity of obnoxious officials; and lastly, the emptying of British prisons into the settlements.[2] It was not published in London exactly as written; indeed Franklin wrote to his son that the editor had "drawn the teeth and pared the nails of my paper so that it can neither scratch nor bite."

In the *Edict* the Prussian monarch is represented as laying claim to Britain, and making demands for long-neglected tribute and acknowledgment of Prussia's authority over the island. These demands "will be thought just and reasonable" by the "colonists" in Britain, says he, since they are in accord with numerous statutes of Parliament, and with "resolutions of both houses, entered into for the good government of their *own colonies in Ireland and America*." (Italics are Franklin's.) The *Edict*, published in a London magazine, was accepted by many for a time as genuine, and occasioned great indignation; but discovery of its real character produced no effect in Britain beyond a recognition of

[1] *Writings of Benjamin Franklin*, I, viii.

[2] This refers to the practice of sending prisoners to America as indentured servants — *i.e.* each bound to a master for a specified term of years.

its justice by some far-seeing minds, and a general conviction that America meant fight.

Lighter Works. — Most readers agree that when Franklin had as his chief aim in writing, not to gain some practical end, but merely to entertain, he is not altogether successful. Of the inconsiderable number of pieces of this type, *The Whistle* is perhaps the favorite. This is a letter to Madame Brillon, a clever Frenchwoman, whose family were great admirers of Franklin, and were never weary of entertaining and being entertained and instructed by the American ambassador. *The Whistle*, based on a boyhood experience of the writer when he gave four times its worth for an instrument of torment to his household, is a humorous moral discourse on bad bargains.

The work of Franklin the scientist is too well known to call for much remark. It seems sufficient to give the evidence of the value put upon his discoveries, especially in electricity, by the learned world. Yale and Harvard conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts; the universities of Oxford, Edinburgh, and Saint Andrews, that of Doctor of Laws; he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society without application by him — a very unusual proceeding — and without payment of fees; and the Copley gold medal, conferred annually for the most important discovery in natural philosophy, was awarded to him in 1753.

From even this brief sketch it can be seen that, whether viewed as author, scientist, statesman, or practical business man, Franklin fills a large place in the history of our country. One is inclined to doubt whether with fewer occupations he would have made a greater name in literature. He wrote less effectively, because less naturally, when he had not some *practical* object in mind, such as inculcating industry and frugality in his neighbors, or inspiring his descendants by the story of his life, or presenting the colonial view

of things to the mother country. Since the vast majority of his writings, however, had these practical objects, it is fair to judge and place him by them. The distinguished English critic, Matthew Arnold, said to New England audiences as late as 1884, that Franklin and Emerson are "the most distinctively and honourably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable."

THE ORATORS

It has been noted that oratory was one of the chief literary forms of the Revolution. The fact is not surprising. "Times that try men's souls" are likely to find expression by word of mouth. Moreover, the colonists were deeply interested in the literature produced in Parliament, and naturally gave more time and thought to the speeches of Burke and Fox than to the writings of Goldsmith and Johnson. The stately and measured style of the orators of this period clearly shows that they followed English models. Massachusetts and Virginia held the leadership in this field. The conspicuous names in Massachusetts are James Otis, Samuel and John Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, John Hancock, and Josiah Quincy. Of these Otis was the first in time, the most striking figure, and may be taken as typical of the New Englanders.

James Otis (1725–1783). — Otis's part in the development of the spirit of American independence covers a short time, but is of great importance. Though we can hardly say, with John Adams, that "American independence was born" when Otis delivered his most famous speech, we must admit that both his example and his words carried great weight with the people, not only of Massachusetts, but of all the colonies. Otis was a Harvard graduate, who studied law and began to practice in Plymouth. At the age of

twenty-five he moved to Boston, and immediately took a high place in his profession. He became Advocate-General of the Crown, but resigned in 1761 because he would not defend the writs of assistance — a duty belonging to the office. He was thereupon chosen to assist in the attack on them, and it is upon fragmentary reports of his speech on that occasion that his fame as an orator largely rests.

Old State House, Boston.
It dates from 1748, and its outer walls from 1712. The lion and unicorn of the British arms remain at the corners of the roof.

These writs were search-warrants, originally issued, as Otis shows, to *specified* officials, giving them authority to search *specified* houses for certain *specified* goods suspected of being concealed. The objection raised by the colonists was to the issuance of a writ to any petty officer, who might give or sell it to any individual, who might search the house of any other individual against whom he might have a grievance or even a grudge. The fragment of Otis's speech left to us contains one clause that has passed into a proverb: "A man's house is his castle." The legal argument is convincing, the character of the man is attractive, the English is that of a cultured Massachusetts gentleman. If we fail to be daz-

zled by the "flame of fire" (Adams's phrase describing Otis before the Court), we must recall that all oratory loses when committed to ink and paper, and that in this instance we have the additional difficulty of judging a five-hour speech by a ten-minute fragment.

Of Southern orators the most distinguished were John Rutledge and Chief Justice Drayton, of South Carolina, and Edmund Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, and Patrick Henry, of Virginia. Of these Patrick Henry was easily the greatest, considered strictly as an orator.

Patrick Henry (1736–1799). — Henry received a meager education, and failed at farming and "store keeping." At

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND.

Where Henry delivered his famous speech before the Virginia Convention. The church was built in 1740, and some tombstones in the yard date back to 1751.

the age of twenty-four he studied law for a short time, and was admitted to the bar on the understanding with the examiners that he would shortly "learn some essential points." He soon attained success and popularity as a lawyer, and in 1765 was elected to the House of Burgesses. During his first year in that body he became conspicuous by a speech

INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S.
The Henry pew (just forward of the window on the left) is marked by a brass plate placed by the Old Dominion Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution in 1910.

against the Stamp Act, which concludes with the familiar "Cæsar had his Brutus" passage. Ten years later, in the Virginia convention, held in old St. John's Church, Richmond, he delivered what was probably his greatest speech, reaching its climax in the sentiment not by any means general at the time: "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

This speech has been called Henry's individual declaration of war. It resulted in the unanimous adoption of resolutions he offered, and in his appointment as chairman of the committee to provide means of defense for the colony. Other honors conferred upon him were several terms in the legislature and five as governor. He declined a sixth term as governor, election to the United States Senate, a place in Washington's Cabinet, the chief-justiceship of the Supreme Court, and appointment by John Adams as minister to France. The last five years of his life were spent in retirement.

Thomas Paine (1737–1809). — With the orators should be classified the political pamphleteers, of whom the most influential during the Revolution was Thomas Paine, an Englishman and a Quaker, who, after a checkered career at home, landed in Philadelphia on the eve of the war, November 30, 1774. He brought letters of introduction from Franklin, and rapidly made friends.

In less than thirteen months after his arrival he published anonymously *Common Sense*, a vigorous presentation of the American cause, which is credited by some with large influence on the Declaration of Independence six months afterwards. "A government of our own is our natural right," wrote Paine. "I challenge the warmest advocate for reconciliation to show a single advantage that this continent can reap by being connected with Great Britain." "Since nothing but blows will do, for God's sake let us come to a final separation." Though comparatively few colonial leaders had been prepared a year earlier to follow Henry to "liberty or death," Paine's pamphlet roused the rank and file of the people from Massachusetts to Georgia. Within three months a number of editions, amounting to over 100,000 copies, had been printed and circulated in America. "A wonderful production" — "a masterly, irresistible per-

formance"— the writer "deserves a statue of gold"— "in unison with the sentiments and feelings of the people": — such phrases give some idea of the reception accorded this radical expression of anti-British feeling.

Paine followed *Common Sense* with a series of sixteen

PAINE'S HOMESTEAD AT NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.
New York State gave him the farm of 275 acres, Pennsylvania gave him $2500, Congress $3800. The house was moved in 1910 to a spot within a few yards of Paine's grave and monument.

papers called *The Crisis*. The first number, beginning with "These are the times that try men's souls"— another American proverb to be placed with Otis's quoted above, was written during the disorderly retreat of the army across New Jersey in December, 1776. It was by no means de-

liberately argumentative as was his first production; and it descends in places to hot-headed invective, as, for instance, when he compares George III to a "common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker." But in the words of Woodrow Wilson, it "swung men to its humor," as did the succeeding papers, which appeared at irregular intervals to the close of the war in 1783. "His infallible instinct for interpreting to the public its own conscience and its own consciousness," says Tyler, was the secret of his power. He served the country well in the field, and obtained supplies and a large loan from France at a critical hour. His greatest service, however, to the cause of independence was with his pen, from which, under the most adverse conditions, including poverty, came stirring and inspiring words that went straight to their goal — the hearts of his adopted countrymen.

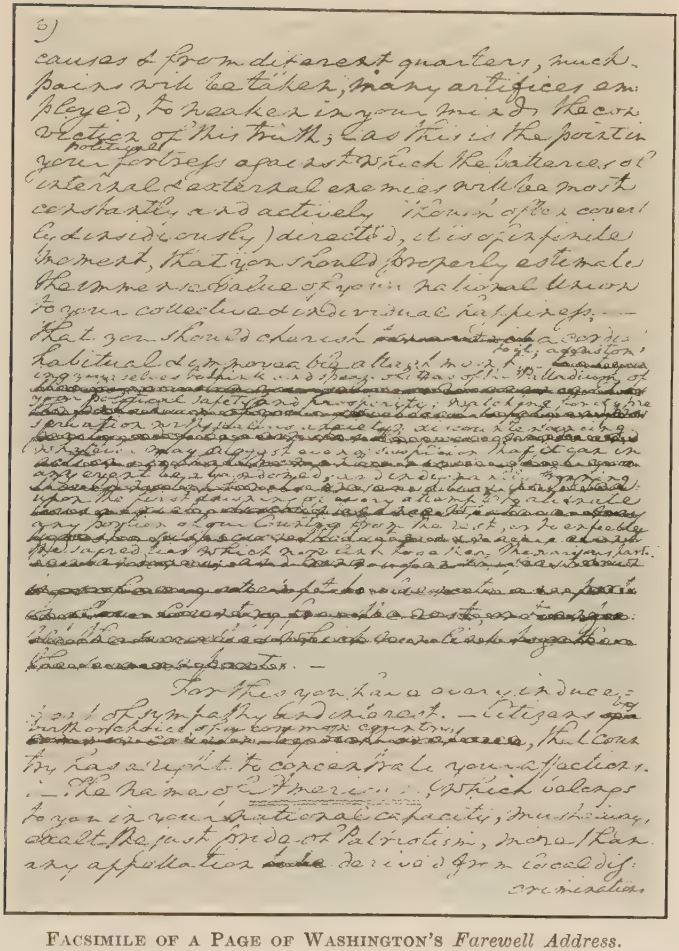
George Washington (1732–1799). — Of the life of the great leader and first president of the republic no account is needed here. The life of Washington is the history of our country from the meeting of the first Continental Congress in 1774 to his death. The niche he fills in our literature is a much smaller one.

He was, said Patrick Henry, the greatest man in the Congress of 1774 in "solid information and sound judgment," both of which qualities appear in his writings. These comprise only a large correspondence and state papers, of which the best known and in most respects the best done is the *Farewell Address* to his countrymen on leaving the presidency. His high conception of duty and his devotion to it, his modesty, his sublime trust in God, the unquestionable purity of his motives — these qualities also stand out clearly. The *First Inaugural* is a wise handling of a difficult subject, for which he had no model or precedent. His *Legacy*, a circular letter addressed to the

governors of the states on disbanding the army, and written with the expectation of retiring permanently to the repose of Mount Vernon, gives his "final blessing" to the country, to which he had already given his best thought and energies.

HOUDON'S WASHINGTON.
In the rotunda of the State Capitol at Richmond, Va.; believed by many to be the best representation of the statesman.

Washington was among the first to assert the right of the colonies to self-government. Possessing great power of self-control, he may mislead his reader into supposing he was not a man of strong feeling. But we have a fragment of a speech delivered in the Virginia Convention of 1774 which shows a fire seldom found in him except by reading between the lines. When the sufferings of Boston under the enforcement of the Port Bill were brought out, Washington rose and said: "I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march with them, at their head, for the relief of Boston."



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF WASHINGTON'S *Farewell Address.*
Showing the extensive revision to which the whole was subjected.
(New York Public Library.)

Without the simplicity and homely wit of Franklin, without the force of Paine or the oratorical power of Henry, Washington's writings show a dignity, poise, and honesty which can never fail to attract the serious reader. They reveal, moreover, a singularly pure and beautiful character,

MOUNT VERNON.

Washington's home on the Potomac near the Capital. It was named in honor of Admiral Vernon by Lawrence Washington, George's brother, and came into George's possession by bequest in 1752.

which has stood the supreme test of a century of unimpassioned research and examination.

Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826). — Another statesman of the Revolution who is entitled to a place in our literature is Thomas Jefferson. Like Otis, and unlike Henry, Paine, and Washington, Jefferson was a college-bred man, having been graduated from William and Mary at the age of seventeen. Nine years later he began his public career as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and for

the succeeding forty years (to the end of his second term as President) he was prominent and influential in both state and national affairs. From 1809 till his death he lived quietly on his beautiful estate called Monticello, a few miles from Charlottesville, subsequently the seat of the University of Virginia. The achievements of which he

MONTICELLO, HOME OF JEFFERSON.

Built after a plan of his own. It "remains to this day the confessed architectural triumph of a dreamer scarcely beyond his youth." (J. S. Patton.)

was proud are indicated by the inscription on his tomb, written by himself: "Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

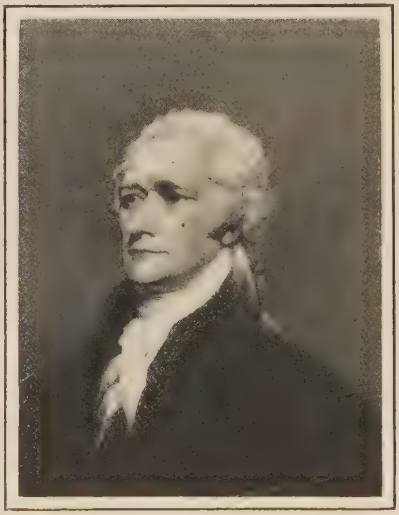
When Jefferson entered the Continental Congress in 1775, he already had some reputation as a writer and scholar. He was appointed on committees to prepare documents for

the body, and a year after its assembling he was made a member of the committee of five to prepare "*a* Declaration." John Adams and Jefferson were designated a subcommittee to draft it, and Adams insisted that the Virginian was the man to do the writing. Adams late in life spoke slightingly (if not contemptuously) of the Declaration, especially of its lack of originality. As has, however, been pointed out, it was not intended to be an original, individual document, but the expression of the American people as a whole; and there can be no question that Jefferson succeeded admirably in giving voice to feelings and wishes that had already become national.

MONUMENT AT GRAVE OF JEFFERSON.
In grounds of Monticello. The simple shaft is admirably in keeping with his character.

The personal note, which was largely absent from the *Declaration*, was heard in an earlier work, known as a *Summary View of the Rights of British America*. This paper Jefferson hoped to see adopted by the Virginia Convention as instructions to its delegates to the Colonial Congress, but was disappointed. The Americans, said he, are indebted to Britain for nothing of what they have: "for themselves they fought, for themselves they conquered, and for themselves alone they have a right to hold." And in a passage which must have been in Henry's mind the year following, Jefferson asserts that "the God that gave us life gave us liberty at the same time."

Alexander Hamilton (1757–1804). — The Empire State makes a noteworthy entrance into the literature of this period with the writings of Alexander Hamilton. Realizing the weakness of the government formed in 1779, Hamilton wrote in 1781 a series of papers called *The Continentalist*, setting forth "that it is necessary to augment the powers of the confederation." As one of the "symptoms of the evils to be apprehended" he notes that "in the midst of a war for our existence as a nation, some of the states have evaded, or refused, compliance with the demands of Congress in points of the greatest moment to the common safety." This was the beginning of his agitation for a constitution that would make a stronger union of the states, — an agitation which bore fruit in 1787.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.
After Trumbull's portrait. Original in Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Hamilton's fame as a writer rests chiefly on his contributions to *The Federalist*, a series of eighty-five papers written to secure ratification of the Constitution by the State of New York. The series was planned by Hamilton, and at least fifty-one of the papers were written by him. Of the rest, fourteen were written by James Madison (afterwards President), five by John Jay (first Chief Justice of the Supreme

Court), three by Hamilton and Madison together; the authorship of twelve is uncertain. When the last paper was published, August 15, 1788, all the states except North Carolina and Rhode Island had ratified the Constitution, Hamilton's own state being the eleventh. The value of *The Federalist* may be judged by the fact that it is still the acknowledged authority on the interpretation of the Constitution. In style it shows that America had not yet gained literary independence of the mother country. In sonorousness of diction and sentence structure it emulates Johnson and Hume. In thought, however, it is an altogether original contribution to the political philosophy of the world.

Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, and worked out a satisfactory financial system for the new Republic. He believed in a strong central government, and thus came into conflict with Jefferson, Secretary of State, who championed state sovereignty. Two political parties were rapidly developed, the lineal descendants of which to-day rest on the fundamental principles of Jefferson and Hamilton, however much these may have become complicated with matters of detail.

REVOLUTIONARY VERSE

Times of widespread agitation and excitement do not usually express themselves through the fine arts. Even a great poet is hardly likely to produce "immortal verse" when his country is absorbed in the discussion of great questions of government; witness the few sonnets constituting the whole of Milton's poetic output during the Great Rebellion. Men will, however, at such times sing songs of defiance, and celebrate the deeds of heroes in verses which, if they are not great poetry, have the merits of spontaneity and genuine feeling.

The Revolution inspired a multitude of such productions; and a somewhat smaller number of satiric poems, which show plainly the influence of the English poets of the century. Formal satire in English poetry had its origin with Dryden (died 1700); and before the spirit of liberty manifested itself strongly in America, this form of literature had reached a high state of excellence in the writings of Swift, Gay, Johnson, Pope, and a host of smaller men. The works of these men held up to ridicule, not merely the fashions and foibles of the day, but the physical and mental shortcomings of their enemies, and even the feelings of men for things most dear to them. America produced imitations even of this last class, of which one of the most notable is Freneau's *Emancipation from British Dependence*, written as a rhymed parody of the English litany.

While there are four or five names that stand higher than the rest as versifiers, no estimate of the period's output in this line can overlook the vast number of anonymous poems, or the occasional poems of men whose vocation was quite other than literature. In the latter class should be mentioned Franklin's *The Mother Country*, Paine's *Liberty Tree*, and the less known though not less meritorious songs of Joseph Warren, physician, orator, and martyr;[1] of Judge Royall Tyler, of Vermont; and of Meshech Weare, preacher, lawyer, warrior, statesman.

The anonymous poems above referred to were thrown off in moments of intense enthusiasm caused generally by some great victory, or the contemplation of some popular hero. Paul Jones is a favorite subject in these, doubtless because of his picturesque character and career; Washington, of course, is sung by many; and less distinguished heroes, like Warren, Marion, and Nathan Hale, are celebrated by occasional rhymers. Almost every great battle had its panegyr-

[1] He fell at Bunker Hill.

ist. The comment that the unknown authorship of such poems is a blessing to the authors says merely that they count for little or nothing *as poetry*. They are, however, of unquestionable importance as evidence of the hopes, aspirations, and ideals of the people, and as such form a valuable supplement to the prose literature of the period.

Francis Hopkinson (1737–1791). — Of the chief poets of the day, the first in time is an occasional poet like those just named. This is Francis Hopkinson, lawyer, of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. He was much occupied with public affairs, serving his country as a member of the Continental Congress, as a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and as Judge. He wrote extensively in prose and verse and on a variety of subjects. His best-known prose work, a political allegory called *A Pretty Story*, is far less interesting to-day than is his ballad, *The Battle of the Kegs*, and probably was so to his contemporaries.

This political-satirical ballad "was occasioned by a real incident," according to Hopkinson. "Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charg'd with gun-powder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharfs and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide." It is far from being a great poem — far from being even the best Hopkinson wrote; but it is the one that brought him most fame in his day, and probably accomplished much in the way of inspiriting the colonists.

Philip Freneau (1752–1832). — One of the most meritorious of Revolutionary poets, and almost the only one who may be read to-day for his own sake, is Philip Freneau, already mentioned as a satirist. His long life was filled with varied activities and many literary efforts; but his

fame, though secure, rests on a small number of genuine poems.

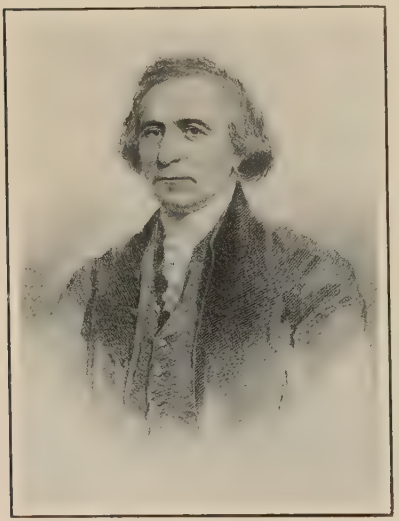
He was born in New York City. At the age of nineteen he was graduated from Princeton, in the class with James Madison. He taught school for a time after leaving college, studied law, made numerous ventures in journalism, gratified a love of the sea by various voyages (including one as a pri-

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON.
The oldest building of the University.

vateer), and served a short term as translator for the Department of State under Jefferson. He early began to write verses, and in 1775 wrote the first of his political satires. A large number of satirical and heroic pieces came from his pen at frequent intervals from this time till the end of the War of 1812.

Freneau's war poems show little superiority over those of his contemporaries, differing chiefly in the degree of bit-

terness expressed toward everything English. He seems to have searched his dictionary for words of abuse and to have exhausted his stock in every two or three poems. In *Emancipation from British Dependence* (mentioned above), Lord North is a "caitiff," the king has a "toothful of brains," the British are successively "scoundrels," "rascals," "pirates," "banditti," "butchers." One poem in the patriotic group — that to the memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw Springs — is free from this bitterness and coarseness, and is a dignified and noble tribute to a gallant band.



PHILIP FRENEAU.
Sometimes called the "Laureate of the Revolution."

Even *Eutaw Springs*, however, would give Freneau little claim to a firm place as a poet. It is to a very different class of poems that he owes his distinction. These are the nature poems — *The Wild Honey Suckle*, *On the Sleep of Plants*, *To a Catydid*, *On a Honey Bee* — in which a new note is struck for poetry in English. As a satirist, Freneau, like Hopkinson and the rest, was but following the traditions of the mother country; but in this other field he was a pioneer. Not merely in choice of subjects, but in minuteness of observation and in sincerity and accuracy of expres-

sion, Freneau deserves a high place among the score of preëminent nature poets in the language. His first collection appeared in 1786 — the year of Burns's first volume, and twelve years before the epoch-marking *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge. In variety and fitness of rhythms, also, Freneau shows a pioneer spirit and an independence of British models. He is the first genuine poet America produced.

The "Hartford Wits." — Three poets who enjoyed great fame in their day may be grouped together because of their connection with Yale College and the city of Hartford. They were members of a larger group, known as the "Hartford Wits," who came nearer forming what is called a "school" of writers than any other body in America before or since, excepting possibly the "Transcendentalists" a half century later. Their work resembled much of their contemporaries' in tone; but the satires of Freneau, Hopkinson, and the host of lesser men were spontaneous and unpretentious, whereas those of this celebrated trio were elaborate performances, following English models. These men were John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow.

John Trumbull (1750–1831). — Trumbull was graduated from Yale at the age of seventeen, received his Master's degree three years later, and became a tutor in the College. The field in which he made his reputation he entered during his first year as tutor, when he wrote *The Adventures of Tom Brainless.* This poem is a satire on education as then carried on in colleges, where students are

> "In the same round condemned each day
> To study, read, recite, and pray;"

and are compelled by the curriculum to

> "Gain ancient tongues and lose their own."

While connected with the College, Trumbull urged instruction in English literature and composition.

Trumbull's greatest work — and the greatest satire of the Revolutionary period — is *McFingal*, a mock-heroic poem written shortly after Bunker Hill and published in January, 1776. The title character is a Scotch-American magistrate of Tory sympathies, who lives in a town near Boston. Set over against him is Honorius — champion of the people — the figure supposed to be drawn from John Adams. Squire McFingal stands for "divine right," and insists on the folly of attempting resistance to Great Britain. Honorius appeals to the people's sense of wrong, and urges them to a united opposition of the misgovernment they have so long endured. In 1781–1782, Trumbull enlarged the poem to twice its size, concluding it with the tarring and feathering of the Squire, and the utter discomfiture of his Tory followers.

Timothy Dwight (1752–1817). — Dwight was associated with Trumbull as teacher and as author. Besides these occupations he was farmer and preacher, and for the last twenty years of his life President of Yale. Though he wrote much, both in prose and verse, including a long religious satire, *The Triumph of Infidelity*, his interest for us is due to one short poem, beginning

> "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
> The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

This song does not impress the reader of to-day as a very spirited production; but its mere preservation, when so many similar poems have disappeared, shows that it held a place in the people's hearts somewhat like that held by Paine's *Crisis*. In one respect Dwight's poem deserves a higher place than Paine's essay, inasmuch as it looks beyond its own day of strife to an illustrious future for America.

Joel Barlow (1754–1812). — Barlow, the youngest of the "big three," is remembered for his *Vision of Columbus*, a pretentious patriotic poem expanded twenty years later (1807) into an epic called *The Columbiad*. In this poem Columbus is taken from prison to a hill, where he has a vision of the America-to-be. It is written in heroic couplets, the standard metrical form of eighteenth century England,

YALE COLLEGE.
From an old print.

and in a high-sounding polysyllabic vocabulary which suggests, if it is not actually modeled on, that of England's literary dictator, the great Samuel Johnson.

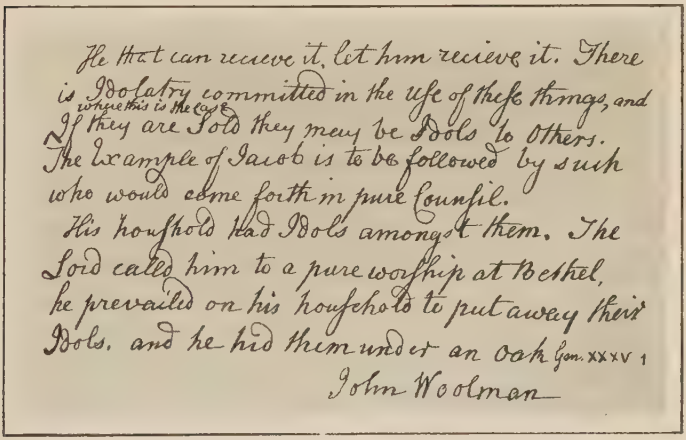
The satisfaction with which writings like those of the three men just treated were received by their contemporaries may be gathered from some *Lines Addressed to Dwight and Barlow* by Trumbull. They are invited to

"join the sons of song,
And scorn the censures of the envious throng;
Prove to the world, in these new-dawning skies,
What genius kindles and what arts arise;
All Virtue's friends are yours. Disclose the lays;
Your country's heroes claim the debt of praise;
Fame shall assent, and future years admire.
Barlow's strong flight, and Dwight's Homeric fire."

Whatever shortcomings the verses of these men may show, their patriotism is manifest and admirable. Barlow, moreover, served his country well in other ways, notably while, at great personal sacrifice, he was consul at Algiers. His death was caused by exposure when he was on his way to meet Napoleon, having accepted reluctantly and only from a sense of duty appointment as commissioner to the French emperor.

John Woolman (1720–1772). — One interesting book written during the storm and stress of the pre-Revolution days shows none of the agitation of soul or the enthusiasm of the other writers discussed in this chapter. This is the *Journal* of John Woolman, a Quaker tailor of New Jersey, which was strongly commended by such men as the American Channing and the Englishman Charles Lamb. The existence of slavery in America distressed Woolman far more than did the tyranny of the mother country; and he gave his life to working up a sentiment for emancipation. His *Journal* lives, not for any great literary merit it possesses, but for the pure and self-sacrificing character it portrays. In simplicity and sincerity this autobiographic record equals Franklin's, and in loftiness of spirit far surpasses it. We never hear of Poor Richard's going home "under a humbling sense of the gracious dealings of the Lord" with him; nor does he ever say or imply that "the fear of the Lord so covered me at times, that my way was made easier than I expected."

The two men who remain to be considered in this chapter are distinctly set off from most of the writers contemporary with them, in that they were from first to last purely literary men. Neither of them seems to have been at all concerned with the great movements of their times; and their works belong to the realm of art only, even though they may


He that can recieve it, let him recieve it. There
is Idolatry committed in the use of these things, and
where this is the case
If they are sold they may be Idols to others.
The Example of Jacob is to be followed by such
who would come forth in pure Counsil.
His houshold had Idols amongst them. The
Lord called him to a pure worship at Bethel,
he prevailed on his houshold to put away their
Idols. and he hid them under an Oak Gen. XXXV 1
John Woolman

FACSIMILE OF A MEDITATION OF JOHN WOOLMAN ON THE USE OF SILVER VESSELS.

(Courtesy of Dr. Arthur Beardsley, Librarian of the Friends' Historical Library, Swarthmore College. Photograph by Prof. G. A. Hoadley.)

not occupy very high places in that realm. These men, already mentioned as our first dramatist and our first novelist, are Thomas Godfrey and Charles Brockden Brown.

Thomas Godfrey (1736–1763) had a short and troubled life. When he was thirteen years of age, his father, the Thomas Godfrey of Franklin's "Junto," died. The boy, who had shown taste for study and especially for poetry, was then taken from school and put to a trade. When he became of age, he left this occupation, served a short time in the

Pennsylvania militia, and then went into business in North Carolina. Here four years later he died of fever, at the age of twenty-seven. His writings, collected and published in Philadelphia in 1765, consist of a small number of lyrics, a poem of 500 lines modeled on Chaucer and Pope and called *The Court of Fancy*, and a tragedy, *The Prince of Parthia*. In one of his lyrics, *The Wish*, Godfrey bespeaks for himself the place which he seems to have obtained:

> "I only ask a mod'rate fate,
> And tho' not in obscurity,
> I would not yet be placed too high;
> Between the two extremes I'd be,
> Not meanly low, nor yet too great,
> From both contempt and envy free."

It is possibly true that Godfrey's name is kept alive by the sentimental interest attaching to the author of the first drama written in America. Its scene, as the title indicates, is laid in the East, and the play itself is of little intrinsic merit. The story concerns the love of the king (Artabanus) and his two sons (Arsaces and Vardanes) for the beautiful captive (Evanthe); and the consequent jealousy and intrigues of these three and the queen (Thermusa). In the end Artabanus is murdered, Evanthe takes poison, and Arsaces (her betrothed) dies by his own hand. The story lacks originality, the language and versification furnish much evidence of imitation; yet the play has some strong scenes, and is, in the opinion of Professor Tyler, "a noble beginning of dramatic literature in America."

Beyond this distinction as dramatist, Godfrey shows real lyric power. The song in *The Prince of Parthia*, Act V, beginning

> "Tell me, Phyllis, tell me why,
> You appear so wondrous coy,"

and the juvenile compositions addressed to Celia, Amyntor, and Corinna, give quite as much promise as does the drama. They contain many suggestions of his English masters of the seventeenth century — Herrick, Wither, and the Cavalier Poets, but they are far from being servile copies.

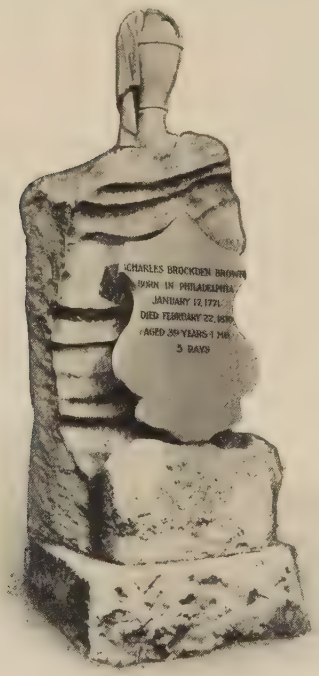
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, 1771–1810

A Romancer of Distinction. — Charles Brockden Brown performed his literary work with the handicap, not of poverty or lack of education, but of a delicate constitution. His career, like the careers of Godfrey, Paine, Franklin, and Hopkinson, belongs to Philadelphia, and he used that city and the country surrounding it as scenes for his novels. It is with these works only that the student of Brown is concerned, though he wrote political essays, magazine criticism, and much other hack-work.

The novels or romances, six in number, were written between 1798 and 1801. Their titles are: *Wieland, or, The Transformation; Arthur Mervyn, or, Memories of the Year 1793; Edgar Huntly, or, Memoirs of a Sleep Walker; Ormond, or, The Secret Witness; Clara Howard, or, The Enthusiasm of Love;* and *Jane Talbot.* Brown was not the first American to write novels, but he was the first to attain distinction in this line, and he is the only one before Cooper whose works are of importance to-day.

These stories have many points in common. They are so loosely put together that it is actually difficult to follow the development of the plot. They are tragic stories, full of the mysterious and the terrible. On the side of style they are marked by objectionable mannerisms both in vocabulary and sentence structure. Most of the characters are not only complex, but puzzling — we find them difficult to understand. Against these faults, however, may be set some

positive merits. Brown narrates single incidents with telling effect; and in spite of long-drawn-out passages he holds the reader's interest throughout. He gave the American Indian a place in romantic fiction. His stories have a uniformly high moral tone. It is also to his credit that he had sufficient confidence in his ability and in the public to adopt literature as his profession — he was the first American to do this.



CENOTAPH OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.
In Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia.

Plots. — The character of the stories may be indicated briefly. The plot of *Wieland* turns on the exercise of the power of ventriloquism, which through the mere heedlessness of the possessor causes wife-murder, madness, and suicide. *Arthur Mervyn* and *Ormond* are chiefly concerned with yellow fever epidemics in Philadelphia and New York, with all the horrors of poor hospitals, incompetent attendants, and criminally ignorant and negligent officials. *Edgar Huntly* (subtitle, "Memoirs of a Sleep Walker") deals

really with *two* sleep walkers, both of whom go through extraordinary and mysterious adventures, and one of whom, like Wieland, ends his stormy career in madness and suicide. The element of suspense is strong, and surprises are frequent.

Style. — Among his mannerisms of style is the over-frequent use of certain favorite words, often in unusual senses. An example that will strike the reader of any of these stories is "bereave." The hero of *Edgar Huntly* is "bereaved" of the use of his limbs, "bereaved" of sense, "bereaved of strength," "bereaved of the power to walk"; and an Indian he shoots is "bereaved of sensation though not of life." In other stories persons are "bereft" of all satisfaction, of understanding, of activity, of affectionate regards, etc. Another mannerism is a wearisome tendency to what may be called the polysyllabic style. "It was obvious to conclude that his disease was pestilential"; "His aspect was embellished with good nature, though indicative of ignorance"; "He promised to maintain with me an epistolary intercourse." Of Brown's most noticeable peculiarity in sentence structure — an excessive use of the rhetorical question, especially in series — a single example will suffice. "How, I asked, might he regard her claims? In what light would he consider that engagement of the understanding, rather than of the heart, into which I had entered? How far would he esteem it proper to adhere to it? and what efforts might he make to dissolve it?"

Brown's Literary Value. — One errs in attributing to Brown, as does the writer of the "Memoir" prefixed to *Wieland*, "superior genius and profound knowledge." The reader who comes to any one of Brown's romances expecting to find either of these will be disappointed. He will find a gloomy and sometimes exciting story, of peculiar if not puzzling people, who talk in rather high-flown language, and

whose conversation is often enigmatical. He will find a narrative that "gets going" in fewer pages than do many of Cooper's or Scott's, and that seldom lets the reader's interest flag. If he brings to the reading a recollection of the times in which the author wrote, the romance will gain the additional interest that attaches to all pioneer or independent work. The novel as a literary form was young in England, and in America still in its infancy. Few Americans had written literature for its own sake. Add to these circumstances the fact that the English poet Shelley and his wife were admittedly influenced by Brown, and the probability that Poe and Hawthorne were also, and it will be seen that he has an importance in literature on other than historical grounds.

CHAPTER III

FROM IRVING TO THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1809–1865

Introduction. — According to Brander Matthews "it would be possible to maintain the thesis that American literature began in 1809 with the publication of Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York.*" This is true only if one takes literature in the restricted sense mentioned on page 1; and elsewhere Professor Matthews admits that "not a few of the early state papers of our country have literary merit in a high degree." If we omitted from our literary history the authors of the *Declaration of Independence*, *The Crisis*, *The Federalist*, *Liberty or Death*, we should be unable to defend the inclusion of several names found in the present chapter. Webster and Lincoln hold a higher place in literature, doubtless, than do Jefferson and Hamilton; but no one of the four was much concerned with "beauty of form or emotional effect." They addressed the intellect as "a clear, cold, logic engine"; yet Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Poe, and Hawthorne are not more sure of places in American literature of this period than are Webster and Lincoln.

Literature as well as politics — indeed, the whole life of the American people down to the end of 1865 — was dominated by the slavery question. Not only in the halls of Congress does this appear. Poetry and fiction were devoted to abolition; the lyceum platform took it up; journalism of every kind was given over to it; newspapers and magazines

came into existence solely to attack slavery. The defense of the institution was left to the orators, who *formally* defended, not slavery, but a principle of government. The discussion involved a question which had divided the very founders of the government, as noted above in our sketch of Hamilton. This question was whether the United States of America was a league of sovereign states, or an indissoluble union of the people. On this question the country divided in such a way as to involve even purely literary men. Poe thought he saw in Lowell's *Fable for Critics* a criticism of the South; and there is no doubt that Hawthorne's death was hastened by grief over the war.

With the entrance of Irving, "the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old,"[1] American literature takes its place among the literatures of the world. It does not, of course, rank with that of the mother country, or of the leading nations of Europe; but from this time it claimed writers and writings which are received with enthusiasm in the older countries. When Irving received an honorary degree at Oxford, the auditorium rang with shouts of "Geoffrey Crayon!" "Diedrich Knickerbocker!" "Rip Van Winkle!" Emerson, Poe, and Cooper were all acclaimed by England, and the last two by France, as names destined to permanent high places in literature. From the time of the *Sketch Book* there were several answers to the contemptuous query of Sydney Smith, an English critic, "Who reads an American book?"

English literature during the first quarter of the nineteenth century attained an excellence surpassed only by the great Elizabethan age. It was the age of Romanticism, of which the chief characteristics were a revolt against tradition, a breaking away from the hard and fast rules of the eighteenth century, an emphasis on individuality. Words-

[1] Thackeray, in *Nil Nisi Bonum.*

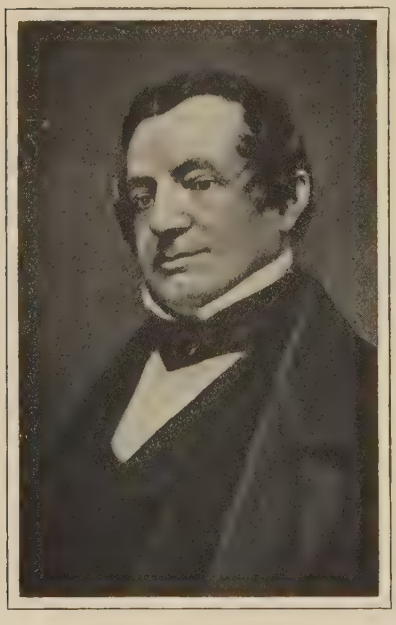
worth, the philosopher-poet of Nature; Byron and Shelley, poets of social rebellion; Scott, the great historical romancer; Lamb, Hazlitt, DeQuincey, writers of new kinds of essays: — these men and many others who made the age great had little in common but "an impatience of routine thinking." This phrase was first used of the so-called "transcendental" movement in America, which was really but a belated manifestation of the English Romantic movement. Some of the American writers show resemblances to these English ones — Bryant to Wordsworth, for example, and Cooper to Scott; but they were American to the bone, and it is a great mistake to lay stress on the resemblances.

It has been said that American literature even of this period falls below that of England. The fact hardly calls for comment. The best thought of America was concerning itself with "one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world"; and in America "literature and the elegant arts [had to] grow up side by side with the coarser plants of daily necessity; and [had to] depend for their culture on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuit of worldly interests by intelligent and public-spirited individuals." So wrote Irving in 1819. It is no small cause for pride that with such drawbacks to accomplishment in the fine arts America should, by the middle of the century, have given half a score of names to the roll of the world's great literary figures.

WASHINGTON IRVING, 1783–1859

The "Knickerbocker" Writers. — In the early colonial days, as we have seen, New England and Virginia held the undisputed supremacy in such literature as America produced. Near the middle of the eighteenth century the Middle States came into prominence with Franklin, and Phila-

delphia was the literary center for about fifty years. With Irving the leadership shifts again; and for a quarter of a century New York City takes the place of Philadelphia. Irving, Bryant, and Cooper were the chief of the "Knickerbocker Writers," whom we must consider before taking up the literature of the slavery struggle. The designation applied to this group comes from "Diedrich Knickerbocker," the pretended author of Irving's comic history of New York, to be discussed a few pages later. Says Warner: "This little man in knee-breeches and cocked hat was the germ of the whole 'Knickerbocker legend,' a fantastic creation, which in a manner took the place of history, and stamped upon the commercial metropolis of the New World the indelible Knickerbocker name and character; and even now in the city it is an undefined patent of nobility to trace descent from 'an old Knickerbocker family.'" Of the Knickerbockers, Irving was first in point of age and first to appear as author.



WASHINGTON IRVING.
The "Father of American Literature."

Irving Begins Writing Early. — Washington Irving was born in New York, April 3, 1783, nearly eight months be-

fore its evacuation by the British. At the age of sixteen, after a very aimless, unrestricted childhood, he entered a law office, and began reading — anything but law, for which he had no taste. Three years afterwards he took a position in the employ of a Mr. Hoffman, whose name we shall hear again. In the same year he began, though he little suspected it, his literary career, writing for his brother Peter's *Morning Chronicle* a series of satirical letters on the theaters of the day over the signature "Jonathan Oldstyle." While these compositions are admittedly imitations of Addison, while they fell far short of the excellence of Irving's later works, and while they do not proclaim a new genius, they are clever "take-offs" on the foibles of actors and audiences, and are to-day entertaining reading for their own sake.

Europe; "Salmagundi." — From May, 1804, to February, 1806, Irving was in Europe. He spent time enough in each place visited to make the acquaintance of the notable personages there, and was well received everywhere. Returning, he continued his social triumphs, not only in his native New York, but in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington as well. Shortly after his return, Irving's second literary venture was begun, a semimonthly periodical written in conjunction with his brother William and James K. Paulding, and called *Salmagundi,*[1] *or, The Whimwhams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Others.* Its intention was "simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age," by presenting "a striking picture of the town." It was a great success, but is rather dull reading to-day. Again imitating the *Spectator*, Irving is less entertaining than that publication or even than his own *Oldstyle*, chiefly because his sketches run to too great

[1] A *salmagundi* was originally an Italian salad. As used by Irving it means a medley or miscellany.

length. Twenty numbers of *Salmagundi* were published, after which it was discontinued without a stated reason.

"**Knickerbocker's History.**" — In December, 1809, appeared *A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,* the work which established Irving's position as a writer, and which brought American literature the recognition abroad already referred to (page 70). Planned as a parody on a learned *Picture of New York,* published shortly before, it took shape in the author's mind as an independent work. Irving led up to its publication in an altogether original manner. For some weeks in advance notices were inserted in a New York paper setting forth that "a small elderly gentleman . . . by the name of Knickerbocker" had left his lodgings in the city without paying his bill; that the landlord believed the old man "not entirely in his right mind"; that he had left in his room "a very curious kind of a written book," which the landlord intended to sell unless the owner returned and settled his account.

Although the *History* begins with the creation of the world, the main portion of it is, in Irving's words, "a comic history of the city" during "the period of the Dutch domination"; and the chief object of it was "to embody the traditions of our city in an amusing form; to illustrate its local humors, customs and peculiarities." Thus it will be seen that it was not very different in substance from the *Oldstyle Letters* or *Salmagundi.* To give it a more realistic appearance it was dedicated to the New York Historical Society. While some readers were puzzled at first, the real character of the book soon became plain, and it met with immediate and phenomenal success, in England as well as in America, Sir Walter Scott being one of the first great writers across the water to express high appreciation of it.

Before the *Knickerbocker History* was published, Irving experienced a great sorrow, from which he never wholly

recovered. This was the death of his fiancée, Matilda Hoffman, daughter of the attorney in whose office he had been employed for a time. Miss Hoffman was, according to all testimony, a thoroughly attractive and admirable girl, and her marriage with Irving only awaited his choice of a vocation that promised a living. All admired her; says he: "I idolized her." For a time Irving was inconsolable, seemed more than ever unable to settle on a career; and even the remarkable success of *Knickerbocker* did not fix his determination to enter the field of letters.

Second Trip to Europe. — For the ensuing six years he did nothing systematic, remunerative, or likely to increase his reputation. He became a partner with his brothers in business on terms which gave him little work and a living; he wrote a biographical sketch of the English poet Campbell; he edited for a while a magazine in which some of the *Sketch Book* essays appeared. In May, 1815, he went abroad for a short visit, but remained seventeen years.

The first five years were spent in England, during which time his firm failed, and his career was settled. Declining several positions on English magazines, he went to London, and began work at his own risk. After the success of the *Sketch Book* in America (1819), which "almost appalled" him, he brought it out in England, where it sold nearly as well as in his own country. His literary success was followed by the same social success that he had met with elsewhere. Like Lowell at a later period, and unlike Hawthorne, Irving made the acquaintance of great men and women everywhere, and became a general favorite. In Paris, where he went in 1820, his English experience was repeated; in fact, he felt that there was too much society for literary advancement.

In 1822 appeared *Bracebridge Hall*, a collection somewhat similar in plan to the *Sketch Book*, but not so meritorious

or making so wide an appeal. The series deals with an old English country place, where the author had previously laid the scenes of his Christmas stories in the *Sketch Book.* The opening and closing sketches are similar to those in the earlier work,[1] and at least two of the stories — *The Stout Gentleman* and *Dolph Heyliger* — are in Irving's best style. Two years later came *Tales of a Traveller*, a collection containing some of Irving's most interesting and effective stories. The best of these are in a group called *The Money-Diggers*, tales "found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker," in which he returns to the field and style of *Rip Van Winkle.* The best in this group, and perhaps the best Irving wrote anywhere, is *The Devil and Tom Walker*, a tale of a miserly fellow living near Boston, who made a bargain with "Old Scratch." Tom made a fortune by usury, as directed by his master; but at his mysterious death, it was found that his wealth had been reduced to cinders, chips, and shavings.

Life and Writings in Spain. — In February, 1826, Irving, being drawn to write a life of Columbus, went to Spain to obtain information at first hand, and remained there nearly three years. While in Spain he wrote not only the life of Columbus, but in addition *The Conquest of Granada*, and *The Voyages of the Companions of Columbus.* He also gathered material for *The Alhambra*, a Spanish sketch-book, the record of a stay of some months in the famous old palace of the Moors. *The Alhambra* has all the qualities of the *Sketch Book* and *Tales of a Traveller* that attract young readers. History and legend are skillfully mingled with descriptive sketches and narratives of the author's experiences in this romantic country.

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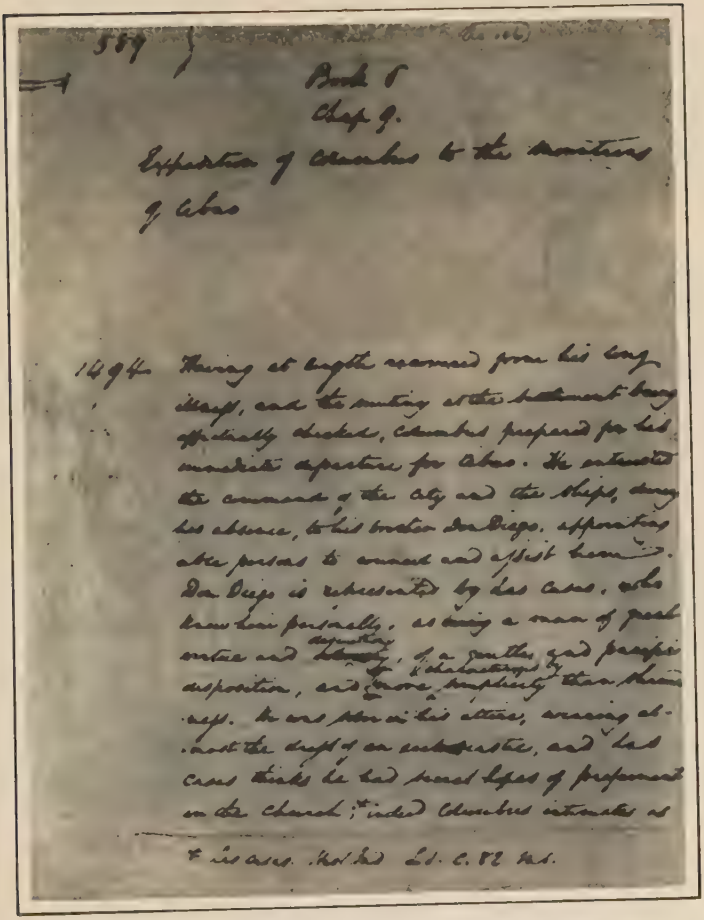
[1] In the *Sketch Book* the titles are: *The Author's Account of Himself* and *L'Envoy;* in *Bracebridge Hall: The Author*, and *The Author's Farewell.*



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Book 8

Chap 9.

Expedition of Columbus to the Mountains of Cibao

1494 Having at length recovered from his long illness, and the mutiny at the settlement being effectually checked, Columbus prepared for his immediate departure for Cibao. He entrusted the command of the city and the ships, during his absence, to his brother Don Diego, appointing able persons to counsel and assist him. Don Diego is represented by Las Casas, who knew him personally, as being a man of great virtue and dignity, of a gentle and pacific disposition, and more characterized by simplicity than shrewdness. He was sober in his attire, winning almost the dress of an ecclesiastic, and Las Casas thinks he had secret hopes of preferment in the church;* indeed Columbus intimates as

* Las Casas. Hist. Ind. Ld. C. 82 Ms.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.
(Library of Congress.)

In the latter part of 1829 Irving was offered the position of Secretary of Legation in London, which he accepted somewhat against his will. It is true that before leaving America he had political aspirations for a time; but he now had various literary projects, and feared that this new employment would interfere with them. His former triumph, literary and social, was repeated, with the addition of two great distinctions — the award of one of two gold medals of the Royal Society of Literature, and the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford.

SUNNYSIDE.
Irving's home near Tarrytown, now a suburb of New York City.

Return to America. — May, 1832, brought his long foreign sojourn to a close. His reception in America was worthy of a national hero. A public banquet in New York formed part of this reception, and other cities sought opportunity to celebrate his return in the same fashion — testimonials

which the diffident author felt compelled to decline. He wished, however, to get acquainted with more of his native country, and for that purpose made a lengthy tour of the South and West, the literary fruit of which was three books — *A Tour of the Prairies, Astoria* (an account of the attempt to establish a settlement at the mouth of the Columbia River), and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville.* On his return East, he purchased a small place on the Hudson near Tarrytown, a short distance from New York City, which he named "Sunnyside"; and there he lived for the next ten years. Other works written at this time are *Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey* (the homes of Scott and Byron); and *Legends of the Conquest of Spain,* a supplement to *The Conquest of Granada.*

Minister to Spain. — There came in this happy Sunnyside life a break, which Irving regretted much, but which seemed unavoidable — his appointment by President Tyler in 1842 as Minister to Spain. The Senate enthusiastically confirmed the appointment, and it was received with universal approval. Irving accepted it because he saw in it an honor, not merely to himself, but to the profession of letters. His previous residence in Spain, and his diplomatic experience in England, fitted him eminently for the position; and he performed his duties with great credit to himself and to his country.

Life at Sunnyside. — At the end of his term in Madrid (1846) Irving returned to Sunnyside. Here he made a home, not only for himself, but for his two dependent brothers and for a number of nieces; and here he lived most happily for the remainder of his life, which came to a close November 28, 1859, in his seventy-seventh year. The last thirteen years were productive and profitable ones. He wrote *Wolfert's Roost* (*roost* meaning "rest"), a collection of miscellaneous essays; and three biographies — *Gold-*

smith, Mahomet and his Successors, and *Washington.* For them and the copyright on his previous writings he received nearly $100,000. Of the biographies the *Goldsmith* is the most entertaining, and naturally; for the biographer and his subject had many points of resemblance which gave an advantage in interpretation. *The Life of Washington,* which was not completed until his last year, represents a great amount of careful investigation, and has all the characteristic charms of the author's other works; but it is not a great piece of historical research. In other words, it is, as one would expect it to be, popular rather than scholarly.

Characteristics. — The chief element of charm in Irving's writings is the character of the man himself displayed on nearly every page. He was an idealist, like Scott. He had a sympathetic nature, and was devoted to his large circle of friends. "His predominant traits were humor and sentiment"; and these touched people, places, and institutions of the past so as to make them live again. "Of England," says Warner, "whose traditions kindled his susceptible fancy, he wrote as Englishmen would like to write about it." And he showed, as a contemporary poet[1] also tried to show, that America presented possibilities of fanciful treatment to the man who knew where to look for them.

One other fact should be mentioned before leaving Irving — his accomplishment in the field of the short-story.[2] He had not the sense of form possessed by Poe or Hawthorne; but *Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The Devil and Tom Walker, The Bold Dragoon,* and many others in his several collections stand as admirable examples of this literary type, especially when compared with the feeble

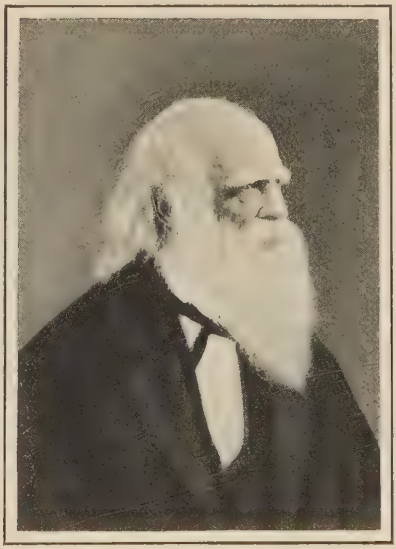
[1] Drake, in *The Culprit Fay;* see page 102.

[2] The coining of this compound is due to Professor Matthews, who wished to differentiate this form sharply from the "novelette." See his *Philosophy of the Short-story.*

efforts which preceded him. Irving may with justice be called the originator of the modern short-story.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1794–1878

Journalist and Poet. — More than half of Bryant's life was passed as editor of a great metropolitan newspaper. But the work for which he has a place in American literature was produced in the quiet of a home as far removed as possible from the confusion and noise of the city. Poetry was his avocation, a part of his home life, and quite separate from his business, which he attended to only in his office. There he kept long hours, and there he exerted an influence that placed his paper in the front rank — a position it still holds. In view of this very real separation of his outward life from his inward, we shall first state the chief facts in his career, and then consider his poetic output.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Early Life in New England. — Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. On his mother's side he was a descendant, as was Longfellow, of John and Priscilla Alden, immortalized in the later poet's *Courtship*

of Miles Standish. His father and grandfather were country doctors. William was a precocious child, being able to read at the age of three; and his early interest in books was wisely encouraged by his father. After private preparation in the homes of neighboring ministers, he entered the sophomore class of Williams College when he was fifteen. Before the year ended Bryant left Williams, and began private study to enter the Junior class at Yale the following year. Financial difficulties of the family prevented the carrying out of this plan, and his academic training ended with the short term at Williams.

After some hesitation, Bryant took up the study of law, as Irving had done, simply because it offered the best chance for a livelihood to a man of studious tastes. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, and practiced nine years. In 1820 his father died, an event which he commemorated in the latter part of the *Hymn to Death.* The following summer he married Miss Frances Fairchild, daughter of a neighboring farmer; and for more than forty years she was "the brightness of his life."

Residence in New York. — The law was exceedingly distasteful to him, and there was no living to be got out of his passion for the fields, the flowers, the birds — a passion which had manifested itself early in him, and which received further impetus by his reading of Wordsworth. An opportunity that promised well offered itself in 1825, the position of associate editor of a magazine in New York City. He accepted, and from that time made his home in the great city. The magazine failed in less than a year, and Bryant again turned to law. In a few months, however, another editorial position came to him — on the staff of the *Evening Post.* In 1829 he became editor-in-chief, continuing in that capacity until his death forty-nine years later. Through the columns of this paper Bryant exerted great influence on

the city, the state, and the nation. It was he who first suggested the creation of Central Park, a proposition received, strange to tell, with bitter opposition by many self-constituted "watch-dogs of the treasury." The *Post* was independent in politics, supporting good men and measures regardless of their party affiliations or origin. In the presidential campaign of 1876, Bryant threw the *Post's* influence

BRYANT'S HOME AT ROSLYN, L.I.
A charming retreat from the noise and cares of the city.

to Hayes because he thought the Republican platform and intentions better than those of the Democrats, although Tilden was a valued personal friend of the editor and much admired by him. Of the influence of Bryant's example, John Bigelow, associate editor of the paper for eleven years, says: "Years after I had retired from the profession, when puzzled about a question of duty or propriety, I would instinctively ask myself, 'How would Bryant act in this

case?' I always and promptly received a most satisfactory answer."

In the years 1834–1836 Bryant made the first of his six tours of Europe. He enjoyed travel, and wrote numerous letters to the paper from abroad and from distant parts of America, which he afterwards collected in two volumes called *Letters of a Traveler* and *Letters from the East.* On these journeys he met many distinguished literary figures, including George Eliot, the Brownings, Wordsworth, and his own fellow countrymen, Longfellow and Hawthorne. These famous names, however, do not appear in the letters, Bryant's sense of propriety telling him "to abstain altogether from that class of topics." The lack of life resulting from this omission cannot be compensated for by any amount of "faultless English and faultless taste."

Public Service and Honors. — Bryant was a vigorous opponent of slavery, and one of the organizers of the Republican party in 1856. In 1860 he exerted himself through the *Post* for the nomination and election of Lincoln, whom he had seen (but of course had not known) nearly thirty years before, leading a company of Illinois volunteers to the Black-Hawk War. In 1864 a great meeting was held in New York in honor of Bryant's seventieth birthday. Poems for the occasion were written by Holmes, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Julia Ward Howe, and others, and a wonderful address was delivered by Emerson. Numerous and various honors were bestowed upon him in the remaining fourteen years of his life. Says Bigelow: "He was an honorary member of pretty much every Historical, Philological, Antiquarian, and Statistical society; of every Academy of Artists and Men of Letters, and of every college society in the United States of sufficient consideration to feel at liberty to proffer the compliment."

In the summer of 1866 Mrs. Bryant died, after an illness

covering about ten years. The family had been living for some time on the old Bryant homestead in Cummington, which the poet had purchased and on which he had built a new house, in the hope that mountain air would do what the physicians of America and Europe had failed to do. Her loss left him, he said in a letter to a friend, "like one cast out of Paradise and wandering in a strange world." The depth of his devotion and sorrow he expressed, seven years after, in a fragment of a poem in which occurs this stanza:

> "And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days,
> That fled with thee, would gladly now resign
> All that the world can give of fame and praise,
> For one sweet look of thine."

Translation of Homer. — Bryant survived his wife twelve years. He, with his daughter, made his sixth and last trip to Europe the autumn following Mrs. Bryant's death; and here should be mentioned the one poem which is a part of his life rather than a contribution to his fame as a poet. A few years earlier he had published a translation of parts of the *Odyssey*, which was received with great favor. When his wife died, translation proved an endurable employment, and he undertook to render the *Iliad* entire into blank verse, the measure in which he attained his greatest success as a metrical artist.[1] He took the *Iliad* with him on this last journey abroad, determined to translate forty lines a day. After completing it he took up the *Odyssey*, the last book of which he sent to the printer near the close of 1871. It soon became and has continued to be exceedingly popular. His first volume of poems (1821) brought him less than fifteen dollars in five years; his Homer brought more than a thousand a year to his estate for the first fifteen years after publication.

[1] Used in *Thanatopsis*, *A Forest Hymn*, *The Flood of Years*, and many other poems.

In 1872 he visited Mexico, where he received more distinguished attentions than had been accorded to any other foreigner. With the exception of these two trips Bryant remained in New York, active in the conduct of the *Post*, and in the public life of the city, enjoying thoroughly his evenings and holidays at Roslyn, his Long Island estate. His excellent health continued to the end; and when in the city, he still walked the three miles to his office in the morning and the three miles back at noon. None of his family remembered his having any illness save the one of which he died; and that was caused by an accident. On May 29, 1878, after delivering an oration in Central Park in memory of the Italian patriot Mazzini, Bryant had a fall which caused concussion of the brain. He lingered, most of the time unconcious, for fourteen days, passing away five months before his eighty-fourth birthday.

BRYANT IN HIS GROUNDS AT ROSLYN.

"An old-fashioned mansion, surrounded by shrubberies and grand trees, and communicating by a shelving lawn with one of the prettiest of small fresh-water lakes." (Godwin.)

National Estimate of Bryant. — The memorial addresses, which for months following were spoken in all sorts of assemblies and in all parts of the country, could add little to the evidences of esteem shown him in life. All these tributes were paid, not so much to the poet, the journalist,

the publicist, as to "the spotless and faithful citizen, the simple and upright man"; to one who was, according to Bigelow, "the most symmetrical man" America had ever known. Another eulogist, George William Curtis, said that "no man [had] more truly and amply illustrated the scope and the fidelity of republican citizenship."

We have said that poetry was Bryant's avocation. It would be more accurate, perhaps, to say merely that it was not his profession. In this his position was by no means unique in American poetry. Longfellow and Lowell followed the vocation of teaching; Holmes, that of medicine; Poe made his meager living by journalistic hack-work of various sorts.

Unity of his Poetry. — Bryant was surely "called" to poetry if ever man was; and with the exception of his first poem, *The Embargo*, a political satire written when he was eleven years old, the whole body of his verse shows a striking unity. From *Thanatopsis* (written at eighteen) to *The Flood of Years* (written at eighty-two) the "tone of calm, elevated, and hopeful contemplation" (Poe) — usually contemplation of nature in her calmer moods — is consistently maintained. We find a few excursions into the realm of narrative, including the tender *Sella* and the fanciful *Little People of the Snow;* and a small number of patriotic poems, of which the most noteworthy are *Our Country's Call* and *The Death of Lincoln.* But these are exceptional. The themes of the vast majority of Bryant's poems are drawn from nature, of whom he could truly say that he held

"Communion with her visible forms" —

with the woods and meadows and streams and birds and flowers. And it is seldom the mere view that appeals to him. In the outward forms of nature Bryant, like the

English poet with whom he is often (unwisely) compared, heard constantly

> "The still, sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh nor grating." [1]

Thanatopsis is America's first great poem. Originally it consisted of only forty-nine lines, beginning with what is now line 17 ("Yet a few days") and ending with line 66 ("And make their bed with thee"). In this form it lacked the harmonious setting of the first sixteen lines, and the moral exhortation at the end; hence it fell far short of the full conception in the poet's mind. Yet even in this fragment the editors of the *North American Review* saw poetic merit of so high an order that they were unwilling to believe it was written "on this side of the Atlantic"; and when they published it, they attributed it to *Doctor* Bryant, the poet's father! It appears to have been written in the author's eighteenth or nineteenth year — a phenomenal performance, both in subject and in treatment. It is idle to inquire whether this "view of death" (the literal meaning of the word *thanatopsis*) was inspired by Bryant's reading of the Englishman Henry Kirke White, or the Scotchman Robert Blair, or Bishop Porteus, or William Cowper. Perhaps the choice of subject and attitude toward it can be more easily explained by his generations of Puritan ancestry — which means men of the type of Edwards, who was almost a monk at ten years, and of the type of Mather, who was at an early age profoundly interested in things beyond the grave. It must be kept in mind that Bryant is one of the "Knickerbocker Writers" by accident only. He wrote in the vicinity of New York City, but his spiritual as well as his physical ancestry is pure New England.

[1] The English poet is, of course, Wordsworth. The passage quoted is from *Lines Written above Tintern Abbey*, 91–92.

A Great Poet of Nature. — It is agreed by critics that Bryant never surpassed *Thanatopsis*. He did, however, touch many other chords in nature with almost equal skill. Sometimes it is the might of nature, as in *A Forest Hymn:*

> "Grandeur, strength, and grace
> Are here to speak of Thee;"

as in *The Hurricane:*

> "And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
> Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud."

Oftener it is the calmer moods, the milder expressions, of nature that we hear; as in *To a Waterfowl*, whose "certain flight" the Creator "guides through the boundless sky"; as in *Green River:*

> "For in thy lonely and lovely stream
> An image of that calm life appears
> That won my heart in my greener years."

Occasionally there is a note of joy, such as the whole poem *The Gladness of Nature,* beginning

> "Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
> When our mother Nature laughs around;
> When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
> And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

Another poem that should be mentioned here is the light-hearted, lilting *Robert of Lincoln*, with its refrain of

> "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
> Spink, spank, spink."

This song illustrates well also the separation of Bryant's two vocations; for it was written in the same year in which the *Post* and its editor were devoting their best energies to the forming of the antislavery party.

The tone of quietness, of repose, in the greater part of Bryant's verse has led some readers to call him cold.

Lowell expressed this opinion humorously in his famous "medley," *A Fable for Critics:*

> "There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
> As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified.
>
> * * * * *
>
> If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
> Like being stirred up with the very North Pole."

This adverse criticism, say the Bryant enthusiasts, is due to a wrong viewpoint: "stateliness," not coldness, is the

BRYANT'S HOMESTEAD AT CUMMINGTON.
Where the poet was born and where he lived again in the latter part of his life.

proper term. The truth is that the man Bryant had a great amount (an excessive amount, thought many) of reserve; he himself considered it remarkable that, being so poor a hand at making friends, he had so many; and this reserve naturally communicated itself to his writing. We have already noted how it takes the life out of his *Letters of a Traveler.*

One characteristic of these nature poems would seem to show the inappropriateness of calling them "cold." They are almost never mere nature lyrics; the trees, the flowers, the winds, are preachers giving the poet messages to mankind that could come through none but a warm heart. He is a lover of his fellow men, and translates for their help and guidance the myriad lessons of the natural world. From the forest we may

> "to the beautiful order of thy works
> Learn to conform the order of our lives."

From the contemplation of the waterfowl's flight we may take comfort that the power guiding it will guide our footsteps also. Our neglect of the yellow violet "midst the gorgeous blooms of May" teaches us the wrong of forgetting humble friends when we reach a higher place in the world. The fringed gentian, which even after the frost still lifts its "sweet and quiet eye" to the heavens, inspires us by its example to be hopeful in the face of death.

A Poet's "Mission." — Bryant's conception of his mission in verse, set forth in *The Poet*, is a high one. He looks back over half a century of poetic effort, and from his experience thus advises him who would "wear the name of poet":

> "Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
> The pastime of a drowsy summer day.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Let thine own eyes o'erflow;
> Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
> Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
> And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast."

A Frail Classic but a Real One. — Bryant wrote no long original poem — "he did not believe in long poems," says Bigelow. He seems to have shared Poe's theory that "the

phrase, 'a long poem,' is simply a flat contradiction in terms"; and it is probable that he, like Poe, was incapable of any sustained effort in verse. His entire output, moreover, — under 15,000 lines, — is less in quantity than that of Byron or Shelley or Keats, all of whom died before the age of forty. His range is narrow, his circle of appeal is limited — one wonders whether it would not be even more limited but for the sentimental interest attaching to things learned in childhood. Yet when all is said, it must be realized that Bryant's place is secure — that though he is one of "the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry,"[1] he *is* a classic. As the ethical teacher expounding nature in America, in full sympathy with her "visible forms" and interpreting her "various language" in the language of the wayfarer, he occupies a noble place, one which has been approached by no other, and which bids fair to continue Bryant's alone.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, 1789–1851

An Accidental Author. — Cooper became an author by accident. He, a farmer, criticized an English novel, was dared to write a better, and attempted to do so. He was the last to appear of "that early triumvirate of American literature not less renowned than the great triumvirate of American politics."[2] Moreover, he did not feel his way into literature as did Irving, nor did his first works show any such calling to the profession as we have noted in Bryant. When a man begins his career on a wager that he can surpass another man, we do not expect high accomplishment. Yet such was Cooper's beginning; and although he made many failures, he made notable successes in two

[1] Matthew Arnold's phrase — used of Gray, author of the *Elegy*.

[2] George William Curtis.

entirely new fields — native American romance, and romance of the sea.

He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789, the eleventh child of William and Elizabeth (Fenimore) Cooper, both Quakers. The first Cooper had come to America from Stratford-on-Avon about a hundred years earlier, and appears to have been a man of integrity and ability. When James was a year old, his parents moved to Cooperstown, New York, on Otsego Lake, and here the father built Otsego Hall, a fine old mansion afterwards adopted by the son as his permanent home.

Cooper's Birthplace.
In the next house lived Captain Lawrence, father of the naval hero.

Life at Sea, and Marriage. — Cooper's preparation for college was obtained — as was Bryant's — in the home of a clergyman. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale, from which he was dismissed in his junior year for continued neglect of college duties. The year following he was at sea on a merchant vessel, and learned the ways and language of the trade, which he later used successfully in several stories, notably *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover*, and in *Ned Myers*, the biography of a shipmate. He then entered the navy as a midshipman, serving for two years and a half, during which time he assisted in building a brig on Lake Ontario.

In May, 1810, he obtained a year's furlough, and in the following January married Miss de Lancey, a young woman of distinguished Huguenot ancestry and fine personality. At the expiration of his furlough, he yielded to her entreaties and resigned from the navy, taking up farming, first in Westchester County at Mrs. Cooper's home, then at Cooperstown for three years, and again in Westchester.

First Stories. — In 1820 came his accidental entrance into literature. After reading a commonplace novel of English life and asserting that he could write a better himself, he accepted Mrs. Cooper's challenge to attempt it, and the result was *Precaution*, a tiresome, uninteresting story. The author had no first-hand knowledge of his subject; and in a story of this kind he naturally had to introduce a number of women characters, or "females," as he habitually called them, in portraying whom he was wholly successful only in the case of Judith Hutter, the heroine of *The Deerslayer*. *Precaution* is a failure, but it was followed by an unqualified success, *The Spy*, a story of *American* life, written at the suggestion of friends. He had little confidence in the subject; but this romance of the Revolution passed through three editions in two months, and a dramatization of it was drawing large audiences a month later.

Two years after *The Spy* came the first of that great series which constitutes Cooper's chief claim as an author — the Leather-Stocking Tales. This was *The Pioneers* (1823), which Cooper wrote as a labor of love, laying the scenes on his beloved Otsego, and introducing characters belonging to the frontier community, among them the Quaker Judge Temple, thought to be a portrait of his father. In this story appears for the first time Nathaniel (Natty) Bumppo, the woodsman, nicknamed Leather-Stocking here, the unique figure whom we meet in other tales of the series, as Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Pathfinder, La Longue Carabine, and

finally just "the trapper." The favor with which this second romance of America was received may be judged from the fact that 3500 copies were sold before noon on the day of publication.

Because of its origin one other story must be mentioned here — *The Pilot*, first of Cooper's sea tales. When Scott's *The Pirate* appeared in 1822, the author of the Waverley novels was still unidentified by the public. Hearing Scott's authorship of the work called in question because of the thorough and profound knowledge of the sea displayed, Cooper maintained that, on the contrary, it was clearly not written by a seaman — that it was accurate in details, but did not have the real flavor of salt water. To prove this to himself, he wrote *The Pilot*, the hero of which, though unnamed, is John Paul Jones ("liberty's brave Buccaneer," as the old song calls him), and the story of which was suggested by Jones's cruise in the *Ranger*.[1] The success of this story was almost as great as that of *The Spy*, and it still holds a high place in romantic fiction.

Cooper was now firmly established as a literary man, in a sphere which he may almost be said to have discovered, and which he certainly made peculiarly his own. In 1822, after the death of his father and mother, he moved to New York City, and became associated with the "Knickerbocker Writers." Two years later Columbia University conferred upon him the Master's degree, one of the few honors that fell to him. He was later honored with membership in the American Philosophical Society (1823), the Georgia Historical Society (1839), and the Maryland Historical Society (1844).

In 1823 the author asked the state legislature for legal

[1] The action of *The Pilot* takes place in 1778. Jones did not take command of the *Bonhomme Richard* until the following year. See *Dictionary of National Biography*.

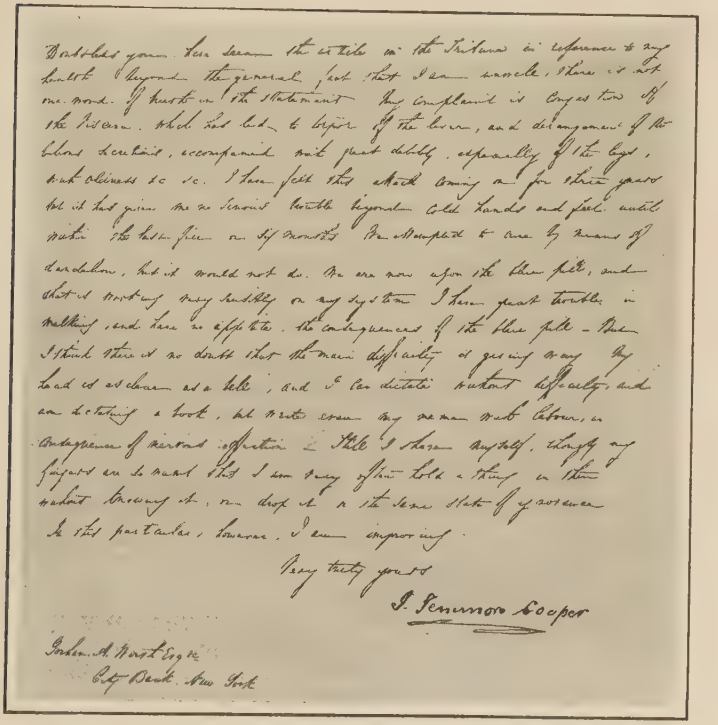
authority to adopt the name Fenimore, in accordance with a request of his mother. He wished to be James Cooper Fenimore;[1] but, apparently through a misunderstanding, the act made him James Fenimore-Cooper, and he used the hyphenated form for a short time.

In Europe. — During the seven years following, Cooper was in Europe, holding for the first three years the position of consul at Lyons, France. He traveled widely, spent a winter in Rome, four months in London, and nearly four and a half years in and near Paris; three years of this last period were immediately after the Revolution of 1830. He became intimate with Lafayette, and met frequently other French notables and one great Englishman — Sir Walter Scott. It may be remarked here that nowhere has Cooper been more warmly admired than in France, and that by the foremost literary critics, as well as by the general public. George Sand and Balzac both wrote enthusiastically of his works.

At War with his Countrymen. — Shortly after his return to America he renovated Otsego Hall, the mansion built by his father at Cooperstown forty years before, and took up his residence there permanently. This year (1834) also marks the beginning of his warfare with his countrymen, which continued almost till his death in 1851. The story of this warfare, a long series of controversial writings and libel suits, is an unfortunate chapter in his life, and will be passed over briefly. The beginning of it was *A Letter to his Countrymen*, partly a reply to published criticisms of his works, and partly a wholly unnecessary discussion of a political question at that time agitating the country. The *Letter* he followed with a satirical novel, *The Monikins*, and several volumes of travels, in which he repeated and elaborated his criticisms of America. The second quarrel was with his

[1] Clymer, page 5. Lounsbury does not so state this.

fellow townsmen, who resented and disputed his assertion of authority over Three Mile Point, a spot on the Cooper estate which had for years been used as a public picnic ground. He proved his right, but at the cost of much of his popular-



Facsimile of a Letter of Cooper.

ity. His third false step was a series of suits for libel against a number of newspapers which had attacked him vigorously — and often viciously — for his conduct in the Three Mile Point affair. Cooper won most of the suits, and

in the end forced a retraction of the offensive statements, but at further cost to his popularity. His last battle was with the New York *Commercial Advertiser,* which in a review of his *History of the United States Navy* reflected on his character. Cooper again sued for libel, and was again victorious. At least one other suit was still pending, and had not been settled when Cooper died.

The seven years' fighting embittered him towards the public and the public towards him; and though later he became "less unpopular," as Professor Lounsbury puts it, he left a death-bed injunction that his family permit no authorized biography of him to be written. He had consideration enough for his children to wish that they might be spared a recital of his troubles. The strength of his feeling in this direction is shown by his regret that he had ever written the *Naval History.* Said he: "Were the manuscript now lying before me unpublished, I certainly should throw it into the fire as an act of prudence to myself and of justice to my children."

The five years following the controversies saw the publication of Cooper's two best stories — *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer,* which completed the Leather-Stocking Tales. Between 1840 and 1850 he wrote fourteen others, none of which are especially notable; but all sold well, and even bitter enemies read and admired most of his romances. According to Professor Lounsbury, Thurlow Weed, editor of the Albany *Journal,* who had been the defendant in several of Cooper's suits, "was a profound and even bigoted admirer of his adversary's novels!"

Cooper spent his last years on his estate, amusing himself and spending his money in farming experiments. This sort of life tended to soften him, and apparently to fix and deepen religious convictions which had been growing in him; and in July, 1851, he was confirmed in the Episcopal

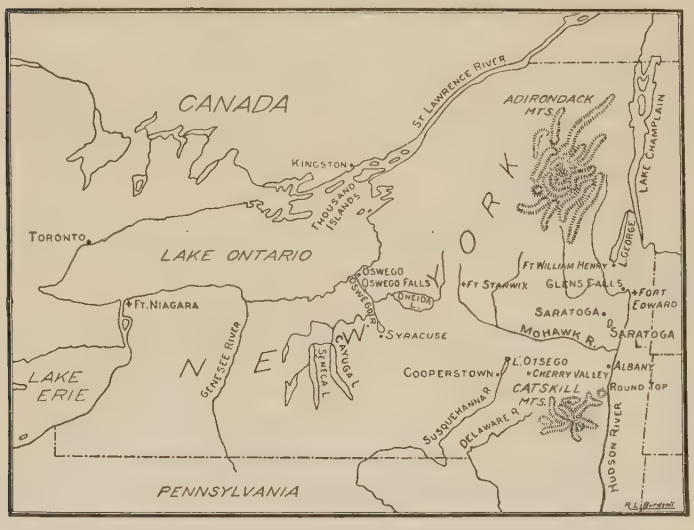
Church. But he was not to enjoy long the peace and contentment he had at last gained. Already signs of physical weakening had appeared, and as the summer advanced, he grew rapidly worse. On September 14, one day before his sixty-second birthday, he died. On the twenty-fifth of the month friends and admirers made arrangements for a meeting in his memory, which was held the following February, William Cullen Bryant delivering the principal address. It cannot be said that his death caused very general sorrow; but the feeling was universal that a great man had passed away, as was shown by the large attendance at the memorial meeting.

No extended analysis of Cooper's merits and faults as a writer will be made here. Mere mention of some of the characteristics that have given his stories continued favor will suffice.

The Sea Tales. — Scott found in *The Red Rover* "something too much of nautical language," and the average reader will perhaps feel the same objection to other sea tales, — *The Two Admirals* and *The Pilot*, for example. The famous fifth chapter of the last-named is rather obscure to a landsman, with its "double-reefed topsails," its "weather mainchains," its "after-yards trimmed," its "Let her luff!" "Square away the yards! — in mainsail!" But we can pass over all this for the sake of the story and some finely drawn characters, — the Pilot himself, and Long Tom Coffin, the brave seaman who is of the same stuff as Natty Bumppo. There is probably in all the literature of adventure no more realistic and thrilling incident than the fight of the *Ariel* and the *Alacrity* in chapter eighteen of *The Pilot*, or the wreck of the *Ariel* with Long Tom on board, in chapter twenty-four.

The Indian Tales. — The same virtues appear in the Indian tales, which Cooper wrote, says Clymer, "solely because

stories of adventure were tingling in his blood." The Leather-Stocking Tales, in the order of the events narrated, form a sort of prose epic depicting an altogether new kind of heroic career from young manhood to extreme old age. In *The Deerslayer* Natty Bumppo, whose first nickname (the title



MAP SHOWING SCENES OF THE LEATHER-STOCKING TALES.

Deerslayer takes place on and around Lake Otsego (called "Glimmerglass" in the story); *Last of the Mohicans*, in the country between the Mohawk River and Lake George; *Pathfinder*, on the Oswego River, and the south shore of Lake Ontario from Fort Niagara to Thousand Islands; *Pioneers*, around Lake Otsego, chiefly the vicinity of Cooperstown (called "Templeton" in the story). Drawn by R. L. Burdsall.

of the story) has come from the wonderful execution of his famous musket Killdeer, sheds human blood for the first time — a thing which he was averse to, and which he resorted to only in self-defense. Through *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, and *The Pioneers*, we follow

the scout's adventures, and observe his growing hatred of the Mingoes, whom he comes to consider no better than vermin and deserving of no better fate than vermin. In *The Prairie* the scout's eyesight has become dim at the age of fourscore and seven, and he is a pathetic figure, gaining his subsistence by what seems to him the ignoble method of trapping. In *The Pathfinder* we find him yielding to the charms of a "female," who consents to marry him, but whom he willingly surrenders to young Jasper Western, the nominal hero of the story and the winner of her affection. Pathfinder's love for Mabel Dunham is noble and sincere, and for all women he has a chivalrous feeling that is an exquisite touch.

Portrayal of Indian Character. — A word must be said regarding Cooper's portrayal of Indian life and characters. The former, it is generally agreed, leaves nothing to be desired. Otsego Lake in his boyhood was the frontier, and he saw much of the Indians and was much interested in their mode of life and conduct. Their customs, practices, and racial characteristics he got at first hand, and these he has pictured in his romances better than any real history. There is not such general agreement as to Cooper's individual Indians, particularly the good ones. Chingachgook, Uncas, and Hard-heart are objected to as idealized figures; for though they have the daring, the cunning, the disregard of life, that we commonly associate with their race, they have also a fidelity to the cause they espouse and to the individuals they believe in, which some critics seem to think impossible in a red man. The Indian of these romances, however, is unquestionably the real Indian to English readers, and he is, as some one has said, a gain to literature whether he is to truth or not.

Cooper is distinctly, as the preceding sentence suggests, a novelist of the people, rather than of the critics. Much

fault may be found with his style, with his minor characters, with his humor, with his long and wordy introductions, with the structure (or lack of structure) of his plots. Even these shortcomings, however, may be forgiven in a man who could create a Hawkeye and a Chingachgook, and who could give such life to the romantic early days of our country. It is worth while for us to be reminded that the struggle of 1740–1800 was not merely one of cities and legislative halls as recorded in the preceding chapter, but was also carried on in the frontier forests, for homes for the millions coming to work out the great experiment in a new form of government. And for the great mass of the people this story has certainly been more entertainingly and hence more convincingly told by the romancer than by the matter-of-fact historian.

DRAKE AND HALLECK

"**The Croakers.**" — In 1819 there appeared in the New York *Evening Post* a series of poems, mostly satires upon current events, signed "Croaker," or "Croaker, Jr." They were the joint production of two close friends, Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck, minor members of the Knickerbocker group, who had considerable fame in their day, and are still remembered for a few poems.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820). — Drake, though five years younger than his friend, began writing several years earlier. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a long poem, *The Culprit Fay*, which for some reason was not published until fifteen years after his death. With something of the Romantic spirit he aimed in this poem to show that American streams had poetical possibilities as great as any in England or Scotland. Of Drake's *Croaker* pieces the best known is *The American Flag*, which is worthy of notice as

a patriotic outburst, though the first stanza is burdened with a too elaborate figure. Drake, a New Yorker by birth, was left an orphan when quite young; and his childhood was a hard struggle with poverty. He studied medicine, graduating in 1816, and in the same year married Miss Sarah Eckford, daughter of a wealthy New York shipbuilder. This ended his financial troubles; but he was a consumptive, and in 1818 went south in search of health. He spent about a year in Louisiana, and returning to New York early in 1820, died there in September.

Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790–1867) was born in Connecticut, but at an early age adopted New York as his home. After some years in a bank he became confidential clerk to John Jacob Astor; and at the latter's death in 1848 received a pension which enabled him to retire to his birthplace for the remainder of his life. Halleck wrote little, and his standing as a poet rests mainly on two poems. The first, *On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake*, beginning

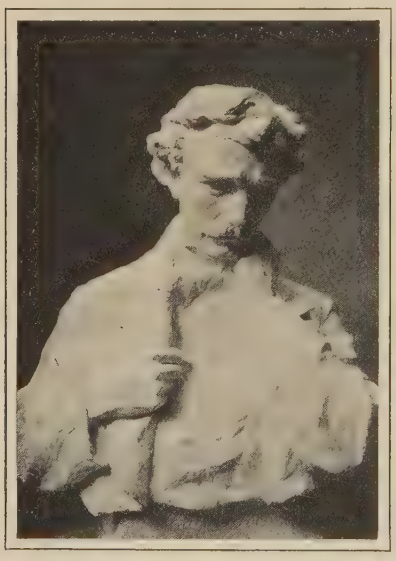
> "Green be the turf above thee
> Friend of my better days,"

is universally admired, both by critics and by general readers. It contains only twenty-four lines, but in its directness, sincerity, and simplicity says all that the most devoted of friends could say. His other famous poem is *Marco Bozzaris*, celebrating in stirring lines the self-sacrifice of the Greek patriot in the struggle with Turkey, and containing familiar passages, of which the closing apostrophe to the spirit of Bozzaris is most worth quoting:

> "For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
> One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die."

EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1809–1849

The two men who, by common consent both at home and abroad, are ranked highest among American writers are Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne. They are notably individual; they are men of letters and nothing more; they are universally recognized as *literary artists*. While Poe wrote much criticism and a few poems of the first order, it seems likely that his fame will finally rest on his short-stories, a likelihood that may be stated also of Hawthorne. In this difficult field they are unsurpassed, not only in American, but in the world's, literature.



BUST OF POE AT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, BY ZOLNAY.

Believed to be the best interpretation of the poet.

A Man of Contradictions. — In 1841 Poe wrote to a friend who was preparing a sketch of his life: "Born, Jan., 1811." In 1849, after the sketch was published, Poe wrote: "You have given my sister's age instead of mine, I was born in Dec., 1813." The truth is that he was born January 19, 1809, and that his sister was two years younger than he. He enlisted in the army at the age of eighteen years, four

months; minors were then admitted into the service, yet he gave his age as twenty-two. Two years later, when he applied for admission to West Point, he said he was nineteen years and three months old. The title-page of his first volume of poems informs us that the contents are "By a Bostonian." In a letter to a friend fifteen years later he said: "I am a Virginian. . . . I have resided all my life until the last few years, in Richmond." In fact, he had lived a few months in Boston, five years in England, one year at the University of Virginia, four years in New York City, one year in Baltimore, and two years in army posts. In view of these facts we can hardly accept Poe's statement that he had "an inveterate habit of speaking the truth." We are more likely to agree with Professor Woodberry: "Any unsupported assertion by Poe regarding himself is to be received with great caution."

Explanations. — How can such a state of things be explained? Was Poe intentionally lying? One searches in vain for motives. Did he make these contradictory statements under the influence of liquor? The idea that Poe was an habitual drunkard was long ago exploded. Or were they merely another expression of Poe's tendency to mystify? A possible explanation may be found in a letter to the poet Lowell: "I have been too deeply conscious of the mutability and evanescence of temporal things to give any consistent effort to anything — to be consistent in anything. My life has been whim — impulse — passion — a longing for solitude — a scorn of all things present, in an earnest desire for the future." Another possible explanation is a caution to Poe from his friend John P. Kennedy: "Your fault is your love of the extravagant. Pray beware of it." This fault we should express now by the popular phrase, "playing to the galleries." His whole life was spectacular.

Early Life — in Virginia. — Poe was a "Bostonian" by birth, of actor parents who were then playing in the Massachusetts capital. Both parents died before he was three years old, Mrs. Poe while filling an engagement in Richmond, Virginia; and Edgar was adopted by a Richmond merchant, John Allan, between whose wife and the adopted son a strong affection grew up. When Poe was six years old, Mr. Allan's business took him to England; and the boy spent the next five years at Dr. Bransby's school in a London suburb, a school of which he has left an account in *William Wilson.* When they returned to Richmond in 1820, Poe's education was continued in private schools until he entered the recently established University of Virginia in February, 1826.

Since women filled so large a place in Poe's life, it may be well to mention here two who, in addition to Mrs. Allan, touched his heart while he was still a boy. The first was Mrs. Stanard, mother of a school friend, who welcomed him cordially on his first visit to her home, and exerted a strong influence over him. It is said that after her death he haunted her grave in his apparently incurable sorrow. The other woman was Miss Royster, a neighbor of the Allans, near Poe's age, who evidently returned his affection; but the promising romance was ended by Mr. Royster's intercepting Poe's letters, which he did, says the lady, solely "because we were too young." That her attraction for him was not superficial is indicated by his renewing his attentions to her in the last year of his life, when again he met her, then a widow, in Richmond.

In the Army. — During his ten months at the University Poe distinguished himself in languages, and read extensively in four or five. Unfortunately he also distinguished himself at gaming, and returned to Mr. Allan with a fine crop of "debts of honor," which that gentleman declined to pay. A disagreement followed, which resulted in Poe's leaving

Richmond and enlisting in the army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. The next month appeared *Tamerlane and Other Poems, By a Bostonian,* a collection of ten poems most of which were written, says Poe, before he was fifteen. There are allusions to Mrs. Stanard and Miss Royster, and to his passionate and unhappy life. There are no great poems here; but there are clear foretastes of the hauntingly

West Range, University of Virginia.
The dormitory in which Poe lived.

musical quality of Poe's best work, which one feels in his prose as well as in his verse. During his term in the army Poe made an excellent record, rising to the position of sergeant major.

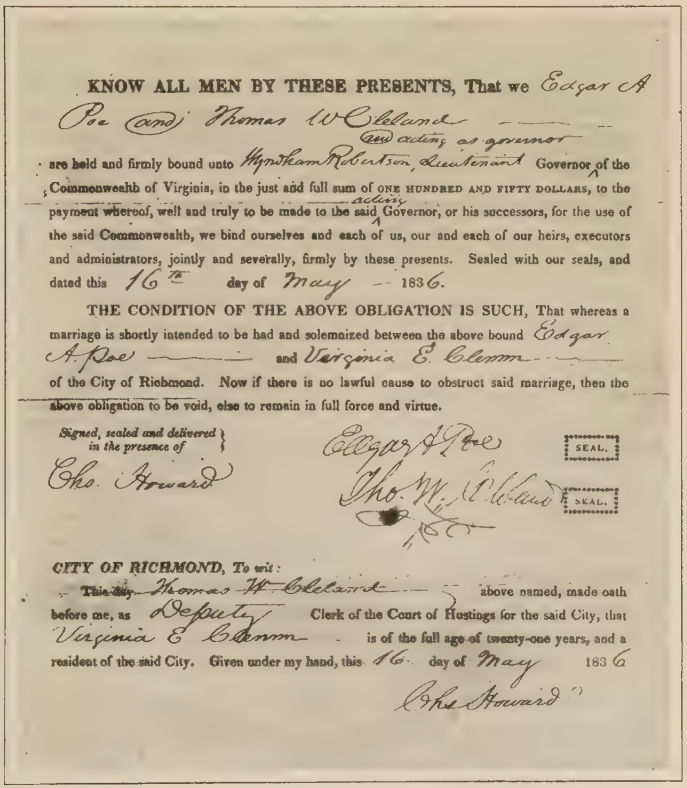
In April, 1829, after two years' service, he secured his discharge from the army, and became reconciled to Mr. Allan, Mrs. Allan having recently died. In July of the following year, Poe, partly through Mr. Allan's efforts, re-

ceived appointment to the military academy at West Point; but discipline here proved less congenial than that in the army, Poe neglected duties and broke rules, and was court-martialed and dismissed in less than a year.

First Literary Success. — No trace of Poe's whereabouts has been found from this time, March, 1831, to the summer of 1833, when he made his first "strike" as a writer. This was the winning of a hundred dollar prize given by the *Baltimore Visiter* for the best story to be published in its columns. Poe submitted six stories, grouped as *Tales of the Folio Club*, and the judges unanimously awarded the prize to *A MS. Found in a Bottle*, a thrilling story of shipwreck. A prize of fifty dollars for the best poem might also have gone to Poe, it appears, had not the judges thought it unwise to give both to one contestant. The *Visiter* for October 12, 1833, which contained the *MS.*, contained also a note advising Poe to publish the whole series of the *Folio Club*, and concluding: "These tales are eminently distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and varied and curious learning." Among the number were two other notable tales — *The Assignation*, a picturesque and tragic tale of Venice, and *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, an exciting sea adventure like the *MS.*, but without its fatal ending.

Disinherited. — Poe's foster father married again, and Poe never got into the good graces of the second Mrs. Allan. When Mr. Allan died in March, 1834, a few months after Poe had attained real literary fame, he failed to mention his adopted son in his will. The cause of the estrangement will doubtless never be known, and it is unprofitable to discuss various suggested explanations. It is enough to say that Poe was surprised and bitterly disappointed at being thus cut off, and that from this time he lived by his pen.

Shortly after this a license was issued in Baltimore for the marriage of Poe, age twenty-five, and his cousin Virginia Clemm, age twelve years and one month; but there



KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we Edgar A Poe and Thomas W Cleland and acting as governor are held and firmly bound unto Wyndham Robertson, Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in the just and full sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, to the payment whereof, well and truly to be made to the said acting Governor, or his successors, for the use of the said Commonwealth, we bind ourselves and each of us, our and each of our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated this 16th day of May 1836.

THE CONDITION OF THE ABOVE OBLIGATION IS SUCH, That whereas a marriage is shortly intended to be had and solemnized between the above bound Edgar A. Poe and Virginia E. Clemm of the City of Richmond. Now if there is no lawful cause to obstruct said marriage, then the above obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
Chs. Howard

Edgar A Poe SEAL.
Tho. W. Cleland SEAL.

CITY OF RICHMOND, To wit:
This day Thomas W. Cleland above named, made oath before me, as Deputy Clerk of the Court of Hustings for the said City, that Virginia E Clemm is of the full age of twenty-one years, and a resident of the said City. Given under my hand, this 16 day of May 1836
Chs Howard

POE'S MARRIAGE BOND.

is no record of the performance of a ceremony at this time. A second license was obtained about a year later, and they were married in Richmond. She was, according to all testi-

mony, a beautiful and intelligent girl, and Poe was constant in his devotion to her till her death in 1847; but it does not appear that she had any great influence upon his life, or any influence whatever upon his work, unless she was the inspiration of *Annabel Lee.*

In Richmond. — The year following his marriage Poe began his journalistic career as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, at a salary of $520 a year,[1] his first occupation assuring a regular income. This was increased to $800 by extra work, and he was promised $1000 the second year. The editor of those days himself wrote most of his magazine; and Poe published in the *Messenger*, not only an enormous amount of critical work, but some of his best tales (for example, *Berenice* and *Morella*), and a few of his best poems (such as *Israfel*, and the first *To Helen*). How well his work was done may be gathered from the fact that the circulation of the magazine increased from seven hundred to five thousand during the year he was connected with it. His surrender of this position after such success is one of many acts of Poe's life not readily explained. His eccentricities disturbed Mr. White, the matter-of-fact owner of the *Messenger;* his sensitive nature was easily hurt by his employer; and his severe criticisms of many American writers had brought suggestions to White that it would be well to part with his editor at the first opportunity. Any one of these reasons may account for his move.

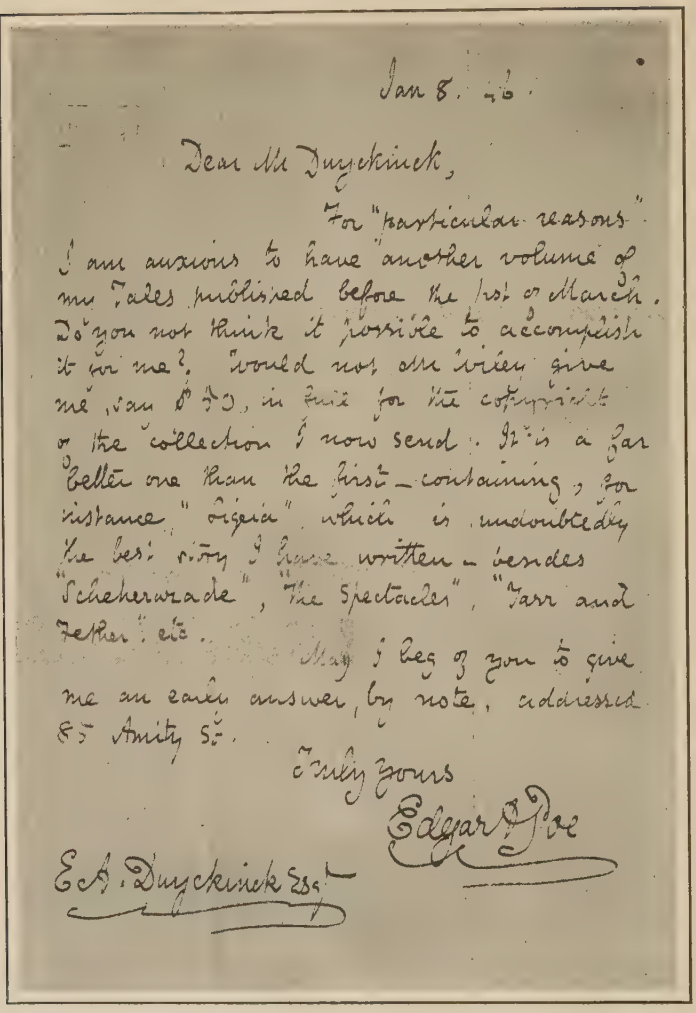
In New York. — Leaving Richmond in January, 1837, Poe went to New York, where he seems to have had no regular occupation, possibly because of the financial panic. He completed and published in book form the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, a realistic account of Antarctic exploration which he had begun in the *Messenger*. Beyond this

[1] The reader should remember that every dollar in 1835 had the purchasing power of from three to five dollars to-day.

book and a single critical article in the *New York Review* Poe seems to have published nothing while in New York.

In Philadelphia. — From 1838 to 1844 his home was in Philadelphia, where he wrote for various magazines, and where in January, 1841, he issued a prospectus for one of his own, to be called the *Penn Magazine*. Ever since his connection with the *Southern Literary Messenger* Poe had longed to have under his control a periodical which should be independent and fearless, supporting "the general interests of the republic of letters, without reference to particular regions." It was to be independent of booksellers and cliques, and to leave nothing to be desired on the mechanical side. The scheme fell through, however, and he became editor of *Graham's Magazine*, where he repeated his success with the *Messenger*, increasing its circulation from 8000 to 40,000 in a little more than a year. In 1840 there had appeared Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque*, a two-volume collection containing *Ligeia*, which the author considered his best, and *The Fall of the House of Usher*, which is ranked first by the critics. The collection did not sell; and when a year later he offered the same publishers a new edition, with eight new tales added, they declined, saying that the previous venture had not returned them the expense of publication. This fact gives some idea of the literary taste of America in the forties; for Poe's profit from the 1840 *Tales* was twenty copies for distribution among friends!

Analytical Tales. — After leaving *Graham's* and finding no other desirable literary connection, Poe sought a government appointment in Washington, seeing a "disposition in government to cherish letters." He did not profess any enthusiasm for clerical work, but merely desired a living salary independent of literature. He failed in his efforts, and seems to have had no income for nearly a year except



Jan 8. '36.

Dear Mr Duyckinck,

For "particular reasons" I am anxious to have another volume of my Tales published before the 1st of March. Do you not think it possible to accomplish it for me? Would not Messrs Wiley give me, say $50, in cash for the copyright of the collection I now send. It is a far better one than the first — containing, for instance "Ligeia" which is undoubtedly the best story I have written — besides "Scheherazade", "The Spectacles", "Zarr and Zekher" etc.

May I beg of you to give me an early answer, by note, addressed 85 Amity St.

Truly yours

Edgar A. Poe

E. A. Duyckinck Esq.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF POE.
In which he designates *Ligeia* as his best story.

a one hundred dollar prize awarded *The Gold Bug* (1843), probably his best-known tale. A year after its publication Poe asserted that over 300,000 copies had been circulated. "From this tale," says A. Conan Doyle, "all stories of ciphers and treasure are to be dated." To the Philadelphia period belongs also the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, one of the greatest of his detective stories. Of Poe's work in this field Doyle, Poe's most distinguished successor, says: "Problem and solution must form the theme, and character-drawing be limited and subordinate. On this narrow path the writer must walk, and he sees the footmarks of Poe always in front of him. He is happy if he ever finds the means of breaking away and striking out on some little side-track of his own."

In 1843 Poe gave his cordial support to the *Pioneer*, a magazine started in Boston by Lowell, with much the same aims and ideals as the *Penn*. This venture failed after the third number, and Poe soon issued another prospectus for an independent journal to be called the *Stylus*, merely "my old *Penn* revived and remodeled under better auspices." Lowell returned the compliment of Poe's support of the *Pioneer*, and had greater hopes for the *Stylus*; "for," he wrote to Poe, "I think you understand editing vastly better than I . . . and you have more . . . industry than I." But the *Stylus* never saw the light; and in April, 1844, Poe removed again to New York.

Again in New York. — After some months of hack-work Poe joined the staff of the *Evening Mirror*, in which on January 29, 1845, appeared *The Raven*, the first of the author's poems to attain immediate popular success. The notoriety thus gained brought Poe the offer of a more agreeable situation, coeditor of the *Broadway Journal*, of which he subsequently became editor and proprietor. The *Journal* failed in less than a year, solely through the proprietor's

lack of business ability. Judged even by the low standards of the day, Poe never got a fair return for his work, either as his own master or as an employee.

Death of his Wife. — In the early summer of 1846 Poe moved to a cottage in Fordham, then a suburb of New York City, and furnished it (very meagerly) with money gained in a lawsuit. Here with his child-wife and her mother — Poe's "more than mother" — he lived in extreme poverty and wretchedness. Their condition was brought to public notice, and this added to Poe's distress; but some relief came through a Mrs. Shew, who collected a small amount of money for the sufferers, and helped them greatly by her company and advice. A grief which neither money nor sympathy could help was, however, not far distant. Virginia Poe, who had ruptured a blood-vessel some years previously, showed unmistakable signs of decline soon after the move to Fordham, and grew rapidly worse through the fall, passing away in January, 1847. Poe now suffered, as one biographer puts it, "the exquisite agony of utter loneliness." So often had he in imagination gone through the misery of seeing her die that her actual death brought a new sort of misery. He was threatened with brain fever, from which Mrs. Shew, who had received medical training, feared he would not recover without the use of stimulants, and these he could not use.

He did recover, however, and returned to his miscellaneous literary work, writing near the close of the year *Ulalume*, about which there is probably wider difference of opinion than about any other of his compositions. The haunting music is there, as usual, also the atmosphere of mystery; but the meaning is to most readers very obscure. Professor Woodberry understands it as "the language of a spirit sunk in a blank and moaning despair, and at every move beaten back helplessly upon itself."

In the autumn of 1848 Poe met Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, whose verses he had admired and who had greatly admired his. They became engaged; but the engagement was broken by her friends, who with some reason, perhaps, considered him unfit to be her husband. Mrs. Whitman afterwards was very bitter towards these "friends," and was one of the first to defend the poet's memory against the slanders of his first biographer and other scandalmongers. "This tragedy of the heart," said one who knew her well, "colored all the rest of her life."

Last Months. — Poe's affections for women were "intense but fleeting." Within a year after the episode with Mrs. Whitman, while on a visit and lecturing tour in Virginia, he met Mrs. Shelton (the Miss Royster of his youth), and became engaged to her. The few months of this trip seem to have been the happiest since he reached manhood; but he was not destined to have them prolonged. In October, 1849, he left Richmond for New York, to wind up some business affairs before his marriage to Mrs. Shelton, and traveled by boat to Baltimore, where he met his death — how will doubtless never be known.

He landed in Baltimore on election day, when elections were shamefully (mis)-conducted; and the most plausible explanation of his death is that advanced by Professor Harrison, that he was caught by a gang and drugged so they might "vote" him all over the city. This is known to have been a common practice at that time with strangers; and in one of the voting places where these gangs operated Poe was found insensible by Dr. Snodgrass, a friend to whom his whereabouts had been communicated, and who took him to a hospital. All efforts to revive him were unsuccessful, and he died October 7, without regaining consciousness sufficiently to give any account of his experiences. He was buried in Baltimore.

An Inexplicable Character. — It may be doubted whether one short life has ever been filled with so many controversies as Poe's, or has ever given rise to so many controversies after its close. Nearly every one of his journalistic changes, nearly every one of his love affairs, and a large number of his criticisms, have raised questions that are still unanswered. He was never a hard drinker; but he did

RESIDENCE OF JOHN ALLAN, POE'S FOSTER-FATHER.
Though not a handsome structure, it was long a notable landmark at the top of one of Richmond's seven hills.

yield at times to an inherited weakness. He was always in poverty — "often abject and always extreme." He was certainly willful and impatient of restraint, and he was conscious of possessing far greater abilities than most of those for whom he worked. Here is sufficient explanation of his difficulty in getting on with people. Moreover, while he was a fearless and usually sincere critic, he had strong prejudices and "hobbies." For an example of the first, he felt himself a Southern writer, and believed that there were

conspiracies among booksellers and other critics to deny any merit to Southern writers. This led him to break a long friendship with Lowell by a quite undeserved attack on the *Fable for Critics*, in which Poe was the only Southern writer mentioned. For an example of the second, the detection of plagiarism was almost a mania with him. He especially pursued Longfellow with this last charge, and carried on so lengthy a controversy with that poet's friends that it is known as "the Longfellow war." It is worth noting that Longfellow himself took no part in it, and wished his friends to refrain. His explanation of Poe's attitude towards him is evidence that he did not take the matter to heart. Said he: "The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature, chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong."

Controversies regarding the facts of Poe's life began almost immediately after his death. A certain Reverend Doctor Griswold published an "authorized" life, which was full of misstatements, some apparently intentional. There had been a disagreement between the two men, and Griswold seems to have waited till he might take his revenge without fear of a return blow; but he reckoned without the poet's friends, who immediately rushed to the defense; and for thirty years the warfare continued. The thorough researches of the biographers of Poe, and the careful analysis of such writers as Mr. J. M. Robertson[1] may be said to have settled all points in dispute which can be settled in this world.

Poe's rank as a writer is now not much in dispute. As poet and as short-story writer his place is admittedly at the top, and his critical work no longer calls for apology.

[1] In *New Essays towards a Critical Method*. This admirable example of "collective" criticism seems to the present writer the best short study of Poe that has yet appeared.

Poe the Critic. — Much of his criticism deals with books of only passing interest, as do our magazines and "Saturday book supplements" to-day. He was inclined to overpraise women writers, and as mentioned above, to charge plagiarism on the discovery of the slightest similarities in works. But he was one of the first to recognize and proclaim the genius of Bryant and Hawthorne in America, and of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning in England. His exposition of "The Short-story"[1] in his review of *Twice Told Tales* is a classic definition of a type of literature. On the whole Poe's work as critic was beneficial and creditable.

The Story-teller. — In the field of the short-story he is supreme, though at times he is closely approached by Hawthorne. Both were eminently successful in allegorical and supernatural tales; but Poe's analytical tales have no parallel in the New England writer, and it is this class to which Conan Doyle gives the high praise quoted above. Poe manages his suspense better than Hawthorne, and the meaning of his allegories is not so evident, or enforced with so great insistence; his supernatural tales are wholly supernatural, and not of divided interest and effect. Hawthorne had, as we shall see, merits denied to Poe, and it is quite unnecessary to tag the writers as first and second.

The Poet. — The range of Poe's poetry is as limited as Bryant's, and his total product smaller even than Bryant's, which we have seen was very small. Only a few subjects are treated in verse by Poe, and his five or six greatest poems treat only one — death. Poetry he defines in *The Poetic Principle* as "the rhythmical creation of beauty"; and in *The Philosophy of Composition*, which purports to be an account of how he wrote *The Raven*, he asserts that "the death of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world." Hence, we find death the

[1] See page 80, Note 2.

subject of *The Conqueror Worm*, *The Haunted Palace*, *The City in the Sea;* and the death of a beautiful woman, of *The Raven*, *Ulalume*, *Lenore*, and *Annabel Lee*. Some one has called Poe the world's greatest artist of death.

Perhaps the criticism that Poe himself would have appreciated most is that of the poet Tennyson in 1885, with which we shall close this sketch. "There is one spot in America," said Tennyson, "which I would like to visit, viz., the long-neglected spot in Baltimore[1] where the greatest American genius lies buried. In my opinion your Bryant, Whittier, etc., are pygmies compared with Poe. He is the literary glory of America. More than thirty-five years have elapsed since his death, and his fame is constantly increasing. That is a true test of genius."

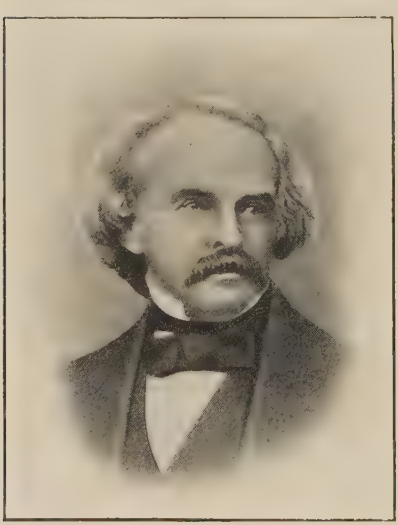
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, 1804–1864

A Product of New England. — While Cooper seems to have had no spiritual or literary ancestry, and while Poe's was a composite the elements of which it is difficult to place, Hawthorne's was, like Bryant's, pure New England. His forefathers were prominent in the life of the colony; but any pride he felt from this fact was almost destroyed by the recollection that one of them as a judge sanctioned persecution of witches and Quakers. Endicott's Puritan followers Hawthorne calls "most dismal wretches"; but the bent of his mind was a direct inheritance from these forefathers. The life of the soul, the conscience of man, was what interested him; and whatever he saw, read, or thought gave rise to a moral lesson. Moreover, both his reading and his writing would on the whole have pleased seventeenth century Massachusetts. His boyhood "amusements"

[1] Tennyson was mistaken regarding the neglect. A monument had been erected over Poe's grave in 1875.

were *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Faerie Queene;* and his manhood products were "the most consistently gloomy of English novels of the first rank," and a number of "singularly dismal compositions."[1] *The Scarlet Letter* is, in the author's own words, "a tale of human frailty and sorrow."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. Early in life he acquired what he called his "cursed habit of solitude," a habit which was encouraged by irregular schooling under tutors. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College, Maine, in the class with Longfellow, and with Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the nation. At college, where he was called "Oberon," because of his beauty and his romantic stories, he was not a diligent student, but managed to attain distinction in Latin and in composition. "The best thing Bowdoin College did for him," says Conway, "was to give him three or four friends."



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"For many years the obscurest man of letters in America." (Preface to *Twice Told Tales.*)

Beginnings of Authorship. — After graduation in 1825 he returned to Salem, and remained there in seclusion twelve

[1] Henry James, *Life of Hawthorne*, referring to *The Scarlet Letter*, and "the best of the *Mosses*."

years. About the time of his return he wrote to his sister: "I shall never make a distinguished figure in the world, and all I hope or wish is to plod along with the multitude." He wrote much during these years, but published little, and that little under assumed names, for example, "Oberon," which we can understand, and "Rev. A. A. Royce," which we cannot. With such methods and such lack of ambition it is no wonder that he could call himself in 1837 "the obscurest man of letters in America." In 1828 had appeared *Fanshawe*, a college story which he afterwards suppressed. From 1830 various short-stories and sketches of his found their way into the then popular annuals, the best of which appeared in 1837 as *Twice Told Tales*, a second volume being added five years later.

At Brook Farm. — In 1841 Hawthorne took "the only apparently freakish action of his life" — joined Brook Farm, a socialistic community just organized in a suburb of Boston (West Roxbury), one of those expressions of Transcendentalism [1] in which, according to Lowell, "everything was common except common sense." Hawthorne lost a thousand dollars in it besides his time, and seems to have regretted the latter more than the former. "Is it a praiseworthy matter," he writes, "that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so." Elsewhere he asserts that any amount of physical labor is incompatible with intellectual. One good result of Hawthorne's experience at Brook Farm was *The Blithedale Romance*. While he claimed that this is not a picture of the community, he admitted that he had the community in mind, and "occasionally availed himself of his actual reminiscences."

In July, 1842, Hawthorne married Miss Sophie Peabody, daughter of a Salem physician, to whom he had been

[1] See page 160.

engaged three years; and they took up their residence at Concord, in the Old Manse, formerly occupied by Emerson. Here they lived a supremely happy and quiet life for several years, until through the influence of friends, Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of the Custom House at Salem. In the same year he published *Mosses from an Old Manse*,

The Old Manse.

a collection of tales and sketches, not all written in Concord, and some written twelve or fifteen years before.

"**The Scarlet Letter.**" — He produced nothing during his three years in the Custom House; but *The Scarlet Letter* took shape in his mind, and was published in 1850. This, by common consent his greatest work, is a study of punishment, with the moral: "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait

whereby the worst may be inferred!" The punishment of the minister, Arthur Dimmesdale, was not the recollection of sin, but the consciousness that, because he was concealing a sin, his every moment of life was a lie. Though Julian Hawthorne records that his father "did not think it a natural book for him to write," it seems eminently natural to a student of Hawthorne's work as a whole; for not only is sin in various forms the theme of many of his short-stories and of his four romances, but two of the *Twice Told Tales* are directly connected with *The Scarlet Letter*.

In *The Minister's Black Veil* Rev. Mr. Hooper wears a piece of black crape constantly before his face, typifying the hiding by every man of his secret sins from his neighbors. In *Endicott and the Red Cross*, in a group of malefactors undergoing punishment, there "was a young woman whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown. . . . Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread and the nicest art of needle-work; so that the capital A might have been thought to mean Admirable, or anything rather than Adulteress."

It was said that Hawthorne did not know how *The Scarlet Letter* was going to end; but his son has told us that the anecdote is connected with the wrong story — that it was true of *Rappaccini's Daughter*, in the *Mosses*. And indeed, it is hard to see how the *Letter* could end otherwise than as it does end. There is no hint of forgiveness, and none is needed; but the uncovering of the minister's sin and the defeat of the wronged husband's plan for revenge are essential to the working out of the theme.

The Scarlet Letter made Hawthorne's fame secure; but in an introduction called *The Custom House* he offended his townsmen by holding a number of them up to ridicule. Although in the preface to the second edition he asserted

that he had written the introduction with perfect good humor, and that he saw no reason to alter it, Salem was unconvinced, and the town ceased from that time to be a congenial abode. Accordingly, in the spring of 1850 he moved to a cottage in the Berkshire Hills, and remained there a year and a half. Finding this location unsuited to

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

his health, he again moved, this time to West Newton, near Boston, where the Peabodys lived. Six months later he purchased "The Wayside," a twenty-acre country residence at Concord, his last home.

"Seven Gables," and "Blithedale." — Two other romances were written during these years of migration — *The House of the Seven Gables*, in the Berkshires, and *The Blithedale Romance*, at West Newton. For most readers the former of

these is more agreeable reading than Hawthorne's other long stories; for the glimpses of life in Salem are interesting, and the Pyncheon family, around whom the story centers, are more entertaining than any other group in Hawthorne. The theme is the visiting of the father's sins upon the children to the third and fourth generation; but the quality of humor is more prominent here than elsewhere, the author comes nearer than usual to being a realist, the story ends satisfactorily, and the somber moral is not oppressive. The inspiration of *The Blithedale Romance* — the author's experience at Brook Farm — has been mentioned. It is the least interesting of the romances, and such interest as it has is not for young people. In it is found Zenobia, "the high-spirited Woman, bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex," whom one biographer considers Hawthorne's "only very definite attempt at the representation of a character." There is little action in the story, and the moral is too plain and manifest — a criticism Hawthorne himself passed on *The Great Stone Face.*

"**The Marble Faun.**" — It seems well at this point to disregard the chronological order, and mention *The Marble Faun*, written during his residence abroad and published in 1860. This obscure and mysterious story raised many questions, to all of which the author replied that for those asking such the book is a failure. Its chief interest is as a picture of Rome under its two most striking aspects: as the fountain-head of Roman Catholicism, and as the land of art and the favorite resort for artists. This background seems at times rather overdone; but it has made the book almost a standard guide for Rome — a fact which would have amazed and probably disgusted the author had he lived to know it.

Consul at Liverpool. — The residence abroad just mentioned began when Hawthorne had been only a year at

"The Wayside," his new Concord home; and the occasion of it was his appointment by President Pierce, his old college mate, as consul at Liverpool. He held the post the full term of four years, but was by no means a shining success in England. Being of an unsociable, retiring disposition, he met very few literary men of high rank. Instead of living in

"WAYSIDE," CONCORD.
Hawthorne's last home.

the city of Liverpool, he took a house in a suburb across the Mersey; and to a friend he wrote: "I like the situation all the better because it will render it impossible for me to go to parties, or to give parties myself, and will keep me out of a good deal of nonsense." His volume dealing with England and the English, *Our Old Home*, is far from satisfactory and gave great offense to that country, just as

The Custom House had to Salem. Its chief defect is that it is based on very limited observation, and that not of representative classes of the people.

Retiring from the consulate in the autumn of 1857, Hawthorne went to the Continent, where he spent a year and a half, mostly in Rome. Here he got the material

Dining Room at "Wayside."

for the comprehensible part of *The Marble Faun;* but the city was not more tolerable to him than Liverpool. Liverpool had been "smoky, noisy, dirty, pestilential"—"a most detestable place as a residence"—"a black and miserable hole." Rome he bitterly detested. "In fact," he wrote, "I wish the very site had been obliterated before I ever saw it."

Return Home, and Death. — Hawthorne reached Concord in June, 1860, on the eve of the war, was cordially received by the villagers, and appeared to be more interested in them than formerly. His health showed signs of breaking, and the struggle of his countrymen distressed him greatly. His strange attitude toward it is indicated in a letter to his friend Bridge: "Though I approve of the war as much as any man, I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the constitution was formed." And this man had said New England was as big a spot as he could hold in his heart, yet was allied with the political party whose strength was in the South! Early in 1864 Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes advised him to take a quiet tour, though neither physician nor patient had any confidence in the outcome. On this tour Hawthorne started with Pierce as companion. The end came in Plymouth, New Hampshire, where they had stopped for the night. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord.

The Short-stories. — Hawthorne holds a place as writer of short-stories second only (if really second) to Poe, and it is his work in this field that attracts young readers. We have noted that Poe wrote analytical tales which have no parallel in Hawthorne. It should be noted also that Hawthorne wrote of New England colonial history as Poe could have written of no definite time or place. In *The Gray Champion*, *Endicott and the Red Cross*, *Young Goodman Brown*, *Roger Malvin's Burial*, *The Maypole of Merry Mount*, *Drowne's Wooden Image* — to mention only a few of the most striking — the spirit and times of his forefathers are made to live again for us. While, as we have said, the

bent of his mind was a direct inheritance from these forefathers, he had no sympathy with their ideals of life. *The Maypole of Merry Mount* (*Twice Told Tales*) presents the Puritans in the attitude of their fellows in old England, who opposed bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Endicott is here represented as opposing the Maypole dances because the time would be better spent by these youths in making themselves "valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray."

In *Drowne's Wooden Image* (*Mosses*) is a mixture of this historical background with an allegory. The scene is Boston "in the good old times"; and the story tells of a wood carver, Drowne, who in one "brief season of excitement, kindled by love," made a female figure which according to an accepted rumor came to life. Only this one great work did he perform; but Hawthorne draws the moral that "the very highest state to which a human being can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state." *Young Goodman Brown* deals, like *The Minister's Black Veil* and *The Scarlet Letter*, with the problem of concealed sin. Brown has the real natures of his most honored neighbors revealed to him; and, seeing them hypocrites, becomes from that time "a stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man."

Books for Children. — Three of Hawthorne's collections of tales are addressed to even younger readers than are the stories we have just been discussing. These are *Grandfather's Chair, A Wonder Book,* and *Tanglewood Tales,* the first a group from early New England history, and the others from the field of myth and legend. *Grandfather's Chair* was written at the instance of his wife's sister; but the later volumes were the outcome of his own experience as an unusually devoted and companionable father.

We cannot leave Hawthorne without a mention of his *Note-Books* of America, England, and France and Italy, which one writer calls the key to his character. They were written without any thought of publication, the American notes covering a long space of time. The foreign books are diaries, and contain much material subsequently used in stories. In *The Marble Faun*, especially, incident after incident is narrated and scene after scene is described just as we find them in the *Italian Note-Book*.[1] The series shows him to be a careful observer of people and things, constantly striving to make countenances disclose souls; a man of prejudices, chiefly those of a patriotic American, with at the same time an openness to new influences; a lover of solitude; and the possessor of a keen sense of humor.

HAWTHORNE'S "STUDY" IN THE GROUNDS AT CONCORD.

THE LITERATURE OF SLAVERY AND DISUNION

We have said above that politics, literature, and life in America during this period were dominated by the slavery

[1] Cf., *e.g.*, Chap. VII, conversation between Miriam and Hilda regarding the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, with the entry in the *Note-Book* for Feb. 20, 1858; Chap. XX, description of the Church of the Capuchins and a monk's body lying in state, with *Note-Book* for Feb. 17.

question. Most of the writings have little or no literary merit; but even the least of them is worthy of note as part of a movement producing Webster's, Lincoln's, and Calhoun's speeches, and some of the most truly inspired poems that Timrod, Hayne, and Whittier wrote.

Early Attacks on Slavery. — The struggle did not begin in the nineteenth century. As early as 1700 there appeared in New England a small book protesting against slavery, *The Selling of Joseph*, by Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. For nearly half of the century a continuous crusade against slavery was made by John Woolman, discussed in the preceding chapter. In 1778 Virginia prohibited the slave trade, and the next year Jefferson advocated, unsuccessfully, of course, emancipation for Virginia. A strong presentation of the abuses of slavery appeared in 1782 in Crèvecœur's *Letters of an American Farmer*, where an account is given of the death by torture of a slave assassin in the South, and a statement is quoted from a Southerner that such treatment was essential to their very existence.

Progress of Antislavery Movement. — Periodical literature opposed to slavery begins about 1821, with William Goodell's *Investigator* in Rhode Island and Benjamin Lundy's *Genius of Universal Emancipation* in Ohio. Far more influential than either of these was the *Liberator*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, who had for a short time been associated with Lundy's journal. Garrison continued the *Liberator* from 1831 to 1865, retiring when the fight was won. In the same year with this paper Whittier entered the struggle with a poem addressed to Garrison. Two years later came Webster's reply to Calhoun's nullification speech, which clinched for the New Englander the title of "Defender of the Constitution." Webster was not interested in the abolition of slavery for itself, but was forced into the aboli-

tionist ranks by his championship of Constitutional government as opposed to state sovereignty. Longfellow wrote seven rather mild poems against slavery in 1842; but the next year came Lowell with his *Stanzas on Freedom*, and began an abolition campaign in verse which is second only to Whittier's in intensity and vigor.

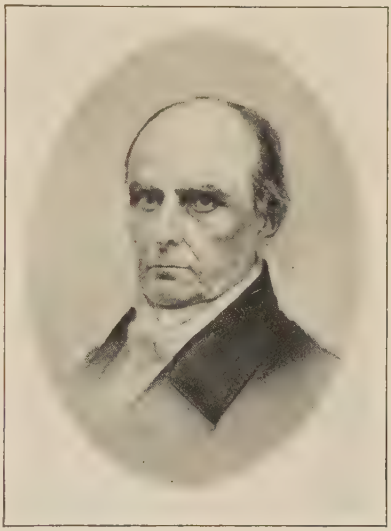
The greatest of all the opponents of slavery, however, did not take a prominent place in national affairs until 1856, when he aided in organizing the Republican party, — made up of the antislavery element in all the old parties. This was Abraham Lincoln, who, nominated four years later for the presidency "for his availability, — that is, because he had no history," says Lowell, is now ranked, as the same writer predicted he would be, "among the most prudent of statesmen and the most successful of rulers." Lincoln, like Webster, did not believe in the right of the government to abolish slavery, but insisted on its right to prohibit the extension of slavery into new territory.

Of these we select for study in this period Webster and Lincoln, reserving Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell for the next chapter.

DANIEL WEBSTER, 1782–1852

Life to 1830. — Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on January 18, 1782. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the last named institution in 1801. He studied law, and in 1807 began to practice in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In 1816 he removed to Boston, and soon took his place among the leaders in his profession. Two years later he conducted a case for his Alma Mater before the United States Supreme Court, and laid the foundation of his fame as an interpreter of the Constitution. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston, and was twice re-

elected. Three famous nonpolitical occasional addresses (*i. e.*, prepared for special occasions) belong to this period: *First Settlement of New England*, on the two hundredth anniversary of the landing at Plymouth Rock; the first *Bunker Hill Oration*, on laying the corner-stone of the monument; and *Adams and Jefferson*, a eulogy on the two ex-presidents, who died on July 4, 1826.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

Looking at this picture, one has little difficulty in believing Webster to be the original of "Old Stony Phiz," in Hawthorne's *The Great Stone Face*.

Webster versus Hayne. — From 1827 to 1841, and from 1845 to 1850, Webster was United States Senator from Massachusetts, serving for two years between these terms as Secretary of State. During the first of these periods he was in the midst of the anti-slavery struggle, and made the two notable speeches which established his fame.

The first of these great speeches was the *Reply to Hayne* in 1830. Robert Y. Hayne, Senator from South Carolina, had spoken at length in defense of his state's decision that she could "judge of the violation of the Constitution by the Federal Government and protect her citizens from the operations of unconstitutional laws." The speech was the first outspoken championing of nullification, the parent of seces-

sion. Webster's reply set forth what he believed to be "the true principles of the Constitution under which we are here assembled." He contended that the Constitution emanates "immediately from the people," and "is not the creature of the state governments." As a consequence no state can pass "on constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws"; this is left to the Supreme Court by an act of the first Congress. On the subject of slavery Webster took the position that it was in the hands of the states, and he would not interfere with it. "I go for the Constitution as it is, and for the Union as it is." Returning to this in a wonderful and unprepared conclusion, he ended with these words: "Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." The speech had a tremendous effect, and in the words of Senator Lodge, one of Webster's biographers, it "marks the highest point attained by Mr. Webster as a public man."

Webster versus Calhoun. — The second great speech referred to was the reply three years later to Calhoun, who had taken Hayne's place in the Senate. In this Webster elaborated the doctrine of the Constitution laid down in the *Reply to Hayne*. Calhoun's theory was that "the Constitution is a compact between sovereign states," and that any state can break the compact whenever, in its judgment, Congress has violated the Constitution. Webster denied these propositions, asserting that "by the Constitution, we mean the fundamental law"; that nullification, the South Carolina doctrine, is revolution and anarchy; that "all power is with the people," not the states, and "they alone are sovereign"; and finally, that by "the first great principle of all republican liberty . . . the majority must govern." Of Webster's speech G. T. Curtis says: "Whoever would understand that theory of the Constitution of the United States which regards it as the enactment of a

fundamental law must go to this speech to find the best and clearest exposition." Of Webster's method of debate Calhoun, after years of verbal conflict with him, said that Webster stated an opponent's arguments more fairly than anybody he had ever seen.

The "Seventh of March" Speech. — Webster's last notable speech in the Senate was in 1850 in favor of Clay's compromise, which both hoped would give a basis on which the North and the South could remain united. This effort, known as the *Seventh of March Speech*, was received by many in the North as an act almost of treason. He seemed to give his sanction to slavery; but it should be remembered that he had never advocated abolition, and that throughout his public career the preservation of the Union had been his controlling motive. Public opinion of his time is well represented by Whittier's lament, *Ichabod;* and the change in opinion which time and the return of reason brought, in the same poet's *The Lost Occasion*, written thirty years afterwards.

In 1850 Webster left the Senate to become for the second time Secretary of State. He returned to his home in Marshfield, Massachusetts, in September, 1852, and died there on October 24, after a short illness. The antagonism aroused by his *Seventh of March Speech* did not long continue; and most Americans now will probably say with Professor Richardson that the maintenance of the Union "was due to the long, patient work of Daniel Webster more than to that of any other American statesman." Surely this is no small accomplishment for the lifetime of even "a parliamentary Hercules," as Thomas Carlyle called him.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1865

Although no account of Lincoln's life is really needed here, we think it will be of interest to quote entire his autobiographical sketch, written in 1859, since it is little known, and gives an excellent insight into his character and his literary style.

Autobiography. — "I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families — second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

EARLY HOME OF LINCOLN IN KENTUCKY.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home

about the same time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin'' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten — the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for reëlection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."

Statue of Lincoln by French.

Defeat Brings Victory. — Only one of the things done by Lincoln after 1854 need be mentioned. In 1858 he was nominated for the United States Senate by the Republicans of Illinois, and was defeated by Senator Douglas after a series of joint debates and a hard campaign which was carried into every village in the state. Lincoln lost the Senatorship; but so clear and forcible was his exposition of the principles underlying the contest that he became the logical candidate of the Republican party for President in 1860. His success against the divided Democracy, his magnificent performance of his duty as Chief Executive in the

face of untold difficulties, and his tragic and untimely death are matters of everyday knowledge of the average American schoolboy.

General Characteristics of His Writings. — Lincoln's position in American literature is truly unique. With less than six months' schooling, and with nothing in the way of cultured surroundings to make up the deficiency, he was amazed to find himself followed by an eastern college professor, who took notes on his speeches and made them the basis of lectures to classes in English. But this occurrence is not amazing to those who read thoughtfully the letters and addresses which constitute his "literary works." Sincerity, fairness, humor and pathos, high morality, power of condensed utterance — these qualities produced a style which the French Academy praised and commended as a model for princes. He could not — or would not — indulge in oratorical flights like Webster, nor was he carried away by passion as were abolitionists like Garrison. But he had the power of penetrating to the very heart of a question and presenting its life in language which not only *might* but *must* be understood. Edward Everett, who delivered the oration of the day at Gettysburg, wrote to Lincoln regarding the latter's brief address: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

His Masterpieces. — A number of Lincoln's utterances are universally accepted as classics — *The Gettysburg Address*, the two *Inaugurals*, the *Cooper Institute Address*, the *Letter to Greeley*, the *Speech in Independence Hall*, the *Last Public Address*. But this is far from an exhaustive list. The *Letter to Mrs. Bixby*, a Massachusetts woman who had lost five sons in the war, in a hundred and thirty-one words gets to "the central idea of the occasion" as tenderly and as forcibly as does *The Gettysburg Address*. His correspondence with

Military Governor Shepley, of Lousiana, sets forth in unmistakable terms his opposition to the proposed "carpet-bag" government which, instituted after his death, produced the evils of Reconstruction, and the long delay in the reconciliation of North and South.

Throughout the debates with Douglas in 1858, Lincoln refused to be led astray by his opponent's ingeniously worded questions and arguments; and in replying to them, repeatedly attacked Douglas's indifference to the question whether slavery was right or wrong. Douglas said he didn't care whether slavery was "voted up or down" in the territories; to which Lincoln in the last debate replied: "Any man can say that who does not see anything wrong in slavery; but no man can logically say it who does see a wrong in it; because no man can logically say he don't[1] care whether a wrong is voted up or voted down." His sense of humor doubtless did much to sustain him at the most trying times; as, for example, when telling Kentuckians at Cincinnati (in September, 1859) what the Republican party meant to do with them: "We mean to marry your girls when we have a chance — the white ones, I mean, and I have the honor to inform you that I once did have a chance that way."

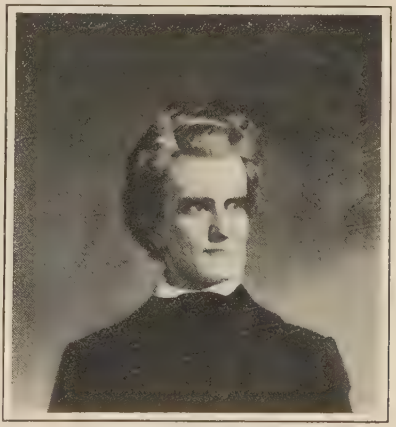
Lowell on Lincoln. — Lowell has well summarized in a few sentences the distinguishing excellences of Lincoln's writing. "He forgets himself so entirely in his object as to give his *I* the sympathetic and persuasive effect of *We* with the great body of his countrymen. Homely, dispassionate, showing all the rough-edged process of his thought as it goes along, yet arriving at his conclusions with an honest kind of everyday logic, he is so eminently our representative man,

[1] In view of the frequency with which this grammatical error is heard to-day from supposedly educated persons, it is perhaps hardly necessary to apologize for Lincoln.

that, when he speaks, it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud. The dignity of his thought owes nothing to any ceremonial garb of words, but to the manly movement that comes of settled purpose and an energy of reason that knows not what rhetoric means. . . . He has always addressed the intelligences of men, never their prejudice, their passion, or their ignorance."

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, 1782–1850

The foremost defender of slavery and state rights in the halls of Congress, and the ablest opponent of Webster, was John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina. He was considered by the poet Whittier "the most powerful intellect of his period." His formal education was begun late — at the age of eighteen, when he was tutored by a brother-in-law in preparation for Yale. Two years later he entered the Junior class in that institution, from which he was graduated with honors in 1804. Four years later he was elected to the South Carolina legislature, and served one term.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.
From a painting at Clemson Agricultural College.

Becomes a National Figure. — In 1811 Calhoun entered the arena of national politics, being elected to the House of

Representatives when the clouds of the second war with England were already forming. In his first speech in Congress he urged preparation for war, admitting that lack of preparation was his only reason for not advocating war at once. After three terms in the House, Calhoun became Secretary of War in Monroe's cabinet, retaining the position to the end of the President's second term. As Secretary he performed a notable service in bringing order and economy into his department, and in greatly increasing the efficiency of the Military Academy at West Point.

Vice President, Senator, Secretary of State. — From 1825 to 1832 Calhoun was Vice President. In November of the latter year he resigned in order to become Senator from South Carolina, succeeding Robert Y. Hayne. For eleven years following he was the recognized leader of the party of slavery and state rights. He resigned his seat in the Senate to seek the Democratic nomination for President; and failing to secure this, accepted the Secretaryship of State under President Tyler. During his occupancy of this post, which lasted only a little more than a year, he performed two important duties. One was a prominent part in the negotiations which led later to the annexation of Texas; the other in the settlement of the dispute with Great Britain over Oregon. In 1845 he returned to the Senate, and continued a member of that body till his death five years later.

Champion of State Sovereignty. — John C. Calhoun will not be remembered for his connection with Texas, Oregon, or West Point; he will be remembered as the unfaltering, uncompromising advocate of state sovereignty and its natural sequels, nullification and secession — doctrines which he did not originate, but which he analyzed and reduced to logical form. The theory of state sovereignty was set forth by him in three documents: *The South Carolina Exposition*, an essay published in 1828; *Address to the People of South*

Carolina, 1831; and a letter to Governor Hamilton, of South Carolina, in 1832. Of the last, Calhoun's biographer, von Holst, says: "This letter to Governor Hamilton of South Carolina is the final and classical exposition of the theory of state sovereignty. Nothing new has ever been added to it."

CALHOUN MANSION.
Now one of the Clemson Agricultural College buildings.

Six months later, through his speech in the Senate already referred to, the doctrine was laid before the whole country in a close, logical argument on this text: "The people of Carolina believe that the Union is a union of States, and not of individuals; that it was formed by the States, and that the citizens of the several States were bound to it through the acts of their several States; that each State ratified the

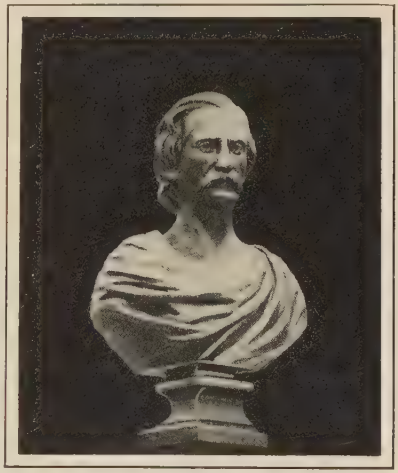
Constitution for itself, and that it was only by such ratification of a State that any obligation was imposed upon its citizens." So powerful was the effect of the speech in the Senate that the opposition immediately sought Webster as the only man capable of replying. Not once in the seventeen years remaining to him did Calhoun waver in his position; and his last speech, March 4, 1850, contained these words: "I have exerted myself to arrest it [*i.e.*, the agitation of the slavery question], with the intention of saving the Union, if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the Constitution on its side."

The statement in the last clause quoted — regarding his belief in the right of his position — finds very general acceptance to-day. That Calhoun was in error in his interpretation of the Constitution is probably the opinion of the majority of Americans, though an illustrious minority offers strong grounds for a different view. In any case few will question the integrity of his motives, or deny that "he acted under the firm conviction of an imperious duty towards the South and towards the Union." Had he lived, moreover, to see his South go down in defeat, he would have approved the sentiment closing Hayne's *Forgotten:*

"Forgotten! Tho' a thousand years should pass,
Methinks our air will throb with memory's thrills,
A conscious grief weigh down the faltering grass,
A pathos shroud the hills,
Waves roll lamenting, autumn sunsets yearn
For the old time's return!"

TIMROD AND HAYNE

Two Southern Poets. — At this point should be considered two writers of the South who gave expression in verse to sentiments diametrically opposed to those of Whittier and Lowell. Both served in the Confederate army; of each may be said what Dr. Mabie says of one: "He touched the two themes which lay deepest in his heart, love of nature and love of the personal and social ideals of the Old South, with perfect sincerity, with deep tenderness, and with lyric sweetness." These two poets are Henry Timrod and Paul Hamilton Hayne, lifelong friends and natives of Charleston, South Carolina, then the literary center of the South. The intimate association of these men through life and the virtual identity of their poetic creeds make it desirable to treat them together.



Bust of Timrod.
From the monument in Charleston, S.C.

Henry Timrod (1829–1867). — Timrod was of German descent. His father and grandfather had been distinguished citizens, and his father had been known as a poet. Henry studied for a time at the University of Georgia, but because of poverty and ill health was unable to graduate. He then studied law, but like Byrant, Irving, and other

born men of letters, found it distasteful, and soon gave his best thought and strength to poetry, supporting himself by private tutoring. He contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other magazines, and brought out a volume of poems in Boston in 1860. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted, and during a short term of service wrote

Confederate Monument in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston. The scene of Timrod's finest poem.

Carolina, *The Cotton Boll*, and other stirring war songs. Compelled by the failure of his health to leave the ranks, he became correspondent of a Charleston paper, and in 1864 became editor of the *South Carolinian*, published in Columbia. He married happily, but within a year lost everything with the fall of the Confederacy. When asked about himself by his friend Hayne, Timrod wrote: "I can embody

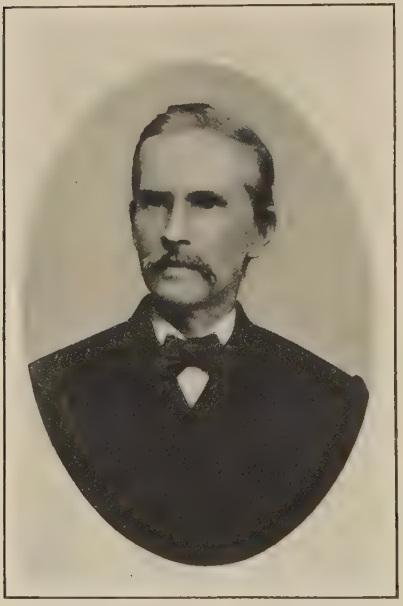
it all in a few words — beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope." The disease which had long racked him was aggravated by his mental suffering, and he died of consumption on October 6, 1867.

STONE MARKING GRAVES OF TIMROD AND HIS SON.

In Trinity Church Cemetery, Columbia, S.C. Erected by the Timrod Memorial Association in 1901.

Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830–1886). — Hayne was born less than a month after Timrod. Early in life he lost his father, a lieutenant in the navy, and was reared by his uncle, Governor Robert Y. Hayne, mentioned above as antagonist of Webster in the Senate. As Governor Hayne was wealthy, his nephew enjoyed the best social and educational advantages, and was graduated from Charleston College in 1852. Then, following others of like genius, he studied law a while, but soon yielded to the call of the Muse, and began to write for various periodicals, putting out in 1855 his first collection of poems, and two other volumes before the opening of the war. In 1852 he had married a French surgeon's daughter, Miss Mary Michel, who was "the inspiration,

the stay, the joy of his life." During the war he was on Governor Pickens's staff. Weak physically, as was Timrod, Hayne could accomplish little in the field; but, also like his friend, he rendered good service to the cause by his songs of encouragement. After the war he moved to "Copse Hill," not far from Augusta, Georgia, where in "a crazy, wooden shanty, dignified as a cottage," he and his devoted wife spent the last twenty years of his life. He continued to write in both verse and prose, and his home was the Mecca of many poets and other friends. He died July 6, 1886, going to his reward with a calmness that reminds one of Emerson's *Terminus*. The Concord poet's song of resignation finds a fit companion in Hayne's *In Harbor*.



PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.
From a portrait in possession of the poet's son, William H. Hayne, through whose kindness this and the two following photographs are reproduced here.

"I know it is over, over,
I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:

There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward,
While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward;
And behold! like a welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!"

Poets of the Confederacy. — Lincoln in his *Second Inaugural* refers to the belief of both North and South in the justice

"Copse Hill."

Hayne's home after the war. Here, says Margaret J. Preston, he "fought the fight of life with uncomplaining bravery, and persisted in being happy."

of their cause. "Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other." The men of South Carolina and Virginia and Texas felt that when their states left the Union, true patriotism

called them to go with their states. The war poems of Timrod and Hayne express this confidence repeatedly.

"We battle for our Country's right,"

writes Timrod in *A Cry to Arms;* and in *Ethnogenesis:*

"the very soil,
And all the generous wealth it gives to toil,
And all for which we love our noble land,
Shall fight beside, and through us."

Hayne, in *My Mother-land,* celebrating South Carolina's leadership in secession, says:

"our South erect and proud,
Fronted the issue, and though lulled too long,
Felt her great spirit nerved, her patriot valor strong."

They shared the general feeling of the South that the struggle was on its part a fight "for cherished home and land," as Hayne wrote in *Scene in a Country Hospital;* and both celebrated in vigorous lines the part played by Southern women. Thus, Timrod, in *The Two Armies:*

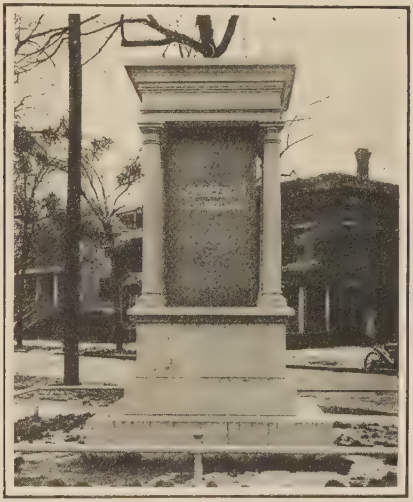
"No breeze of battle ever fanned
The colors of that tender band;
Its office is beside the bed,
Where throbs some sick or wounded head.

* * * * *

Nor is that army's gentle might
Unfelt amid the deadly fight;
It nerves the son's, the husband's hand,
It points the lover's fearless brand;
It thrills the languid, warms the cold,
Gives even new courage to the bold;
And sometimes lifts the veriest clod
To its own lofty trust in God."

The war, however, left no trace of bitterness in these men. In Hayne's *Complete Poems,* 1882, the group of war

poems is prefaced with this sentence: "These poems are republished with no ill-feeling, nor with the desire to revive



HAYNE SIDE OF THE COLE MONUMENT, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.
The other sides are memorials to three other Southern poets — Father Abram J. Ryan, Sidney Lanier, and James R. Randall.

old issues; but only as a record and a sacred duty." *Our Martyrs* closes with these words:

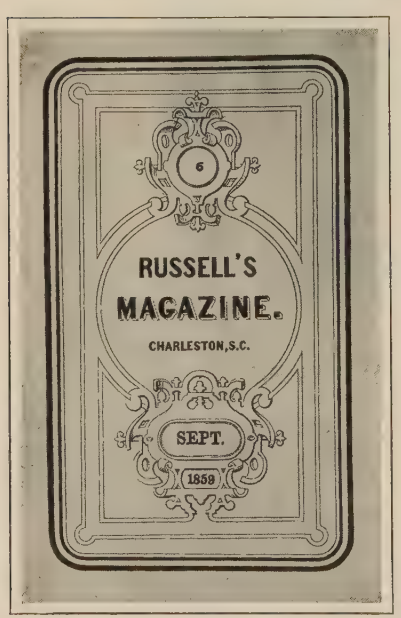
"Oh, Thou! that hast charms of healing,
Descend on a widowed land,
And bind o'er the wounds of feeling,
The balms of thy mystic hand;
Till the lives that lament and languish,
Renewed by a touch divine,
From the depths of their mortal anguish,
May rise to the calm of Thine."

The invocation to peace at the close of Timrod's *Christmas* is in the same tone:

"Let every sacred fane
Call its sad votaries to the throne of God,
And, with the cloister and the tented sod,
Join in one solemn strain!

* * * * *

Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace, in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts!"



FACSIMILE OF COVER OF *Russell's Magazine.*

The publication of the Charleston group. Hayne was editor-in-chief. (New York Public Library.)

Poets of Nature. — Besides being remembered for their war poems, Timrod and Hayne take high rank as writers of nature lyrics, in which the woodland sights and sounds of the South receive worthy praise. Professor Wendell puts Timrod's *Cotton Boll* in the same class with Whittier's poems on New England landscapes; and Colonel Higginson thinks Hayne has a "softer, richer, sweeter" note than Bryant. It has been said of Timrod's work in this field: "Passionately fond as he was of Nature, and nourished and refreshed by her always, he never wrote a

line of merely descriptive poetry. Nature is only the symbol, the image, to interpret his spiritual meaning." He believes as strongly as does Wordsworth in a sort of conscious existence in natural objects; note, for example, the opening stanza of *Flower-Life:*

> "I think that, next to your sweet eyes,
> And pleasant books, and starry skies,
> I love the world of flowers;
> Less for their beauty of a day,
> Than for the tender things they say,
> And for a creed I've held alway,
> That they are sentient powers."

The Cotton Boll, The Lily Confidante, and *The Rosebuds* are among the most charming of Timrod's poems that give concrete evidence of this belief. Hayne's most striking poems of nature are a number dealing with the pines, which he sang as enthusiastically as Lanier sang the marshes. While flowers and simple things appeal to him at times, he has a constant feeling of devotion to the "majestic pine," the "monarchal pine," the "sacred tree," the "foliaged giants." Every pine has for him a Dryad, an indwelling spirit, which in a beautiful sonnet, *The Axe and the Pine,* he represents as wailing in distress when the tree is hewn down. In *The Dryad of the Pine* he shows that he holds a creed similar to Timrod's in *Flower-Life:*

> "Here lingering long, amid the shadowy gleams,
> Faintly I catch (yet scarce as one that dreams)
> Low words of alien music, softly sung,
> And rhythmic sighs in some sweet unknown tongue.
>
> "And something rare I cannot clasp or see,
> Flits vaguely out from this mysterious tree —
> A viewless glory, an ethereal grace,
> Which make Elysian all the haunted place!"

The poems of Timrod and Hayne have been received as enthusiastically by Northern critics as by Southern. Even their fieriest lyrics of the war aroused no antagonisms, and their songs of Southern flowers, trees, streams, and woods are universally admired. Both men fall short of the genius of Poe, and in both we occasionally catch strains that seem to have been influenced by Tennyson, Keats, and Wordsworth. But they were genuine poets, with a high conception of the poet's mission as prophet and teacher; and they hold a high place in our country's verse — a place we may be sure is permanent, and tending higher every day.

HISTORY WRITING IN AMERICA

Early American Chroniclers. — Not until the second quarter of the nineteenth century was any historical work produced in America which has much merit as literature. The works of Smith, Strachey, Bradford, Winthrop, and Mather have been shown to possess little merit beyond record of contemporary events. Thomas Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts,* Professor Wendell thinks "may perhaps be called the most respectable American book before the Revolution"; but even Hutchinson was not a man of letters. Besides their value as narratives of a highly important period in our history, these books also deserve to be remembered as evidence of the interest in great movements which produced some really notable historical writers in the period now under consideration.

Four Great Historians. — The four men who may be called the founders of historical study in America — George Bancroft, William Hickling Prescott, John Lothrop Motley, and Francis Parkman — were all natives of Massachusetts and graduates of Harvard. Bancroft spent half a century on his *History of the United States;* Prescott and Parkman

concerned themselves with themes drawn from North America but not coming down to the time of American independence; while Motley produced a history which required residence abroad to secure material, and which is related to American life only through the spirit behind the movement treated in its pages. The breadth of view indicated by this

PARKMAN MEMORIAL, JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

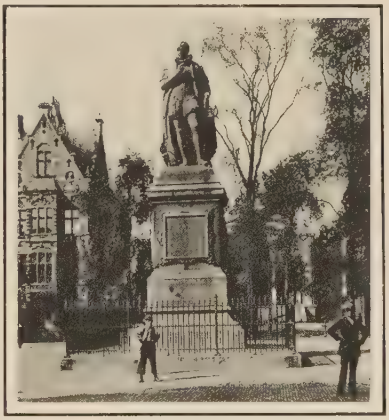
choice of subjects is another sign of the Romantic influence already referred to as dominant in England at this time. We have space to discuss in detail only one of the historians, and choose Motley as being on the whole the best entitled to a position in literature, though many would make that claim for Parkman.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, 1814–1877

Life. — Motley was born in Dorchester, now a part of Boston, April 15, 1814. He prepared for college at Bancroft's school in Northampton, and was graduated from Harvard in 1831. He then studied two years in Germany, where he became an intimate friend of Bismarck. Upon his return to America he took up the study of law, and began to practice in 1837. Four years later he was for a short time Secretary of Legation in St. Petersburg, and later served one term in the Massachusetts legislature. As Motley's friends had not been impressed with any enthusiasm for study displayed by him, they were rather surprised when, in 1851, he took his family to Europe to equip himself for writing a history of Holland. He spent five years in "conscientious research" in Holland, France, and Germany, the result of which was three of the greatest histories produced by America — *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *History of the United Netherlands*, and *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld*. A fourth work, planned to cover the Thirty Years' War, he did not live to write. From 1861 to 1865 he was United States Minister to Austria, and for part of 1869 and 1870, to England, whence he was recalled for reasons not yet considered sufficient. The recall and the death of his wife are together believed to have caused his own death. This took place in England, May 29, 1877, and there he was buried.

Authorship. — Motley began his literary career during his law period with two novels, which were failures. Somewhat more successful were some essays published between his government service in Russia and his stay in Europe. But he had become interested in the history of Holland, and was convinced that he must write a book on it, even if it should be a failure like his novels. The attraction of the

subject seems to have lain in his patriotism, in a feeling expressed in the preface to *The Rise of the Dutch Republic:* "The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zealand in the sixteenth, by Holland and England united in the seventeenth, and by the United States of America in the eighteenth centuries, forms but a single chapter in the great volume of human fate; for the so-called revolutions of Holland, England, and America are all links of one chain." And again: "The Dutch Republic originated in the courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism." This feeling prevents Motley's being altogether impartial — his Spaniards are too black and his Dutchmen are too white. In this spirit he paints the Dutch leader as the apostle and champion of human rights, and the King of Spain as the uncompromising and bigoted persecutor of the Dutch.



STATUE OF WILLIAM THE SILENT, IN THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.

His favorite motto, *Saevis tranquillus in undis* ("tranquil among fierce waves"), is on the pedestal.

A Striking Portrait. — William of Orange, called the Silent, is the hero of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* From the age of eleven, when William succeeded to the principality of Orange and went to the Queen Regent's Court at Brussels to be educated, Motley follows his career with a wealth of detail to the end. As soldier and statesman, his person-

ality dominates the entire three volumes of Motley's great work. Perhaps the explanation of the superiority of *The Rise* to the other parts of the Dutch history lies in the unifying effect of this central figure. As Motley puts it: "The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent."

William's, however, is not the only striking portrait in the work. Philip of Spain, Cardinal Granvelle and the bloody Duke of Alva, Philip's henchmen; Margaret of Parma, the "man-minded offset" of Charles the Fifth, appointed by Philip to be regent of the Netherlands, — these are only a few of the life-size portraits with which Motley's pages are crowded. The writer belongs to the Carlyle school of historians, believing that "universal history is at bottom the history of the great men who worked here."

THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT

An Important Meeting. — One of the most important events for literature in America in the nineteenth century was the formation of the so-called "Transcendental Club." It grew out of a meeting of four young Unitarian clergymen[1] after the bicentennial celebration at Harvard in 1836. One member said they called themselves "the club of the like-minded; I suppose because no two of us thought alike." As Cabot says, however, they were "united by a common impatience of routine thinking." Or more specifically, according to Colonel Higginson, the young preachers were displeased with "the narrow tendencies of thought in the churches."

The inspiration of this group of men was the philosophy of Kant, Schelling, Hegel, and other leaders of thought in Germany. Part of it came directly through Edward

[1] "Mr. Emerson, George Ripley, and myself, with one other." — Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, quoted by Cabot, *Memoir of Emerson*, I, 244.

Everett, George Ticknor, and some others, who studied in the German universities; but a much larger part came by way of the writings of Carlyle and Coleridge. This philosophy taught, said Ripley, that there is "an order of truths which *transcends* the sphere of the external senses; . . . that the truth of religion does not depend on tradition, nor historical facts, but has an unerring witness in the soul."

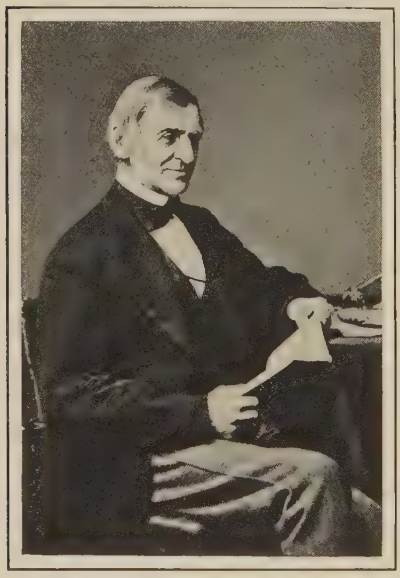
Thus it will be seen that this club, which never had a formal organization, began with religion. Soon, however, it concerned itself with society and literature as well; and within a few years developed into the so-called Transcendental Movement, in which many of the greatest minds in New England enlisted.

The Keynote — Individuality. — As has been said above,[1] it was merely a belated manifestation on Puritan ground of English Romanticism; and the chief feature of both movements was the encouragement of every man to follow the bent of his own genius. This belief in the supreme importance of the individual is repeatedly set forth by the most eminent writer in the movement, Emerson. "Few and mean as my gifts may be," he writes in *Self Reliance*, "I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony." In *Experience* he asks: "Shall I preclude my future, by taking a high seat, and kindly adapting my conversation to the shape of heads?" and answers himself: "When I come to that, the doctors shall buy me for a cent." In *Spiritual Laws* the same belief is expressed in impersonal and universal form: "Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion."

Men who came together on such a platform were neces-

[1] Page 71.

sarily opposed to each other at many points. Hence, their most remarkable social experiment, Brook Farm, was a failure. The objects of this institute "of Agriculture and Education" were "to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor than now exists; to combine the thinker and the worker, as far as possible, in the same individual; to guarantee the highest mental freedom, by providing all with labor adapted to their tastes and talents, and securing to them the fruits of their industry; and do away with the necessity of menial services by opening the benefits of education and the profits of labor to all; and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent, and cultivated persons, whose relations with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions." Brook Farm lasted eight years; and when the land was sold and the mortgages paid, the stockholders received almost nothing for their investment.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A likeness which seems to speak these lines from *The World-Soul:*

"Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told."

"**The Dial.**" — With Transcendentalism from the lit-

erary point of view only are we here concerned. It is the only distinct "movement" in American literature. The organ of the group was the *Dial*, a quarterly magazine which was begun the year before Brook Farm was organized, and which "expired after four years of precarious life." The following sentence from the prospectus of the *Dial* will show the intimate connection of the literary aspect of the movement with the social and religious aspects: "The pages of this journal will be filled by contributors who possess little in common but the love of individual freedom and the hope of social progress; who are united by sympathy of spirit, not by agreement in speculation; whose faith is in Divine Providence, rather than in human prescription, whose hearts are more in the future than in the past, and who trust the living soul more than the dead letter." Thus the emancipation of literature is seen to have been one of the chief aims of these innovators. Margaret Fuller, the brilliant woman popularly identified with Hawthorne's Zenobia,[1] edited the *Dial* for two years, and Emerson was a regular contributor. A. B. Alcott, father of Louisa May Alcott, childhood's favorite writer, contributed *Orphic Sayings*, of which Professor Goddard says: "It will surely be no exaggeration to say that these, more than all

THE "ORCHARD" HOUSE, CONCORD.
Home for many years of Amos Bronson Alcott, one of the leading Brook Farmers.

[1] See page 125.

the other contributions to the *Dial* combined, served to bring down the ridicule of the community without discrimination on its pages."

In an essay on Thoreau, Lowell remarks that besides the comic aspect, which he sets forth at considerable length, Transcendentalism had "a very solid and serious kernel, full of the most deadly explosiveness." This aspect of it is best known to us in the pages of Emerson, philosopher, moralist, and poet; and Thoreau, the revealer of nature and first practitioner of the simple life. We are now to study the lives and works of these two as the expression of the best that this unorganized movement gave to our national life and letters.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1803–1882

One of the longest, happiest, and most even-tempered of the world's literary lives, and one in which the same sort of unity appears as we have noted in Bryant's life, is that of the great New England philosopher and poet, — Emerson. Like Bryant, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, he came of a long line of New England Puritans, with eight generations of preachers behind him, and twelve other preachers and fifty graduates of Harvard in the family connection.

A Bostonian. — Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803; he died in Concord, "an ideal New England town," twenty miles distant, April 27, 1882; and he spent nearly the whole of the intervening seventy-nine years within the limits of what is now called "Greater Boston." His education was carried on in the grammar schools and the famous Latin School of his native city, continued, as a matter of course, in Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1821. Many of Emerson's school and college friends who became famous have been forced, on being pressed for reminiscences

of their more famous associate, reluctantly to admit that he did not especially distinguish himself, that he made friends slowly, and that he attracted little attention from teachers or students. At his graduation from Harvard, however, he took second prize in English composition, and was chosen

Emerson's Home at Concord.

class poet; but the honor of this appointment is somewhat lessened by the fact that seven others had declined it.

Career in the Ministry. — During the years immediately following, Emerson was occupied with teaching and with the study of theology, until, in March, 1829, he was ordained assistant pastor of the Second Church, Boston, of which, on the resignation of the pastor, Emerson assumed sole charge. Some months later he married the daughter of a Boston merchant, Miss Ellen Tucker, an invalid who died in less

than three years. Finding some of the duties of his ministerial position distasteful, and feeling a want of sympathy with the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, he set forth his views in a sermon in September, 1832, and resigned the pastorate. Though Emerson was a preacher to the end of his days, it will be seen that his tenure of a church pulpit was limited to a little over three years.

Friendship with Carlyle. — In 1833 Emerson made his first trip to Europe, of which the most notable experiences were his preaching in Edinburgh, and his meeting with Thomas Carlyle. Upon returning to America he took up his residence in the "Old Manse" of Concord, a house built for Emerson's grandfather, and occupied at the time by Dr. Ezra Ripley, a connection of the family. During the winter of 1833–1834, having determined on a platform career, he began lecturing; but a far more important event of the year was a letter to Carlyle, May 14, 1834. Then was begun one of the most remarkable correspondences of the world, which lasted thirty-eight years. In temperament and attitude toward life, the two philosophers were directly opposed; but each had an admiration and a strong sympathy for the other, and the friendship lasted till death. Emerson rendered a real service to Carlyle in introducing his works to American readers, beginning in 1836 with a preface to *Sartor Resartus*, which was published in this country before appearing as an independent work in England. (It had been printed in an English magazine the preceding year.) Emerson married in September, 1835, Miss Lydia Jackson, whom he described to Carlyle as "an incarnation of Christianity."

First Writings. — The year 1836 marks the entrance of Emerson into literature — as poet, with the *Concord Hymn*, and as philosopher-essayist, with *Nature*, "a reflective prose-poem." Two lines of the former are familiar to all:

Minute-man Monument at Concord.

"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

According to Garnett, *Nature* is "the most intense and quintessential" of Emerson's writings. In this he proposes to behold "God and nature face to face," as did "the foregoing generations"; to "interrogate the great apparition that shines so peacefully around us"; to "inquire, to what end is nature?" He then enumerates the uses of nature. That this little book did not meet with an enthusiastic reception is indicated by the fact that twelve years were required to sell five hundred copies. Over against this may be noted that twenty-four years later only two days were required to sell the entire first edition — twenty-five hundred copies — of *Conduct of Life*, evidence of the advance in popularity made by his ideas.

"**The American Scholar.**" — It will be remembered that 1836 is the year in which the Transcendental Club was formed. *Nature* was worthy to be the first forcible expression of the movement, which was further defined the year following in *The American Scholar*, an oration delivered by Emerson before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard. In this, which Holmes calls "our intellectual Declaration of Independence," Emerson says: "Our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close. . . . We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. . . . A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself to be inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men." Here is found the declaration not only of the nation's intellectual independence, but also of the independence of every man, which last has been given as the keynote of the Transcendental movement. Quoting again from the oration, to bring out more clearly its emphatic stand for individualism: "Everything that tends to insulate the individual, —

to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state, — tends to true union as well as greatness."

Though such radical ideas did in time gain general acceptance, the process was slow; and for the ten years following *Nature* and *The American Scholar*, more hearers, probably, were shocked by Emerson than were stirred to enthusiasm by him. Nothing, however, could turn him from the path he had chosen, and his manner at a certain anti-slavery meeting is typical of his way of receiving criticisms and thrusts of all kinds. At this meeting he was vigorously hissed for some sentiment displeasing to the audience; but Emerson, we are told, "was as serene as moonlight itself — one could think of nothing but dogs baying the moon."

"**Essays, First Series.**" — *Nature* was incomprehensible to most readers — their attitude toward it would have made them thoroughly sympathetic with Lowell's satire on Transcendentalism; and the darkness was not altogether dispelled by Emerson's *Essays, First Series*, in 1841. This collection, it is true, contained the admirably clear *Compensation* and *Self-Reliance;* but it contained also *The Over-Soul*, in which, says Holmes, he "attempted the impossible," because in talking "of the infinite in terms borrowed from the finite" his words become "not symbols, . . . but the shadows of symbols." A single passage will illustrate the difficulty of understanding this essay. "If a man have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build, shall I say, of all his opinions, will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will. If he have found his centre, the Deity will shine through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial temperament, of unfavorable circumstance. The tone of seeking is one, and the tone of having is another."

Other Works. — After an interval of three years (1844) came the *Essays, Second Series,* and after an interval of two years more (1846) the first collection of poems. Emerson's other writings may be listed here without comment: *Representative Men,* 1850, lectures delivered in England, which it is interesting to compare with Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship ; English Traits,* 1856, which, though by no means over-laudatory, is nevertheless much admired by the English; *The Conduct of Life,* 1860; *May-Day and Other Pieces,* his second collection of poems, 1867; *Society and Solitude,* 1870; and *Letters and Social Aims,* 1876. Very little is gained by reading Emerson's works in chronological order, since for every lecture or essay except *English Traits* he drew freely and almost at random from his journal, or "Thought Book," with the result that consecutive sentences in a published work are often the jottings of ten and twenty years previous. A step further in this style of writing is shown in the essay *Self-Reliance,* which contains material used in four lectures of preceding years — *Individualism, School, Genius,* and *Duty.*

Travels, and Honors. — Emerson made a second trip to England in 1847, renewing the pleasant acquaintances of his first visit, making many new ones, especially with literary men, and delivering the series of lectures referred to above. During the fifties he connected himself with the anti-slavery movement, but was not an abolitionist; advocating, as did Lincoln, the buying of the slaves by the government.[1] In 1872, accompanied by his daughter, he went abroad for the third and last time, traveling as far as Egypt. A few

[1] It is not generally known that as late as February, 1865, Lincoln wished Congress to tender $400,000,000 to the seceded states as reimbursement for their slaves, provided they would lay down arms. A message recommending this action was drafted by Lincoln, but was not sent to Congress because "unanimously disapproved" by the cabinet.

months earlier he had suffered the loss of his home by fire, and a number of friends made him a gift of $12,000 to reimburse him, which he was with difficulty persuaded to accept. During his absence they supervised the rebuilding of the house in its original form; and not the least delightful feature to him of the elaborate reception on his homecoming was the discovery of the restored mansion, with every book in its accustomed place.

In 1874 he was nominated for Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and received five hundred votes to the winner's seven hundred. This vote he counted "as quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me." Two addresses of his last years should be mentioned — one at the unveiling of "The Minute-Man" at Concord Bridge, April 19, 1875; and one at the University of Virginia in 1876. Though Emerson was, as we have said, not an abolitionist, he was a stanch antislavery man; and when the war came, he gave voice to strong feeling on the subject, which became actually anti-Southern. Hence when the invitation came to address the literary societies of the Southern institution, he was greatly pleased and felt that he must accept as an aid in the wiping out of sectional feeling.

Mental Breakdown, and Death. — Before the fire of 1872 signs of a mental breakdown in Emerson had appeared, the most manifest of which was loss of memory. His failure was gentle and gradual, and he was continually and lovingly watched by friends and kin who wanted to spare him any possible mortification. This was, however, unnecessary, since, conscious of his weakness, he more and more withdrew himself from society, and, furthermore, did not hesitate to jest about his "naughty memory." A most singular instance occurred at Longfellow's funeral, when, after gazing intently on his friend's face, Emerson remarked to some one near him: "That gentleman was a sweet, beautiful soul, but

I have entirely forgotten his name." This failure of his powers had not been a cause of grief to him, and even his last months were placid and happy in the midst of his loved ones. A little over a month later Emerson himself passed away, as was proper, he had remarked to a friend, "when one's wits begin to fail."

EMERSON'S GRAVE, IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY, CONCORD.
Hawthorne and Thoreau are buried near by. (Photograph copyright by Detroit Publishing Company.)

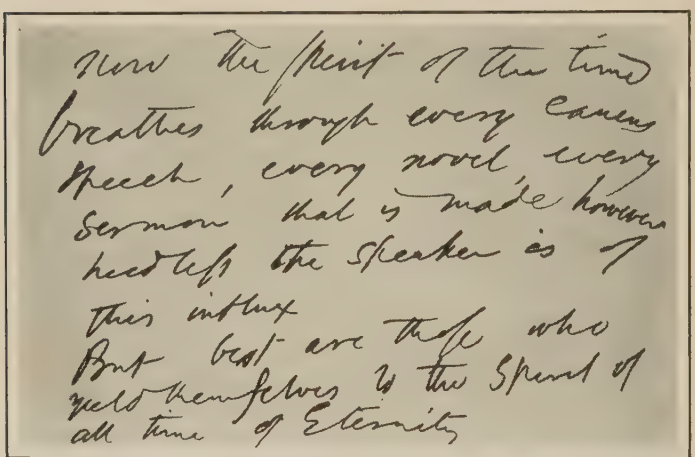
Chief Weakness in Emerson's Work. — As the starting point for our estimate of Emerson, we may well take the turning-point in Matthew Arnold's famous essay. "We have not in Emerson," says Arnold, trying him by the highest, the world's standards, "a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of

one of these personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. . . . He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." The ground upon which Arnold denies Emerson a high place as poet, man of letters, or philosopher is, that Emerson has no sense of, or no care for, structure — a fact easily recognized by the student, and not surprising in view of his method of composition, referred to above. Carlyle saw this defect, not only in whole essays, but in paragraphs. "The sentences are very brief," he wrote to Emerson, "and did not . . . sometimes rightly stick to their foregoers and their followers; the paragraph not as a beaten *ingot*, but as a beautiful square *bag of duck-shot* held together by canvas!" And Emerson himself appreciated it, replying thus to Carlyle in explanation of his writing at all: "I am only a sort of lieutenant here in a deplorable absence of captains, and write the laws ill as thinking it a better homage than universal silence."

Chief Virtue in Emerson's Work. — Both this lack of structure, and the inspirational force alluded to by Arnold in calling Emerson "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," are easily perceived if we stop a moment and question ourselves regarding our knowledge of the essays. What do we recall from *Self-Reliance?* "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." What from *Character?* "Truth is the summit of being: justice is the application of it to affairs." "We have seen many counterfeits, but we are born believers in great men." What from *Politics?* "Ordinarily, our parties are parties of circumstance, and not of principle." "Of all debts, men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth, except for these." A formal outline of any one of the essays is difficult; but their value as

mental and spiritual tonic is, for most readers, beyond question.

If Emerson could not build an essay or even a paragraph, it is idle to expect a philosophical *system* from him; yet the goal of all his teaching is unmistakable. The student might almost express it for himself on the basis of our quotations in the sketch of Transcendentalism. "Individual-



Facsimile of Emerson's Manuscript.
(Library of Congress)

istic idealism," it has been called; but by whatever name we call it, it is the same guiding star as that which led the English Romanticists — Wordsworth, Keats, Lamb, and the rest — and the greatest intellectually of the Victorian writers — Arnold, Thackeray, George Meredith, Browning.

Emerson's Philosophy. — The main ideas in Emerson's philosophy may be found in almost every one of his essays; in none are they more clearly or more vigorously set forth than in *Self-Reliance*. What is genius? "To be-

lieve your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your own private heart is true for all men — that is genius." Believing thus, how shall one act? "If you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." When as a result you are charged with inconsistency, remember: "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do." And find additional strength in the knowledge that "the highest truth remains unsaid, probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition." Do not be misled into gambling with Fortune; external events may lead you to "think good days are preparing for you," but: "Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."

Though beginning in self and ending in self, Emerson's is not a self-*ish* philosophy, but a self-reliant, self-dependent, self-confident one, based on the belief that within the mind are certain *intuitions* "conceived of as 'above' experience and independent of it." This brief statement of Emerson's main ideas must be received as merely suggestive; for as Professor Wendell well says: "Emerson's work is so individual that you can probably get no true impression of it without reading deeply for yourself."

Emerson's Poetry: Defects. — In view of the great difference in opinion as to what constitutes a *poet* and *poetry*, it is unwise to speak confidently of verse so individual as Emerson's. Much, if not most, of it lacks the qualities essential to great lyric poetry, in which class it must be put. It is, in the first place, not musical, in the ordinary sense. There are numerous false rhymes, such as "flower — bore," "glowed — proud," "solitudes — woods," "feeble — people," "bear — woodpecker." There are frequent needless inver-

sions, as in the opening lines of *The Snow-Storm*, and in the first of these lines from *Threnody:*

> "Step the meek fowls where erst they ranged
> The wintry garden lies unchanged."

Besides the lack of music, there is a lack of emotion in Emerson's verse — it comes from the intellect, not the heart,

Emerson's Library.

and it appeals to the intellect only. Even the *Concord Hymn*, Emerson's most nearly perfect poem, does not move all. A third point to be made against Emerson's poetry is its frequent obscurity, though Poe's supposition that this was intentional, is nothing short of absurd. *Brahma* and *The Sphinx* will doubtless continue puzzles to most readers, even with Emerson's explanation of them.

Emerson's Poetry: Merits. — We are inclined to say that the chief merit of Emerson's poetry is the same as the chief merit of his essays as expressed by Arnold: the poet, like the prose writer, is "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." Both his prose and his verse lend themselves admirably to quotation, and Emerson is probably as well known in single passages as is any American poet.

"All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone."
— *Each and All.*

"When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*."
— *Voluntaries.*

"if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."
— *The Rhodora.*

"Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old."
— *The World-Soul.*

"Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness."
— *Woodnotes.*

The list might be easily extended.

The last quotation above brings us to mention of Emerson's nature poetry, a field in which he ranks with Bryant and the two Southern poets we have considered — Timrod and Hayne. The range of Emerson's observation of nature is wider than that of the others mentioned, and he succeeds in keeping his eye more steadily on the object — in describing the object as it is, without being turned aside to enforce moral lessons or bring in collateral matters. *The Titmouse* and *The Snowstorm*, *The Humble-Bee* and the mountain *Monadnoc*, the rivulet *Musketaquid* and *The Sea-*

shore, indicate his interest in the whole compass of nature's operations, and the poems are faithful portrayals of the beauty he saw in all external objects.

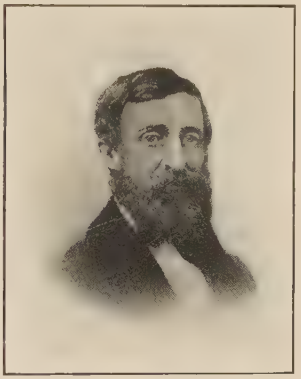
Emerson the Man. — The most delightful impression one gets from Emerson is, however, that of the man himself, who stands out behind and above all his writing. "It's a very striking and curious spectacle," wrote Carlyle in 1872, "to behold a man in these days so confidently cheerful as Emerson." And perennial cheerfulness despite his recognition of the numerous things that are wrong with the world, is his most distinguishing personal characteristic, and the characteristic that drew all to him. "Even the little children knew and loved him," says Holmes, "and babes in arms returned his angelic smile." Even the contemplation of his own approaching end did not disturb this cheerfulness. His *Terminus*, written in 1867, when his mental decay began to make itself felt, is a worthy companion to Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar* in the "serene dignity" with which it looks toward death. We cannot close our sketch of Emerson better than by quoting the last lines of this poem.

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time,
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
> 'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed.'"

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, 1817–1862

"I am a mystic, a Transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot," said Thoreau; but this formidable array of titles should not prevent any student of literature, life, and

nature from making his acquaintance. His life is a story of "plain living," and his writings are a record of "high thinking"—a combination always assuring interest. Thoreau has, moreover, grown in popularity as has no other Transcendentalist, an evidence of which is the publication in 1906 of his complete journal just as he left it, making fourteen volumes of over 6000 pages.



HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Of whom Hawthorne said: "He is as ugly as sin. . . . But his ugliness is of an honest and agreeable fashion."

A Concord Diarist. — Thoreau was born in Concord, the home of many great men but the birthplace of few, July 12, 1817, of French and Scotch ancestry. Though of a poor family, — his father was a pencil maker, — Henry managed to go through the schools, and with some little help from the University, through Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1837. Among his college themes is one of his sophomore year in which he recommends the keeping of a journal, the form of all his writings. From 1837 to his death he kept a journal, leaving thirty manuscript volumes.

Thoreau is usually described as eccentric; and the first conspicuous sign of this in his biography is his refusal to take his diploma at the University — on the ground that it wasn't worth five dollars! It is usually intimated that he was not an especially good student; but when he went to Maine in 1838 seeking a school, he carried with him strong letters of endorsement from Emerson, from Dr. Ripley, pastor of the Concord Church, and from President Quincy, of

the University. It appears that he was certainly distinguished in Greek and in English composition. After teaching a while, he took up his father's trade, pencil making; and when he had made a better pencil, he refused to continue at it, saying that he would not do the same thing twice. He then, according to Emerson, began those "endless walks and miscellaneous studies," which occupied him the remainder of his life. One of these journeys took him the entire length of Cape Cod; another into Maine; still another into Canada. He never showed interest in literary fame, and his reports of these trips were not published until after his death.

In 1843 an effort was made by Alcott and others to establish in Harvard township a community along the general lines of Brook Farm; and Thoreau seems to have been sought as a member. This "Paradise Regained," called "Fruitlands," he visited, but he had no desire to remain. It was a vegetarian community, in which "the 'aspiring' vegetables, those which grow into the air like the fruits, were allowed, but the baser ones, like potatoes and beets, which grow downward, were forbidden," and it expired painlessly in less than a year.

The Simple Life, and "Walden." — Two years after this Thoreau made a social experiment of his own, which is the most familiar episode of his life. He had then become an important factor in Concord life, being in constant demand as lecturer before the Athenæum, and as a skillful surveyor, gardener, and carpenter. But he wished "to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles"; and so, in the year we have now reached (1845) he borrowed an ax from Alcott,[1] and a piece of land on Walden Pond from Emerson, and built himself a hut. Here for a little over two years, with his flute, spyglass, and transit as companions, he lived

[1] See page 161.

the simple life at a total expense of less than seventy dollars, and kept a minute record of his observations "on man, on nature, and on human life."

This record, the book *Walden*, he published in 1854, one of the two books from his pen that appeared during his life. Though much of what it contains — the philosophical portions — might as well have been written in the heart of civilization, the better and greater part of it arose out of his closeness to nature. In the second chapter, *What I Lived For*, he says: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." One thing he believed he had already learned — that the institution of human slavery was morally wrong; and he took extreme ground in opposition to it. An experience of the Walden period shows how strongly he felt on the subject. Going into the village one afternoon he was arrested and jailed, "because I did not pay a tax to, or recognize the authority of, the state which buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle at the door of its senate house."

The great virtue of the book, however, is to be found not in its meditations on *Solitude* and *Higher Laws*, or in its attacks on slavery and other human institutions, but in its accounts of how "the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour," of the changing colors of Walden water, and of "seeing the spring come in." It has opened and still opens the eyes of readers to the beauty and grandeur of the great out-of-doors, and has given rise to an illustrious school of nature writers, of whom John Burroughs is perhaps the greatest.

Other Writings. — Before *Walden* Thoreau had published (1849) *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, the record of a trip made with his brother in a boat of their own

construction. The *Week* did not meet a long-felt want, and seven hundred of the thousand copies printed were returned to the writer. This fact was the occasion of Thoreau's humorous remark that he had a library of nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which he himself had written. The titles of works published after his death, all compiled from his journals, are: *Excursions*, 1863; *Maine Woods*, 1864; *Cape Cod*, 1865; *A Yankee in Canada*, 1866; *Spring*, 1881; *Summer*, 1884; *Winter*, 1887; *Autumn*, 1892; and *Notes on New England Birds*, 1910. He did publish, however, chiefly through the friendly assistance of Horace Greeley, politician and editor of the New York *Tribune*, a number of articles in magazines, for which he received the paltry remuneration usual at the time.

Death, and Character. — Thoreau continued his outdoor life in all weathers, and is believed to have developed by exposure the consumption that brought about his death, which took place May 6, 1862. All who knew him were strongly attracted to him as a beautiful character, and nothing in his life better justified their attraction than some sentiments expressed in his last weeks, when he knew death was at hand. "When I was a very little boy," he said to one, "I learned that I must die, and I set that down, so, of course, I am not disappointed now." To Alcott he said: "I shall leave the world without a regret," though to few men had "the mere living" been more delightful. To a young friend he wrote: "I *suppose* that I have not many months to live; but, of course, I know nothing about it. I may add, that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing." Emerson tells us that Thoreau never went to church, and in the eyes of many he was an irreligious man; but the sentences just quoted from the last weeks of a long and painful illness show a faith to which not all Christians attain.

Thoreau is often spoken of as an imitator or a mere echo of Emerson, but a greater mistake could hardly be made. Although their theories of life touched at many points, both

THOREAU CAIRN ON THE SHORE OF WALDEN POND.
Every "pilgrim" adds a stone to the pile. (Photograph copyright by Detroit Publishing Company.)

are extremely individual, Thoreau even more so than his predecessor. He represents admirably the unsocial aspect of Transcendentalism, practicing what he preached. "Society is always diseased," he asserts in *Natural History of*

Massachusetts,[1] "and the best is the most so. There is no scent in it so wholesome as that of the pines, nor any fragrance so penetrating and restorative as the life-everlasting in high pastures." Three years we find him in his retreat at Walden, endeavoring to avoid contact with this "diseased" institution. Again, "Hope and the future for me," he says in an essay on *Walking*, "are not in towns and cities, but in the impervious and quaking swamps." Emerson saw as plainly as did Thoreau the imperfections in society, in government, — in fact, in all human institutions; but he never set about improving matters by withdrawing himself from the crowd and committing his protests to the pages of a journal.

Style and the Man. — Thoreau's mode of composition naturally resulted in disconnected, somewhat incoherent writing. Between a brief description of the hyla in March and a brief rhapsody on the joys of early rising in spring, we find the following: "Life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or a tented field, it is ever the same fair play, and admits no foolish distinction." Between a humorous story of an ignoramus's experience with bees and a quiet comment on shadows observed in bubbling water, we read: "A wise man will not go out of his way for information. He might as well go out of nature or commit suicide." And one speculates in vain as to the origin of such a note as this of March 27, 1840: "Think how finite, after all, the known world is. Money coined at Philadelphia is a legal tender over how much of it? You may carry ship-biscuit, beef, and pork quite round to the place you set out from. England sends her felons to the other side for safe-keeping and convenience."

This aimlessness, desultoriness, is not, however, altogether

[1] In the volume *Excursions*.

a defect; it shows us the man himself as no amount of methodical, studied writing with publication in view could show him. Nothing in Thoreau, indeed, seems studied unless it be the disregard of literary fame already referred to; and he believed literature — at least, American literature — to be suffering from too much regard for the public. In the

THOREAU'S HOME IN CONCORD.

volume from which the quotations in this paragraph are drawn[1] he writes: "Look at our literature; what a poor, puny, social thing, seeking sympathy! The author troubles himself about his readers, would fain have one before he dies. He stands too near his printer, he corrects the proofs." Our rejection of such exaggerated statements

[1] *Early Spring in Massachusetts*, made up by bringing together passages from the same days in successive years.

does not prevent our admiring the independent mind behind them.

Although this independence may have been pushed too far, — "almost to a point of anarchy," — Thoreau's service to his own and succeeding generations in America is great enough to justify pardoning even anarchy, especially when it is "of a harmless variety." This service has already been sufficiently indicated. He was the first of a long and illustrious line of presenters and interpreters of every-day nature to the less favored among his fellow-men. Doubtless much of the modern enthusiasm for nature study and the simple life is, as Lowell calls it, "sentimentalism" and "a mark of disease — general liver-complaint." But this is not Thoreau's enthusiasm — it is a perversion of that; nor should he be held responsible for it. What he did was to set forth in a notably pure style the things to be observed in the habits and actions of the woodpecker, chickadee, song sparrow, bluebird, goldfinch, wild duck, red squirrel, hyla, muskrat; and the benefits to be got from a patient, loving, firsthand study of all God's creatures. Of his method of observation Emerson says: "He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, — nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him." And of his equipment for this, his life work: "His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses; he saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard."

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR TO THE DEATHS OF WHITMAN AND WHITTIER

Introduction. — The literature of 1865–1892[1] is without doubt inferior to that of 1809–1865 — the "golden age." The second half of the century can claim hardly a literary artist to rank with Poe and Hawthorne, or a master of a pure and simple style like Lincoln, or a single poem to be placed beside *Thanatopsis* or *The Raven*. The *average* writer of this period was perhaps superior to the average in the period preceding; but there were a conspicuously smaller number who rose above the average.

It is not uninteresting to observe that, great though it is, the poetry of the Victorian Age in England is also of a lower order than that of its predecessor, the so-called Age of Romanticism. Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, Morris — each had a following among the people as well as among the critics, and the acceptance of Tennyson was well-nigh universal; but they have generally been regarded as inferior to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. In criticism there are among the Victorians many

[1] The dividing line between Chapters III and IV is obviously arbitrary. Four of the writers already considered lived and wrote for some years after the war; six of the eight treated in the present chapter were known before the war. Nothing, however, written after 1865 by the first group (except Bryant's Homer) added to their reputations. The six of the second group have been assigned to this chapter chiefly, it should be said, because they seem nearer our time.

names that promise to hold a permanently high place; but with the possible exception of Arnold their work does not equal in quality that of Lamb, Hazlitt, DeQuincey, and Coleridge. Only in the field of prose fiction does the later nineteenth century certainly surpass the earlier.

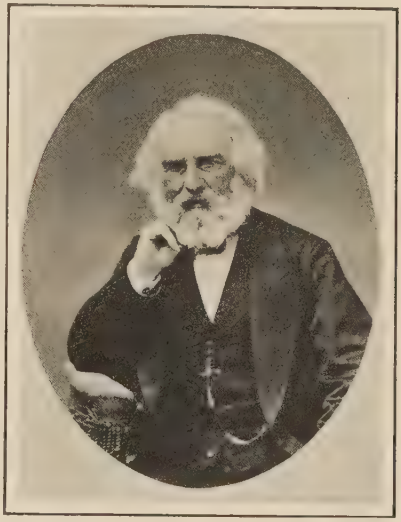
Possibly the same explanations will serve for the decline in both England and America, beginning to show itself, say, in the sixties, and becoming a striking fact in the year 1892, which marked the close of an epoch in both countries. The age was (and still is) intensely *practical*, a characteristic utterly opposed to the imaginative. It is, therefore, a busy age: men and women have no time for writings that require much thought, unless the matter be in some way related to their business. Outside of business the chief interests seem to be politics and sport — neither of which can be expected to inspire literature of a high order. All literatures, moreover, show ebbs and flows in the course of a century or more; and it was but normal that in both England and America the high accomplishment of about three quarters of the nineteenth century should be succeeded by something inferior. The assumption of the inferiority of literature since 1892 is, it should be acknowledged, subject to a qualification mentioned in our concluding section.[1]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807–1882

A Much-Loved Poet. — While few would make the claim that Longfellow is America's greatest poet, fewer still would question his being the best known and best loved. His fame, moreover, and the affection in which he is held by readers, do not stop with the bounds of the United States, but extend to every modern civilized country. His complete works have been translated into ten languages,

[1] Page 261.

and single poems into many others. Of *Evangeline*, an intensely American poem, there are ten versions in German, four in French, three in Swedish, two each in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, and Polish, and one each in Dutch and Bohemian. The success of *Hiawatha* is quite as notable, since the subject and treatment are even more local than *Evangeline*.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

What is the basis of this wide appeal? it is natural to ask. The answer may be given somewhat in the words of the poet himself:

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy."

Such is the theme of *Evangeline*, — a theme finding an attentive ear in Dane and German, Pole and Spaniard, as well as in American. To whom is *Hiawatha* addressed?

"Ye . . .
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms

There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened ; —
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha."

And so with many others. Longfellow was a wonderful story-teller, and all men enjoy good stories; his stories deal with themes which, like those in Bacon's essays, "come home to men's business and bosoms."

One other point lends effectiveness and popularity to Longfellow's poetry. Like Bryant, Milton, Tennyson, and many other poets, he felt himself *called* to write verse — felt himself impelled to it by a power beyond and above himself. In *The Poet and His Songs* he tells us: "As the birds come in the spring, . . . As the stars come at evening, . . . As the rain comes from the cloud, . . . As the grape comes to the vine, —

"So come to the poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm, that belongs
To the vast unknown.

* * * * *

"For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the angel says, 'Write!'"

Poe was a greater genius, a greater artist; but with him poetry was "a passion," not a mission, and he utterly rejected the idea that a poet might be a teacher. He will continue to hold a higher place than Longfellow in the realm of art; but he will never make the host of friends

made by the New Englander, nor exert the latter's uplifting influence.

Distinguished Ancestry. — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, while the state was still a portion of Massachusetts. On his mother's side he was descended from the John Alden and Priscilla Mullins whose romance he celebrated in *Miles Standish;* on his father's, from an old English family of which the first American representative settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, about 1676. The poet's father and great-grandfather were graduates of Harvard, and held various positions of trust in the colony and state; his grandfather was legislator and judge. His maternal grandfather, Peleg Wadsworth, was an eminent general during the Revolution, and represented the Portland district in Congress for fourteen years. If the Wise Man was right in saying that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," Longfellow was truly blessed in his inheritance.

His boyhood appears to have been uneventful, but happy. In the pious, cultured New England household he followed the routine of church and school, with some attention to the arts, and abundant playtime. At the age of fourteen, he passed the examinations for entrance to Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, of which his father was a trustee; but his first year's work was done at home, perhaps because of his youth, and he entered Bowdoin in the sophomore year. In a rather notable class Longfellow, not a very communicative or "clubbable" fellow, found no bosom friends; but in after years he developed a strong and lasting affection for one who rivaled him as the most distinguished son of Bowdoin — Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Throughout his college course Longfellow was a faithful and capable student, religiously attending required lectures on chemistry and anatomy when he longed for leisure to

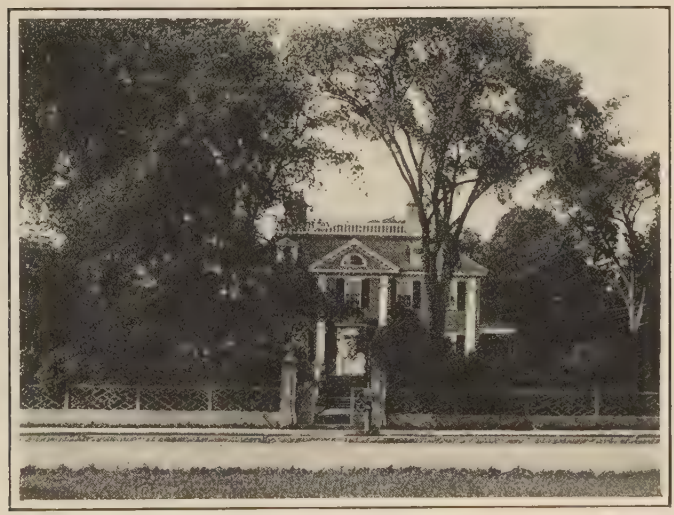
read. Determined to "*be eminent* in something," and having "a very strong predilection for literary pursuits," he nevertheless gave to every college exercise the time and energy necessary for success; and he was graduated fourth in a class of thirty-eight, in which, we are told, "there was a large amount of ambition and an intense struggle for rank in scholarship."

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

About the time of Longfellow's and Hawthorne's student days. From an old print.

Beginning of a Literary Life. — Toward the middle of his second year in college, and eighteen months before his graduation, Longfellow wrote to his father of his wish to be a man of letters rather than a follower of one of the learned professions. In order that he might better fit himself for this occupation he desired to spend a year at Harvard after leaving Bowdoin and before attaching himself to "some literary periodical." To the proposal of literature as a life work his father demurred on the ground that America would not at that time support "merely literary men"; but to the wish for a year at Harvard he gave approval. Other

powers than the student or his father, however, were to have a hand in determining his career. At Commencement, 1825, the trustees of Bowdoin voted to establish a professorship of modern languages, and offered the position to Longfellow, an eighteen-year-old graduate, on condition that he would spend some time in Europe to fit himself for the work. Eagerly he accepted the offer, and sailed for France



THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.
Which, though it has other interesting associations, is now remembered chiefly as Longfellow's home.

on May 15, 1826, the long delay being caused by the necessity of awaiting a favorable season for the voyage.

The prospective professor spent three years in Europe — one in Italy, and about eight months each in France, Spain, and Germany. French, Spanish, and Italian he mastered, acquiring an excellent speaking knowledge and reading extensively. He also traveled much and went much into

society, having letters from Washington Irving and from Professor Ticknor of Harvard to social and literary leaders everywhere. Of the countries he visited the deepest impression was made by Spain — the romantic, medieval atmosphere of which charmed him greatly. With German he was less successful at this time, though on a subsequent visit he mastered this also, as well as two kindred languages — Dutch and Swedish.

Only two untoward events marred his residence abroad. The first was an illness — fever contracted by remaining in Rome till July, which "completely shattered" him for a time. The second, which occurred shortly after his recovery, was news from America that the Bowdoin trustees had reconsidered their offer, and were willing to make him only a tutor, instead of a professor. This news, he wrote his father, "was very jarring to his feelings"; and he expressed considerable and quite justifiable indignation at their saying that he was too young. He must, he said, decline the minor appointment; and while he hoped not to pain his father by this action, he felt "no kind of anxiety for his future prospects."

When Longfellow reached New York again in August, 1829, he had no definite employment in mind, but a multitude of plans for writing and lecturing. On the first of the following month, however, the trustees reconsidered their reconsideration, and elected him professor of modern languages and librarian! The second position appears to have been given him as an excuse for adding a hundred dollars to his salary. He held the chair at Bowdoin for six years, attaining from the outset great popularity with both faculty and students, and making a great name as a teacher. So little progress had the teaching of modern languages made that he was forced to write his own textbooks in French and Spanish. At the beginning of his third year as profes-

sor, Longfellow married Miss May Potter, a childhood schoolmate in Portland and daughter of a friend and neighbor of his family. The happy union lasted only four years, being broken by Mrs. Longfellow's death in November, 1835.

Professor at Harvard. — So great was Longfellow's success at Bowdoin that, when Ticknor expressed his intention to

Longfellow in his Study.

resign the professorship of modern languages at Harvard, President Quincy offered Longfellow the position. The last paragraph of the letter making the offer gave permission to spend a year in Germany, which Longfellow recognized as a request to do so. He accepted, and in April, 1835, sailed a second time for Europe, this time by way of England.

Returning to America in the autumn of 1836, he took up his duties at Harvard in December, and continued to perform them for eighteen years. The letters of his first

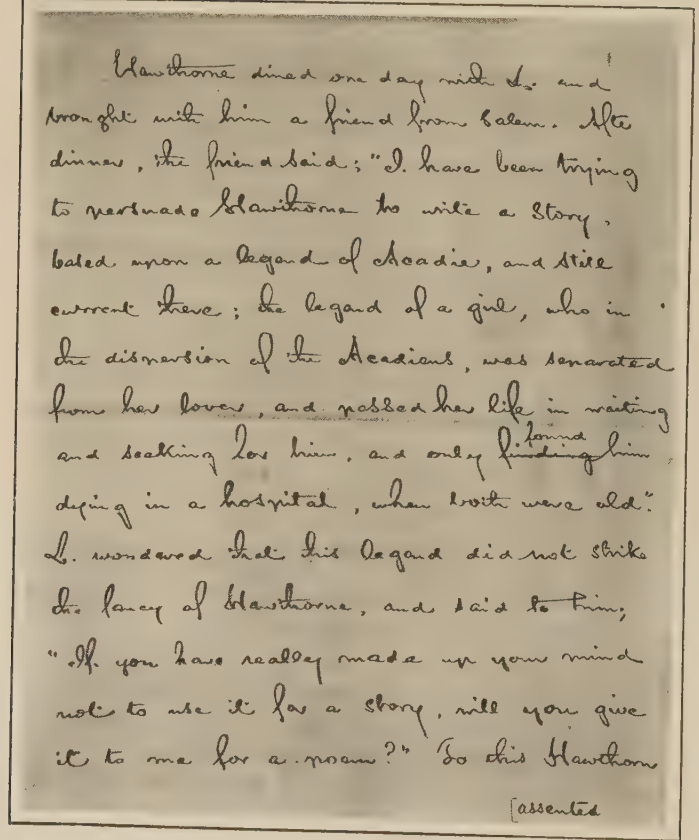
few years at Cambridge complain occasionally of the time required for lecturing, and oftener of the trouble his foreign assistants gave him — "outlandish animals," he calls them. On the whole, however, he realized that he had considerable leisure; and he began to use it in writing poetry. His first volume of verse, *Voices of the Night*, appeared in December, 1839, and met with an immediate and extraordinary success. From this time up to the ninth day before his death (when he wrote the last stanza of *The Bells of San Blas*) his ear was constantly hearing the "Angel" say "Write!" and his heart as constantly prompted him to obey.

After six years' teaching and writing at Harvard, Longfellow's health showed signs of failing; and on the recommendation of his physician he made his third trip to Europe, to try the effect of the sea trip and of the water cure at Marienberg. The events of importance in this six months' vacation were the meeting of the German poet, Freiligrath, and the writing of eight antislavery poems on the voyage home. The acquaintance with Freiligrath ripened into a deep and lasting friendship; and much of Longfellow's popularity in Germany is due to this friend, who translated *Hiawatha* into his native tongue, and in various ways advanced his friend's interest. The poems on slavery seem, when compared with Whittier's and Lowell's, very lukewarm, and the author subsequently suppressed them. There is, however, no doubt of his strong feeling on the subject; his refusal to take a prominent place among the Abolitionists, and his omission of this group of poems from his first collected edition, were due merely to an innate dislike of all controversy.

To most of Longfellow's acquaintances it doubtless appeared that he was leading an ideal existence, with a distinguished position in America's greatest university, a rapidly growing reputation as poet, a beautiful spot to live

in, and a large and devoted circle of friends. But it was not ideal: his life was "too lonely and restless"; he "needed the soothing influences of a home." Thus he wrote to his sister-in-law, Miss Eliza Potter, in May, 1843, with the announcement that he was to be married again. His second wife, Miss Frances Appleton, daughter of a wealthy Boston gentleman, he had met seven years previously in Europe; and it is believed that the resemblance of Mary Ashburton in *Hyperion* (his prose romance) to her is evidence of the strong impression she then made upon him. In the letter to Miss Potter just referred to he said that Miss Appleton possessed "in a high degree those virtues and excellent traits of character which so distinguished" his first wife. She was certainly a comfort and inspiration to him; and no more touching poetic record of devotion can be found than his sonnet, *The Cross of Snow*, written eighteen years after her tragic death.

Teaching Hinders Writing. — Longfellow's work at the University grew harder year by year. He was extremely conscientious; and besides the time required for actual teaching, he gave more time and much thought and energy to the thorough organization of his department, a difficult matter, since there were no models and no traditions connected with collegiate instruction in modern languages. He became wearied of the routine work, and grieved that it left him no strength for poetry. At the end of 1853 he records in his journal that the year has been "absolutely barren" of either poetic or prose production — "there has been nothing but the college work." In the seventeen years since he came to Cambridge he had written two prose works, *Hyperion* and *Kavanagh*, four slender volumes of short poems, and three longer poems — *The Spanish Student*, a drama; *Evangeline;* and *The Golden Legend*, a picture of religious and monastic life in the Middle Ages. The last-



Hawthorne dined one day with L. and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner, the friend said; "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story, based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl, who in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only finding him dying in a hospital, when both were old." L. wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him, "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented

FACSIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT OF LONGFELLOW.
Telling how he came into possession of the story of *Evangeline*.
(Library of Congress.)

mentioned poem appeared in late autumn, 1851; and between this date and December 31, 1853, no other composition came from his pen.

With the "Voices" still pursuing, he decided to give up his professorship, and offered his resignation to take effect in the spring of 1854, or as soon thereafter as possible. The entry in his journal for April 19 of that year reads: "At eleven o'clock, in No. 6 University Hall, I delivered my last lecture, — the last I shall ever deliver here or anywhere." At the beginning of his forty-eighth year, then, the poet found himself at liberty to map out a course of life for himself, unhampered by distasteful routine work. "I am not, however," he writes to Freiligrath, "very sanguine about the results."

The Freed Pen. — As shown by the dates given above, Longfellow had written no poetry during the two years preceding his determination to stop teaching. Within a month after his last lecture he was again writing; in another month he has "hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians." Repeated entries in his journal show that *Hiawatha* was much in his mind; and at the end of his first year of freedom he could write to Freiligrath that he had two volumes of poems "ready for the press" — the first flight of *Birds of Passage*, and *Hiawatha*.

From then till his death the Muse never left him for any great length of time. *Miles Standish* was published in 1858; *Tales of a Wayside Inn* in 1863, 1872, and 1874; a translation of Dante in 1870; *New England Tragedies* in 1868; *Christus* in 1872. Besides these major works, the last three of which are hardly more than names to the majority of the poet's admirers, there appeared in various periodicals, and subsequently in collections, a number of his greatest poems. Among the notable short poems of this last period are: *My Lost Youth*, a "memory of Portland"; *The Hang-*

ing of the Crane, "the story of life, the sweet and pathetic poem of the fireside"; *Morituri Salutamus*, written for the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin; *Herons of Elmwood*, a "friendly greeting" to Lowell, his successor at Harvard; and a number of sonnets to which critics have given a high rank in that difficult field. Longfellow is the

THE WAYSIDE INN AT SUDBURY, MASS.
Which Longfellow made the scene of his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

only American to obtain general recognition in England as a sonnet writer.

The Atlantic Monthly. — A notable event in American letters was the establishment in Boston in 1857 of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, were prime movers in the enterprise, and Longfellow, though not "so eager as the rest," was interested, and a contributor. In

1861 occurred the death of his wife, already referred to. Her dress caught fire from a match dropped on the floor, and she was so severely burned that she died next day. The poet, in his efforts to save her, was badly injured also, and was unable to leave his bed to attend the funeral.

Honors of Longfellow's Last Years. — Only one more episode in Longfellow's life need be chronicled. In May, 1868, with a family party of ten, he made his fourth and last trip to Europe — a pleasure trip; and the old and experienced traveler found as much of interest as did the young and inexperienced ones. Besides the sight-seeing, the distinguished poet had to accept overwhelming attentions in London (including requested visits to the Queen and the Prince of Wales), and received honorary degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge. In 1879 a delightful experience came to him — the presentation of an armchair by Cambridge (Massachusetts) children; and the year following he was honored and highly pleased by a celebration of his birthday in the schools of Cincinnati. The rapid passing of his life-long friends, however, — Hawthorne, Charles Sumner, Professors Felton and Agassiz, and others, — caused him much grief; and neither the honors paid him by his own countrymen nor those paid by numerous distinguished foreigners could make him altogether happy. His death occurred in March, 1882, after a short illness. Of the many evidences of the esteem in which Longfellow was held none is more notable than the placing of a bust of him in Westminster Abbey, the cost defrayed by several hundred English admirers. The bust was unveiled less than two years after the poet's death, one of the addresses on the occasion being delivered by his devoted friend and fellow poet, Lowell, then Minister to England.

As was stated at the beginning of this sketch, Longfellow is not the greatest American poet, but he is the

best known and best loved. The poet of the home, the poet of childhood, the poet of American history, the poet of brotherhood, the poet of old-time love, the poet of the elemental emotions — these are some of the designations applied to him and explaining the high place he holds in the people's hearts. There is no reason to suppose that he will ever lose this place. The poems that have at some time appealed to every reader will continue to appeal to succeeding generations, so simple, so true, and so universal are the feelings they touch.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1819–1891

What is Lowell? — In much the same situation as Zekle, who

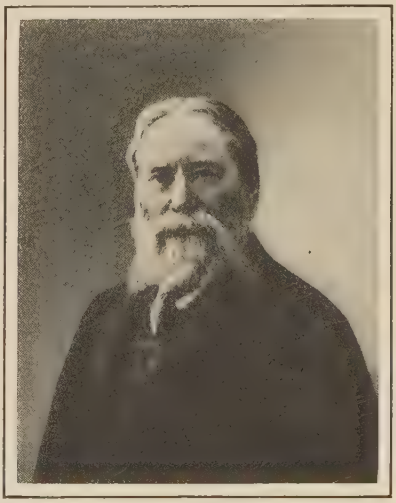
> "stood a spell on one foot fust,
> Then stood a spell on t'other," [1]

the writer finds himself who would adequately characterize James Russell Lowell. Literary critic, political scientist, familiar essayist, poet, teacher, scholar, diplomat, humorist, — in all these fields Lowell made a distinguished name for himself; in the first, he is generally admitted to have attained the highest place in America; and in the last, if not the highest, then only one short of the highest. To the vast majority of readers he is chiefly a poet; to a somewhat smaller number he is the author of *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* To the serious student of our literature, however, Lowell's chief claims to distinction are to be found in such literary essays as *Thoreau* and *Don Quixote*; in such humorous ones as *My Garden Acquaintance* and *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*; in the character of Hosea Biglow, probably Lowell's most original performance; and in the lecture,

[1] Lowell's "The Courtin'," in *Biglow Papers, Second Series.*

Democracy, still regarded as an admirable exposition of the American theory of government.

A Lifelong Cambridgian. — Lowell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819; he died there August 12, 1891; and he lived there almost continuously for the first sixty years of his life. Like Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, he was on both sides descended from long lines of illustrious New Englanders. He was the fourth of the family to be graduated from Harvard, but the first to be distinguished by election as class poet. In order to get his poem before his classmates, the author had to print it; for during his last term he indulged in a prank which resulted in his being suspended till after class day. After graduation in arts Lowell took up the study of law, receiving his degree in that subject in 1840. Law was not to him a "calling" — it was a suitable occupation for a man of literary tastes, and of insufficient income to gratify them. The same reason, as we have seen, sent Irving to the law, and Lowell made as great a success as did his predecessor — there is no record of his having a first client. The leisure that came to him while awaiting professional business he used in verse making, an occasional occupation of his college days.



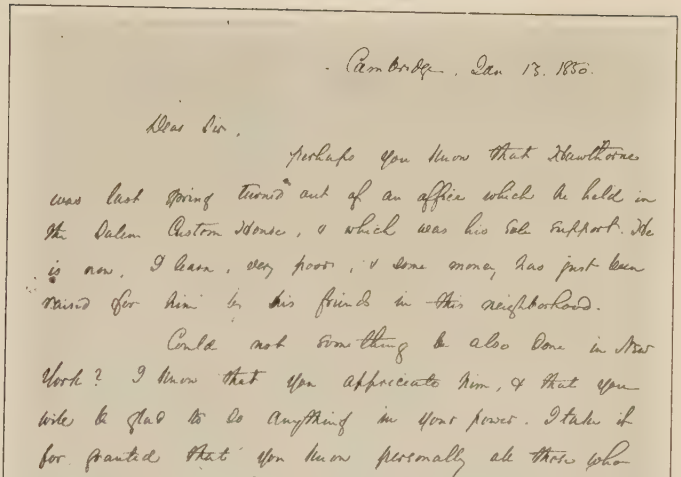
James Russell Lowell.

First Poems. — Lowell's formal entrance into literature came with the publication, in 1841, of *A Year's Life*, a collection of thirty-five sonnets and thirty-two other poems, many of which had appeared in various newspapers and magazines. Very few of them were subsequently reprinted by the author; and it is probable that most of them would never have been collected at all if they had had to await his inclination. The inspirer of the volume was Maria White, sister of a classmate of the poet. Lowell became acquainted with her late in 1839, and became engaged to her about a year after. "I shall print my volume," he writes to a friend in November, 1840. "Maria wishes me to do it, and that is enough." She was a remarkably strong character; and though she lived before women generally took part in public movements, she was active in the causes of temperance and abolition. *A Year's Life* is hardly more than a series of portraits of her and a record of the growth of the poet's devotion to her; but at least one poem not belonging in these fields is notable — the *Ode*, beginning

"In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder."

The high conception of a poet's equipment and mission set forth here will bear comparison with those of Bryant and Longfellow among our own writers, and with those of Tennyson, Browning, and others of Britain's great names.

Lowell married Miss White in December, 1844. He had no assured income and she had no dowry; but they wanted neither of these things — preferred to be "apostles of poverty." During the winter, which was spent in Philadelphia among Quakers and abolitionists, Lowell joined himself to the abolition cause; and he continued active in it until the country was divided, and, after four years of conflict, reunited.



Cambridge, Jan 13. 1850.

Dear Sir,

Perhaps you know that Hawthorne was last spring turned out of an office which he held in the Salem Custom House, & which was his sole support. He is now, I learn, very poor, & some money has just been raised for him by his friends in this neighborhood.

Could not something be also done in New York? I know that you appreciate him, & that you will be glad to do anything in your power. I take it for granted that you know personally all those who would be most likely to give.

I wrote also to Mr O'Sullivan, who is a friend of Hawthorne's, but am ignorant whether he is now in New York. Of course H. is entirely ignorant that anything of the kind is going on, & it would be better that "a bird in the air" should seem to have carried the news to N. Y. & that, if anything be raised, it should go thence. Done only as a spontaneous gift.

I remain
Very truly Yours
J. R. Lowell,

FACSIMILE OF A LOWELL LETTER.
Interesting for its contents as well as for the excellent handwriting.

First Great Works. — The following summer found the Lowells back at Elmwood, the family home in Cambridge, where they remained six years. During this period Lowell published *A Fable for Critics*, *The Biglow Papers*, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, of which the first two made manifest his strength as critic and humorist, and the last showed not a little power in the higher realms of poetry. The *Fable* is a satire on American authors, giving keen but never biting characterizations of leading writers of the day. Poe is said to be

> "Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge."

Of Whittier we read:

> "And his failures arise (though he seems not to know it)
> From the very same cause that has made him a poet, —
> A fervor of mind which knows no separation
> 'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration."

He hits off himself quite as readily and as fairly as any other:

> "There's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
> With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme."

The Biglow Papers, written in opposition to the Mexican War, which Lowell believed was undertaken solely to aid in the extension of slavery, is a series of poems in Yankee dialect, purporting to be by Hosea Biglow, an uneducated rustic and "a detestable speller." Of the *Vision of Sir Launfal* it is hardly necessary to speak, since it is universally known and admired.

Visit to Europe. — In 1851 the Lowells went to Europe for a holiday, which lasted fifteen months. When Longfellow resigned his chair at Harvard in 1855, Lowell was chosen for the position, and again went to Europe, this time for serious study. On receiving the appointment he wrote to a

friend: "My first thought was a sad one, for the heart that would have beat warmest is still." The still heart was that of Mrs. Lowell, who had died in October, 1853, making the fourth death in his family in six years — three of his four children having preceded their mother. Naturally of a buoyant disposition, Lowell did not brood long over these losses, deeply as he felt them; and his year abroad was most successful, socially as well as scholastically.

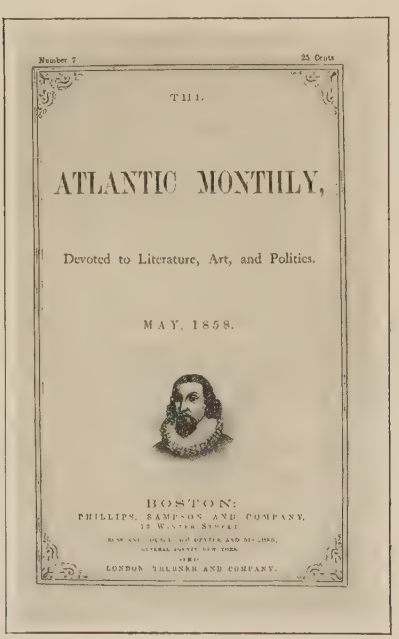
Successor to Longfellow. — Returning to America, he took up his work at Harvard, delivering "two courses of lectures in a year — on pretty much any subject I choose." The subject on which he chose to exert himself most and for which he is chiefly remembered in the University, is Dante. His teaching seems to have been almost ridiculously informal, frequently dealing with "things in general," while he walked up and down before his class "looking at nothing in particular." The key to his attitude toward all literature, and the secret of the inspiration he conveyed to the thoughtful among his students, may be found in his essay on *Don Quixote*, the Spanish masterpiece:

> "He reads most wisely who thinks everything into a book that it is capable of holding, and it is the stamp and token of a great book so to incorporate itself with our own being, so to quicken our insight and stimulate our thought, as to make us feel as if we helped to create it while we read. Whatever we can find in a book that aids us in the conduct of life, or to a truer interpretation of it, or to a franker reconcilement with it, we may with a good conscience believe is not there by accident, but that the author meant that we should find it there."

With a single year's intermission, he taught at Harvard for twenty years.

Editorial Work. — Two events of importance in Lowell's life must be recorded for 1857, the second year of his teaching — his marriage with Miss Frances Dunlap, who

had for several years been governess to his little girl, and his selection as first editor-in-chief of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The editorship he held for four years along with his professorship, a combination which was doubtless of value as preparation for future work, but which seems almost to have stopped his writing of poetry. His great success with the *Atlantic* caused him to be invited in 1863 to assume charge of the *North American Review*, to which he had been an occasional contributor. Because of the opportunity it would give him to deal with public questions, he accepted; and because of his unwillingness to undertake again the drudgery of the editorial chair, he stipulated that his friend Charles Eliot Norton should be "active editor." In the *Atlantic* Lowell took a firm stand against slavery; he did not believe the Southern states would secede. When, however, secession became certain, slavery occupied a less prominent place in his thought and writing, and the preservation of the Union became his chief object. During the Reconstruction Period, he advocated through the *North American*



COVER OF FIRST VOLUME OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.
(New York Public Library.)

Review suffrage for the negroes and liberal treatment of the Confederates. The climax of Lowell's writings on slavery and dissension was reached in 1865, in the *Ode for the Harvard Commemoration*, which contains one of the finest tributes to Lincoln, concluding,

"New birth of our new soil, the first American."

In the summer of 1871 Lowell sold enough of Elmwood to give him a comfortable income; and a year later resigned from Harvard and went abroad with Mrs. Lowell for two years. Evidence of his being more widely and favorably known than on his previous trips is found in the more general reception accorded him, in England especially. The seal of English national approval was placed on him by honorary degrees from the two great universities — D. C. L. from Oxford, in 1873, and LL.D. from Cambridge the following year.

Minister to Spain. — The years 1874–1877 were spent in the United States, where he did a little teaching and a little politics. His political activity led to his appointment as Minister to Spain, which he felt bound to accept, though he had already refused to go to Austria or Germany, and had "no desire to go abroad at all." Before sailing he got some amusement out of his fellow townsmen, who acted "as if I had drawn a prize in a lottery and was somebody at last. . . . I dare say I shall enjoy it after I get there, but at present it is altogether a bore to be honorabled at every turn." The difficulties of his position he thus expressed in a letter after he had been four months in Madrid: "Fancy a shy man, without experience, suddenly plumped down among a lot of utter strangers, unable to speak their language (though knowing more of it than almost any of them), and with a secretary wholly ignorant both of Spanish and French." While he was often burdened with the business

of the embassy, and bored with the amount of ceremony in official life, he was thoroughly interested in studying at first hand the national character, with which he was already familiar through a wide knowledge of Spanish literature.

To England. — Though Lowell found some of his duties distasteful, the life in Spain became exceedingly pleasant, and his career there was eminently successful. So satisfactory indeed was he to his government that in January, 1880, after two and a half years in Spain, he was appointed Minister to Great Britain, the highest post in the foreign service. During the five years of his residence in England, he handled with great skill some difficult diplomatic problems, and greatly increased the cordial feeling between the two countries, which had not been without friction since the Civil War. Though he was well received everywhere, and in great demand for all sorts of public appearances, he acted on the assumption that he was asked as the representative of a great nation, and not on personal grounds. Even in country homes, where he was more frequently a guest than any other American who ever lived, he always, says a friend, "let fall some good American seed."

During his official residence in Spain and England Lowell wrote very little, and wrote no poem or literary essay which takes high rank. The essay on *Democracy*, referred to above, belongs to his last year in England; but this is of course not literary. What are very generally considered Lowell's most artistic productions were written two years before his going to Spain — the *Ode at the Concord Centennial*, and *Under the Old Elm*. The first of these, while quite as great as the subject demanded, falls short of the vigor and beauty of Emerson's simple ode of forty years before.

The second, however, the occasion of which was the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the army, ranks second only to the *Commemoration Ode* among

THE OLD ELM.

Just off the Cambridge Common, under which Washington took command of the troops. (See Lowell's poem.)

American patriotic poems. The author considered it the best of his memorial poems, "mainly because it was composed after my college duties were over." After drawing pictures of Washington and his army — "a motley rout" — and paying suitable homage to Washington, he concludes with a noble tribute to the hero's native state:

> "Virginia gave us this imperial man;
> * * * * *
> She gave us this unblemished gentleman.
> What shall we give her back but love and praise
> As in the dear old unestranged days
> Before the inevitable wrong began?"

"I took advantage of the occasion," Lowell wrote, "to hold out a hand of kindly reconciliation to Virginia."

Lowell's foreign service came to an end in June, 1885, with the return to power of the Democratic party. "I am on the whole glad to be rid of my official trappings," he wrote to one friend; and to another: "I shall see you again in June — one of the greatest favors I have to thank President Cleveland for." Yet he had a few months earlier expressed his willingness to stay and had admitted his regret at leaving "certain friendships I have formed here, and the climate." His recall was very generally lamented in England, and has been often taken as a text for an attack on the American method of filling such positions.

Last Years. — Shortly before Lowell's departure from England, Mrs. Lowell died. Unwilling to return then to Elmwood, he went to live with his daughter at Southborough, not far from Boston, which was his home for four years. They were busy years; for the poet, diplomat, critic, popular lecturer, essayist, was in great demand. He spoke on matters of national interest before many organizations, gave readings from his poems, wrote a few new poems and published a collection of his old ones, and undertook

various literary commissions. The incentive to work, however, was gone, and he had to beg to be let off from several promises. He was very happy with his large library and his children and grandchildren, and lived a quiet life interrupted only by annual vacations in England, where he re-

"Elmwood."
Lowell's home in Cambridge.

newed the old friendships, and visited the old familiar scenes.

On his return from the last of these trips, in the autumn of 1889, he found the Southborough household transferred to the old home in Cambridge — his only home, he had said, and the place where he hoped to die. During the following

winter he prepared a final edition of his writings; and he was naturally proud of the ten uniform volumes which soon afterward graced his shelves. Plans for other literary work were interrupted by an illness in the spring of 1890; and from that time till his death eighteen months later he was never a well man. His malady caused him great and almost constant pain; but he complained little, and till the very end wrote long letters full of thankfulness and enlivened with jests on his condition. "My handwriting *will* run down hill. I suppose because *I* am — in spite of continued watchfulness on my part," — this in his last letter to his daughter, written a few weeks before death.

Personality. — Lowell is probably the most attractive personality among our literary men. He made friends readily, and rarely lost one. He was an indefatigable letter writer; and the publication of his letters has very greatly added to his fame — a rare circumstance. In these the most striking feature is the humor, which is present in some degree in nearly every letter. In an early one he says: "I am a kind of twins myself, divided between grave and gay"; and he might truthfully have added that by far the greater part of him was in the "gay" division. Elsewhere he complains that he can't "write anything serious," which the reader need qualify only by a "wholly" before "serious." In his seventy-first year he wrote to a literary friend: "Thank God, I am as young as ever. There is an exhaustless fund of inexperience somewhere about me." Of his fondness for punning, which comes out in almost every letter, the following, written when he was starting for Europe in 1851, is typical. "We are going to travel on our own land. That is, we shall spend at the rate of about ten acres a year, selling our birthrights as we go along for messes of European pottage. Well, Raphael and the rest of them are worth it. My plan is to sit down in Florence — till I have

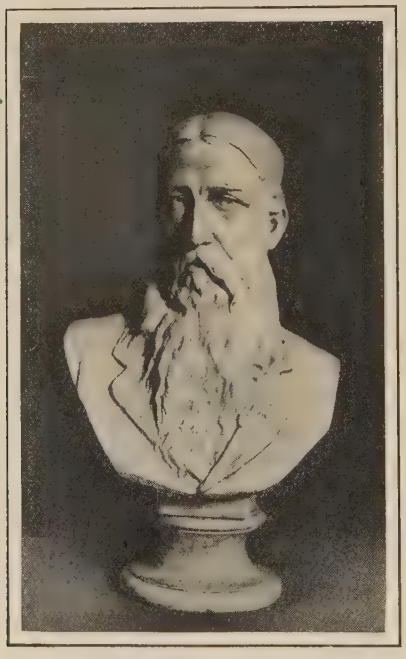
cut my eye(talian) teeth. Tuscany must be a good place for that."

Lowell the Essayist. — Now, charming as this tone is in personal letters and in some kinds of literature, there are places where it seems inappropriate. In a serious essay on Keats, for example — which, by the way, contains some magnificent paragraphs — it is a bit jarring to be held up suddenly by: "A biographer is hardly called upon to show how ill his *biographee* could do anything." (Italics are Lowell's; he probably thought the word was of his own coining.) The reader often resents the intrusion of the humorous in such places — it suggests bad taste. Yet, after thoughtful reading of a number of Lowell's purely literary essays one comes to apply to him a remark he makes in a study of Carlyle: "Real fame depends rather on the sum of an author's powers than on any brilliancy of special parts." The English must have formed their judgment of him on somewhat the same basis; for honors were given him by them that would surely not have been given either to the diplomat or to the mere humorist. During his term as Minister to England he was elected Rector of the University of Saint Andrews, President of the Wordsworth Society, and Professor of English at Oxford.

Discussion has often been indulged in whether Lowell would have done work of a higher grade if he had limited himself to fewer fields. Had he so limited himself, he would have been of less consequence to us, no matter what rank he reached. His breadth, versatility, almost contradictious variety of gifts, made him one of the greatest figures in our national literature and life.

SIDNEY LANIER, 1842–1881

Sidney Lanier's short life was a struggle with adverse circumstances — war, poverty, ill health. What he might have accomplished with such opportunities and environment as Longfellow and Lowell had, can only be conjectured. What he did accomplish shows him to be of heroic mold, a really great soul. Twelve or fifteen poems taking place beside the best in our literature, and many others just falling short of these; a few essays showing thorough and appreciative study of early English writers; a study of the technique of verse, which, though resting on a probably erroneous theory, is admitted to be the best work yet written in the field, — all this he accomplished in a space of somewhat less then ten years,[1] during which he was interrupted by frequent illnesses, and forced to play in an orchestra to support his family.



KEYSER BUST OF LANIER.
In the Johns Hopkins University.

[1] Lanier's literary working life is properly dated from his move to Baltimore in 1873.

A Genuinely American Poet. — Though Lanier's prose has considerable merit, his poetry is of a far higher order, and it is as poet that he seems likely to hold permanently a high place. Many critics have emphasized the distinctly Southern character of his poetry, some going so far as to assert that only in the South could his work have been produced. Certainly by temperament as well as by the accident of birth Lanier is Southern; and his nature poems, upon which much of his fame will rest, give faithful pictures of Southern scenes. His exquisite ballad, however, *The Revenge of Hamish*, showing the penalty for human tyranny over a fellow being; that unique composition, *The Symphony*, setting forth the need of relief from the tyranny of the commercial spirit in American life; and a number of short lyrics on divers themes — such, for example, as *The Stirrup-Cup*, expressing readiness for death whenever it may come: — these all exhibit a man too large to be the spokesman of any section or time. Lanier will be found on examination to be thoroughly American in the broadest sense.

Ancestry, and Early Life. — He was the eldest of three children. On his father's side he was of Huguenot extraction, though the earliest ancestor to be traced was attached to the court of the English Elizabeth. On his mother's side he was Scotch-Irish. The Laniers were settled near Richmond, Virginia, soon after 1700; the branch of the family from which Sidney was descended emigrated to North Carolina and later to Georgia. In the city of Macon, February 3, 1842, the poet was born.

He attended private schools until he reached the age of fourteen, when he entered Oglethorpe College in the sophomore class. The notable facts of his early life are his affection for his brother Clifford, and his musical talent. *Music and Poetry* is the title of a volume of his essays; and to the two arts in the title he may be said to have conse-

crated his life. The musical gift was an inherited one — even when a boy he could play any instrument he tried. His favorite was the violin; but so wearing was it on his sensitive nature that, yielding to his father's request, he gave it up, and devoted himself to the flute. Without instruction he mastered this instrument, and later attained great dis-

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY.

Lanier's Alma Mater, which did not survive the war. A new institution bearing this name, and to have a "Lanier Professorship of English Literature," is in course of erection (1915) near Atlanta, Ga.

tinction as first flutist in the Peabody Orchestra of Baltimore.

The War Period. — Immediately on graduation from college with first honors, he received an appointment as tutor, which position he held for nearly a year, resigning to enlist in the Confederate army in April, 1861. He went through the war as a private, declining several offers of promotion because he was unwilling to be separated from his brother. About a year before the war closed, however, the two were

separated by being detailed each as a signal officer on board a blockade runner. While in this service Sidney was captured, and imprisoned for five months. During the war the first signs of consumption appeared; and the poet attributed the development and fatal outcome of the disease to confinement in the wretched prison at Point Lookout, North Carolina. On release from prison in February, 1865, he walked home to Georgia, where, as is not surprising, he immediately went through a severe illness of six weeks. Just as he recovered, his mother died of the dread disease.

"CEDARCROFT."

Bayard Taylor's home near Kennett Square, Pa., where Lanier was frequently a guest.

Wanderings. — Unable even to think of an artistic career while the public mind was in such a distracted state, and when poverty had engulfed the Lanier family as well as thousands of others, he took the first occupation that offered — a clerkship in a Montgomery, Alabama, hotel — and retained it for something more than a year. In May, 1867, we find him in New York arranging for the publication of his *Tiger Lilies*, a novel of the war.

The following September he became principal of a school in Prattsville, Alabama, and three months later married Miss Mary Day, of Macon. This proved to be one of those ideal unions all too rare with geniuses; and from Lanier's devotion to his wife came some charming lyrics, best known of which is *My Springs.*

About a month after marriage Lanier is found again in Macon, in a wretched state of health. For some unknown reason he took up the study of law with his father, and later practiced, remaining in this connection four years. A short trip to New York for treatment was followed by one to San Antonio, Texas, the climate of which he thought might make it a suitable home. Disappointed after a four months' trial, realizing that the end of his life was not far off, he returned to Georgia, determined to make possible the expression of himself in music and verse which he had for so long craved.

Musician and Poet Recognized. — In December, 1873, he began his musical career in the Baltimore orchestra, and fourteen months later published the poem which first attracted widespread attention to his literary gift. This poem, called forth by the sight of a broad Georgia landscape at midsummer, was *Corn*, in the first section of which occurs a description probably never surpassed by Lanier. It begins:

> "To-day the woods are trembling through and through
> With shimmering forms that flash before my view,
> Then melt in green, as day-stars melt in blue."

Among the friendships dating from the publication of *Corn* is that with Bayard Taylor, the distinguished Pennsylvania man of letters, who procured for Lanier appointment to write a cantata for the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. Taylor and his beautiful home, "Cedarcroft," near Kennett Square, figure largely in the poet's life.

"There, O my Friend, beneath the chestnut bough,
Gazing on thee immerged in modern strife,
I framed a prayer of fervency — that thou,

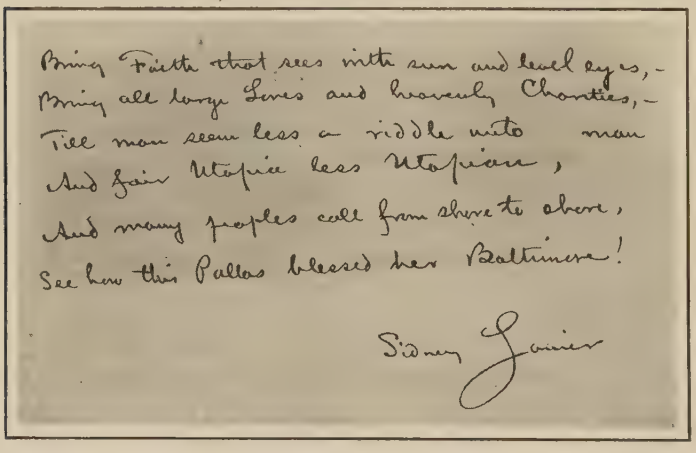
"In soul and stature larger than thy kind,
Still more to this strong Form might'st liken thee,
Till thy whole Self in every fibre find
The tranquil lordship of thy chestnut tree."

The years remaining to Lanier were spent in a vain search for a climate in which he might live without suffering. West Chester and Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania (both near Philadelphia); Tampa, Florida; the mountains of North Carolina; Brunswick, on the coast of Georgia, — all these he tried without lasting benefit, returning to Baltimore for long periods of orchestra work. Usually his devoted wife, and not infrequently his father and brother, accompanied him on these fruitless travels, and exerted themselves to lighten both his physical and his mental pain.

Study and Teaching. — One real delight of Lanier's last years was study, particularly of the older English writers, made possible by his nearness to the Peabody Library in Baltimore. He had been, as we have seen, a faithful student in college; and he had hoped to continue his studies abroad. War and disease, however, having destroyed such a hope, he eagerly seized the opportunity now offered. In response to invitation he delivered a series of lectures on Elizabethan poetry to a private class of ladies in the spring of 1878. Following this came a series on Shakespeare in Peabody Institute; and in 1879–1881 he was lecturer on English literature in the Johns Hopkins University. These lectures were published with the titles: *The Science of English Verse*, *The English Novel*, and *Shakspere and his Forerunners*.

The End. — During the second year of his lecturing at the University it was plain that death could not be held off much

longer. We are told that oftentimes the students wondered whether the speaker's breath would last through the hour. Soon after the close of his course Lanier was advised to try, as a last resort, outdoor life in a high altitude. Accordingly,


Bring Faith that sees with sun and level eyes,-
Bring all large Loves and heavenly Charities,-
Till man seem less a riddle unto man
And fair Utopia less Utopian,
And many peoples call from shore to shore,
See how this Pallas blessed her Baltimore!
Sidney Lanier

FACSIMILE OF CONCLUDING LINES OF LANIER'S *Commemoration Ode.*

For the Johns Hopkins University's fourth anniversary. Lanier changed the first line above to

"Bring Faith that sees with undissembling eyes,"

and the last line to

"*The world has bloomed again, at Baltimore!*"

(MS. reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the University.)

in the spring of 1881, accompanied by his wife, he camped in the vicinity of Asheville, North Carolina, where he died in September. Mrs. Lanier's oft-quoted account of this long-expected event must be quoted once more:

"We are left alone with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer one more week, until the forenoon of September 7, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

A True Artist. — "Whatever turn I have for art," wrote Lanier in May, 1873, "is purely musical; poetry being with me a mere tangent into which I shoot sometimes." This may have been true at the time it was written; but before long a change came. Six months later he wrote to Mrs. Lanier as one reason for accepting the position in the orchestra: "It will give me a foothold, which I can likely step from to something better, — for the Peabody is a literary as well as a musical institution." It has been implied above that the two arts shared almost equally his devotion. While, however, he wrote for the flute some compositions which attracted attention, he lacked in music the *creative* power which he possessed in literature.

His musical talent, nevertheless, contributed much to his poetic success. In that field of poetry called the "onomatopoetic" Lanier takes a high place, with a number of poems in which sound and movement have helped much to bring out and enforce the meaning. Of this class the best known is the *Song of the Chattahoochee*, with its haunting "hills of Habersham" and "valleys of Hall." More wonderful than any other poem of this class, however, is *The Symphony*, which by many is considered the author's masterpiece.

"**The Symphony.**" — In this poem, says Lanier, "I personify each instrument in the orchestra, and make them discuss various deep social questions of the times, in the progress of the music. It is now nearly finished; and I shall be rejoiced thereat, for it verily racks all the bones of my spirit." The theme of the poem is given in the first two lines:

> "O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
> The time needs heart — 'tis tired of head."

That is, the time needs love to take the place of the avaricious spirit of commercial life. These opening lines begin

the outcry of the violins, which speak for the poor. Next comes (felicitous combination) the flute, speaking for the voices of nature, her "utmost depths and heights." Then follow the clarinet, representing the Lady who longs for the

Library at Cedarcroft.

restoration of love as the only ground for marriage; the horn, representing the knight of the days of chivalry, who believes that the Lady's wish will be granted; the hautboy, calling for the simplicity and purity of childhood. The harmony is completed by the "ancient, wise bassoons," and we hear the voices together sing that only love can "solve the discords true."

Lanier the man, Lanier the musician, Lanier the poet — the three are almost equally inspiring studies; and they can scarcely be studied separately. The concluding lines of

his *Life and Song* express an ideal which he himself closely approached, if he did not actually reach:

> "His song was only living aloud,
> His work, a singing with his hand!"

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY, 1850–1889

A Tragically Short Life. — The lives of three Southern writers treated in these pages were tragic in their shortness. Lanier's had another element of tragedy — the long struggle with incurable disease; Poe's had several other elements — a temperamental unfitness to look out for himself, an extreme sensitiveness to criticism, a weakness for drink. The life of the writer whom we are now to study was tragic only in its early ending. On the day of Grady's death, in an address before the New England Society of New York, Chauncey M. Depew said: "His death in the meridian of his powers and the hopefulness of his mission, at the critical period of the removal forever of all misunderstandings and differences between all sections of the republic, is a national calamity." Three years earlier, at the annual meeting of the same

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.
"Journalist, Orator, Patriot."

society, Grady had delivered a noteworthy address on *The New South*. His life, indeed, was devoted to the upbuilding of his native section, and to the interpretation of it to the North. The new South, said he, "is enamored of her work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life." But "she believes that the late struggle . . . was war and not rebellion; . . . and that her convictions were as honest as yours. . . . The South has nothing to take back."

Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Athens, Georgia, May 24, 1850.[1] His father, William Grady, was an Irishman who settled in North Carolina, made money, moved to Georgia, and married a Georgia woman of good family and strong character, Miss Ann E. Gartrell. Henry was not a hard student either at school or college; but he read extensively always, and as a boy took great interest in athletics. When he was ten years old the war came. William Grady entered as captain of cavalry, was promoted to a colonelcy, and was killed at Petersburg in 1864. The story of his widow's successful effort to raise three children in the troubled days of Reconstruction is that of thousands of Southern homes.

Journalistic Career. — Grady was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1868, and from the University of Virginia two years later. Before leaving the Virginia institution he was distinguished as an orator, and by a clever letter to an Atlanta paper had discovered his calling — journalism. For ten years he had a checkered career. From the university he went to Atlanta, but after a few months moved to Rome, Georgia, as editor of the *Courier*. A disagreement with the proprietor led to Grady's purchasing and combining the city's other two papers, the *Daily* and

[1] The author has found no less than six different dates in print for Grady's birth. That given above is taken from the monument in Atlanta.

the *Commercial.* He was very irregular in his editorial labors, and the paper failed. Returning to Atlanta, Grady and two associates founded the *Herald.* Too vigorous business rivalry brought about the failure of this paper also, whereupon Grady became correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and soon began to contribute regularly to the Atlanta *Constitution.* In 1880 he purchased a large interest in the last-named paper, became its managing editor, and for the remainder of his life devoted himself to improving the paper and extending its usefulness. He died December 23, 1889, of pneumonia, developed from a cold contracted while speaking in Boston.

GRADY MONUMENT, ATLANTA.

Unveiled October 21, 1891. The cost (over $20,000) was contributed from all parts of the country.

Oratorical Career. — Grady's complete "works" consist of eight orations delivered in the last three years of his life before varied audiences from Dallas, Texas, to Boston. Of these one is concerned with prohibition, one with a problem of government, one with a national economic problem; the remaining five with distinctively Southern problems. Before the literary societies of his Alma Mater he spoke of his life as "busy beyond its capacities." Had the case been different, or had that busy life

been spared longer, we should have a larger amount of writing as a basis for placing him in a history of our literature.

His style is what is generally called "highly colored," which means marked by an overabundance of figurative, imaginative language. Its most striking quality, however, is the native wit, which always flows freely and which contributes much to the effectiveness of the orator's efforts. So impressed, however, was the speaker with the matter of his addresses, and so impressive did he make it to his audiences that they gave little thought to the manner of them. He found it difficult, he said, addressing the Boston Merchants' Association, to "discuss the problem of the races in the home of [Wendell] Phillips and [Charles] Sumner. But," he continued, "if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of what disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement, if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm — then, sir, I find the courage to proceed." It was by this attitude and tone that, according to Depew, Grady "commanded the attention of the country and won universal fame."

A Union veteran's widow, after reading Grady's speeches on Southern problems, remarked with feeling that the taking away of such a character in his prime was a dispensation of Providence hard to understand. Henry Watterson, the distinguished editor and publicist, had no such difficulty. In an oration on Grady, he said: "Short as his life was, its heaven-born mission was fulfilled; the dream of his childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by God to carry a message of peace on earth, good-will to men, and, this done, he vanished from the sight of mortal eyes, even as the dove from the ark."

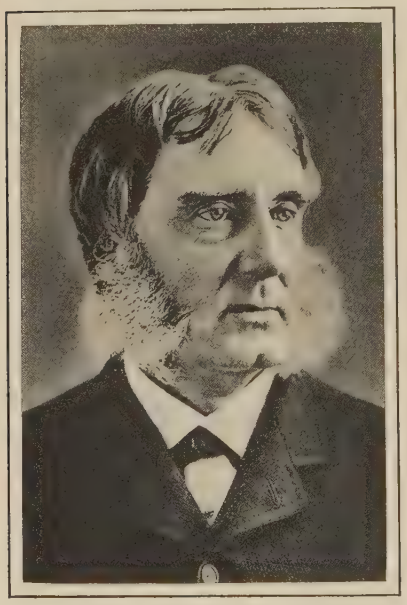
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, 1824–1892

An Influential Figure. — The importance of George William Curtis in our literature is due rather to his influence than to his visible accomplishment. That influence, moreover, was exerted by deliberate choice in the field of morals much more than in the field of pure literature. Literature as an end in itself was nothing to him. His strength was in appreciation rather than in creation or in scientific criticism; and he appreciated nothing that did not in some way contribute to the upbuilding of humanity. From his first "Easy Chair" essays in *Harper's Magazine* in 1853 to his death thirty-nine years later the wish nearest his heart was the betterment of his country; and the slight present-day interest in his writings is largely due to his having concerned himself with current needs. More than one eminent critic of to-day, however, ranks Curtis's essays only a little below Lowell's.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824. The first American Curtis arrived in 1635, and settled in Watertown, Massachusetts; and the family continued in that vicinity till George William's father moved to the adjoining state. His mother died when he was only two years old; but his father's second wife, who came into the home nine years afterward, was as devoted to him as a mother could be. A strong influence upon the boy, which continued till he was well on into manhood, was that of his elder brother Burrill. The two attended school at Jamaica Plain (then a suburb of Boston) and at Providence until George was fifteen years old; following which, upon his father's removal to New York City, came three years of private tutors. Then, instead of going to college, the two boys became "boarders and boarders only" at Brook Farm, the socialistic com-

munity spoken of above.[1] Here they came in contact with the great minds of that establishment, and must have been influenced by it, though Curtis's biographer, Edward Cary, is inclined to think this influence usually overestimated.

Interest in Public Affairs. — His letters from New England to his father furnish striking evidence of his early interest in public affairs, of his firm stand for a higher citizenship, and of his foresight. He foresaw — and this was in 1845, when he was barely twenty-one — that the nation would be divided by the slavery question; though sixteen years later, Lincoln, at the age of fifty-two, believed disunion could be prevented. In one letter he expresses to his protectionist father strong disapproval of a protective tariff, but on grounds very different from those on which disapproval to-day is based. "I have no right to protect American labor at the expense of foreign. . . . I see no necessity that American manufacturers should flourish if they cannot do so without thrusting our neighbor out of the market."



George William Curtis.

The winter of 1845–1846 Curtis spent at his home in New

[1] See page 160.

York, and in the August following sailed for Europe, expecting to travel two years. He was gone four years instead, spending about a year each in Italy, Germany, France, and Egypt and Palestine. Throughout the trip he was what we should call "special correspondent" of New York papers, recording regularly his impressions of great men and movements.

Curtis the Author. — In the spring of 1851, a few months after his return from Europe, Curtis published *Nile Notes of a Howadji.* ("Howadji" is Arabic for "traveler.") This book, composed of transcripts from his Egyptian diary, marks the author's entrance into the field of literature. The following year appeared *Howadji in Syria,* which utilized, as its title implies, more of his notes of travel. The other books published by him are: *Lotus-Eating,* 1852, letters reporting a tour of New York and New England; *Potiphar Papers,* 1853, satires on New York society; *Prue and I,* 1857, a series of sketches of an obscure couple; and *Trumps,* 1861, a novel that failed utterly. The four last named had previously appeared in New York papers and magazines.

The Politician. — Curtis's literary career was short, and his political career was begun before the other was ended. From the position of "utility man" on the staff of the New York *Tribune* he passed to editorial work for the Harpers, in whose *Magazine* in 1853 he originated the department still known as "The Easy Chair." Two years later, before the students of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, Curtis made his first political address, on *The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times,* concluding with an appeal to his hearers to oppose the planting of slavery in Kansas. In the autumn of this year (1856) a new party, called the Republican, and made up of the anti-slavery elements of all the old parties, confronted the

Democrats. As was natural, Curtis joined heartily this new party, and labored throughout the campaign for its candidate, John C. Fremont. The end of this year was important in Curtis's career for his marriage to Miss Anna Shaw, daughter of Francis G. Shaw, of Staten Island. Her family were strong abolitionists; and the connection was an incentive to him to continue the fight begun under Fremont. Mrs. Curtis was a woman of high ideals, and was always an inspiration to him. From the campaign of 1856 till the surrender at Appomattox, Curtis's pen and voice were exerted in behalf of emancipation, the success of which he never doubted.

In the spring of 1857 the publishers of *Putnam's Monthly*, in which Curtis was interested on the business side as well as on the editorial, failed. Though he was not legally responsible for a cent of the firm's indebtedness, he felt morally responsible for the whole, and undertook to pay it off. This required eighteen years, and the accumulation of a fortune that he would not have thought of accumulating for himself. His income from writing he added to by entering the lyceum field, where he became immensely popular, sharing first place with Emerson and Henry Ward Beecher.

In the same year as the *Putnam's* failure Curtis began to write for *Harper's Weekly*, of which six years later he became editor-in-chief. In the conduct of the *Weekly* he had absolute freedom, which he used to advance four chief causes — abolition, woman suffrage, civil service reform, and independence in politics. In 1871 he saw the first sign of success of his civil service labors, when a commission was appointed to recommend changes in the requirements for admission to the public service. Curtis was made chairman; and the commission worked out a system which in substance became law twelve years after. To his labors more than to any other influence is civil service reform due.

From its formation in 1856 he was a prominent figure in the Republican party for thirty years. He was a delegate to the national conventions of 1860, 1864, 1876, and 1884; to the New York state constitutional convention of 1866; was presidential elector in 1868; nominated for Secretary of State in New York in 1869; and received from President Hayes in 1876 offer of any foreign mission he might choose. The two honors last named he declined.

His Political Philosophy. — Curtis, like Lowell, went to the convention of 1876 chiefly to oppose the nomination of James G. Blaine for president; and there is no doubt that, had Blaine been nominated, he would not have been supported by *Harper's Weekly* and its editor. About a year after this convention Curtis delivered his best-known address, *The Public Duty of Educated Men;* and in it he took a vigorous stand for independence in politics. As was the case with his first notable oration this was delivered to college men — the graduating class at Union College. "A practical and active interest in politics," said he, "will lead you to party association and coöperation. . . . But in this tendency, useful in the state as the fire upon the household hearth, lurks, as in that fire, the deadliest peril. . . . Our safety lies alone in cool self-possession. . . . The first object of concerted political action is the highest welfare of the country. . . . Perfect party discipline is the most dangerous weapon of party spirit, for it is the abdication of the individual judgment." This oration summarizes his political philosophy; and it was this philosophy that directed his whole life.

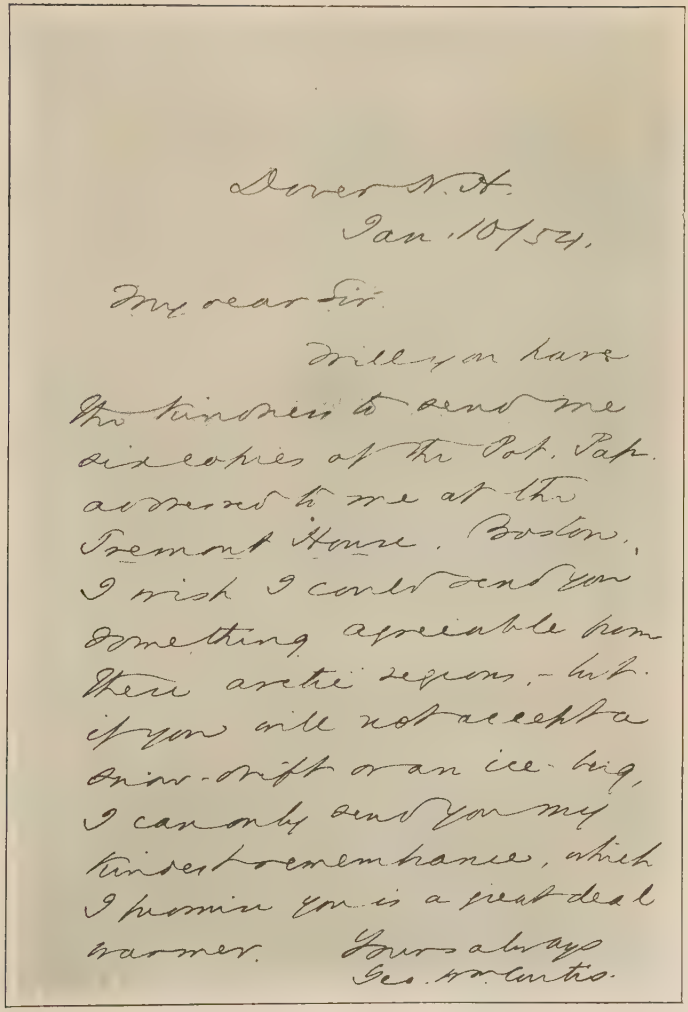
Curtis was in constant demand as orator for all sorts of special occasions, and seldom failed to respond. Of his addresses on purely literary subjects the memorials on Bryant (1878) and Lowell (1892) are the most notable. Though not a college graduate he received seven honorary degrees from five institutions — Brown, Colgate, Rochester,

Harvard, and Columbia; and two years before his death was elected Chancellor of the University of New York. His last public appearance was a second delivery of the Lowell eulogy. In a few weeks he became ill; and after three months of great pain he died August 31, 1892.

Literary Style. — "I should not find it easy," says Howells[1] of Curtis, "to speak of him as a man of letters only, for . . . he turned from the fairest career in literature to tread the thorny path of politics because he believed that duty led the way, and that good citizens were needed more than good romancers." To this it may be added that his influence as a citizen was in large measure due to power gained through his training in literature. All his orations, indeed, show the care in expression that is found in the works of great orators. His books show, too, the oratorical style, with its "splendid architecture," "wealth of ornamentation," "gorgeous colors" — phrases used by Carl Schurz in an appreciative essay on *The Friend of the Republic.* These qualities, though in cold type they do not well stand scrutiny, are just such as carry weight in orations and addresses delivered by a powerful and charming personality.

Prue and I is the author's one memorable contribution to pure literature. It records the thoughts and experiences of an old bookkeeper and his wife, who live a monotonous life in the city and are contented to live so. Prue is a rather matter-of-fact home-body, while "I" is rather imaginative; and the variations from the daily routine come from the old man's visits to his "castles in Spain," and from his trips in the "Flying Dutchman" and other mysterious conveyances. "From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets

[1] In *Literary Friends and Acquaintance.*



Dover N. H.
Jan. 10/54.

My dear Sir

Will you have
the kindness to send me
six copies of the Pot. Pap.
addressed to me at the
Fremont House, Boston.
I wish I could send you
something agreeable from
these arctic regions, - but
if you will not accept a
snow-drift or an ice-berg,
I can only send you my
kindest remembrance, which
I promise you is a great deal
warmer. Yours always
Geo. W. Curtis.

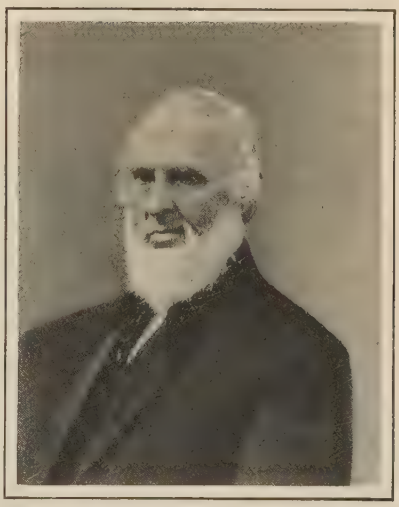
FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF CURTIS.
(New York Public Library.)

have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone glance at evening in the vaulted halls upon banquets that never were spread. The bands I have never collected play all night long, and enchant into silence the brilliant company that was never assembled. In the long summer mornings the children that I never had play in the gardens that I never planted." "If the chances of life have moored me fast to a bookkeeper's desk, they have left all the lands I longed to see fairer and fresher in my mind than they could ever be in my memory." A quite uninspired philosophy, one will say; yet is it surely better than the pessimistic and discontented philosophy which darkens and embitters the lives of so many average men. Says Prue's husband: "I keep books by day, but by night books keep me. They leave me to dreams and reveries." — such reveries as make for a beautiful inner life even in sordid surroundings. *Prue and I* is one of that small and select number of books that grow better with every re-reading, and come in time to be old friends.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–1892

When Lowell, in 1857, accepted *Skipper Ireson's Ride* for publication in the *Atlantic*, he wrote to the author: "I shall not let you rest till I have got a New England pastoral out of you." Whittier was then in his fiftieth year, an age at which a man may be supposed to have done all the *kinds* of work of which he is capable; and Whittier had then written no New England pastoral. Lowell, however, was keen enough to see that the best of Whittier the poet was not to be found in *Massachusetts to Virginia*, *The Christian Slave*, or even in *Ichabod;* but rather in *The Merrimac*, *Hampton*

Beach, and *The Huskers*. A thoughtful reading of these six poems will convince any reader that the first three belong to the "episodical" class, while the last three are closely associated with "the real object and aim" of the poet's life, and give promise of the pastoral Lowell had set his heart on. *Snow-Bound*, the answer to the *Atlantic* editor, was too long for use in the magazine; but in its pages many shorter idyls from the same source appeared for the first time.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
"The Quaker Laureate of Puritanism."
(W. C. Lawton.)

Besides the episodical poems written in behalf of abolition, and the poems of New England life, another group of Whittier's poems are notable — the religious poems. The devout Quaker gave frequent voice to the things of the spirit, and struck a responsive chord in the hearts of multitudes. Whittier is well represented in the hymn books of every Christian denomination, though he was himself ignorant of music, and agreed with his sect in its objection to music in religious services.

A Quaker Farmer. — John Greenleaf Whittier was born December 17, 1807, near Haverhill, Massachusetts, some thirty miles from Boston. Almost his entire life of eighty-five years was spent within a limited territory around his

birthplace, though he traveled a great deal "by proxy," as he wrote to Bayard Taylor. Whittier came of substantial, but not illustrious, stock on both sides. Most of his ancestors were dissenters, and many of them were Quakers, including the poet's father and mother, to whose faith he adhered through life. The home in which he grew up was that of a poor farmer, and Whittier, like the other members

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, NEAR HAVERHILL, MASS.

of the family, had a share of the work assigned to him. The life of this household, including a sketch of every one belonging to it, is immortalized in the ever popular pastoral idyl, *Snow-Bound*.

Education and Home Reading. — Unlike the other New England poets, Whittier did not receive a college education, nor did his home contain much of a library for him to "tumble about" in. The opportunities afforded by the district school were supplemented by two half-years in the

Haverhill Academy. As the poet's father was unable to pay any portion of the Academy expenses, Whittier made money for the first term by a winter of shoemaking. A brief experience of teaching provided funds to begin his second term, which a little bookkeeping for a town merchant enabled him to complete. The home library of twenty-five or thirty volumes consisted of the Bible and the lives and journals of Penn, Fox, and other famous Quakers. The only other books which seem to have come in Whittier's way are Burns, lent him by the schoolmaster; Shakespeare, bought secretly on a trip to Boston; and a Waverley novel, title unknown, as is its source. Burns was a revelation to the man who became the unrivaled interpreter of New England common life; and Whittier's first reading of the Scotch poet aroused an enthusiasm that lasted through life.

That this poor farmer's son had even the one year at Haverhill Academy was due to a force outside the family. Some verses called *The Exile's Departure*, written in 1825, were sent by his sister the next year to William Lloyd Garrison, then editor of a weekly paper in a near-by town. Not only were the verses published: the editor sought the youthful author, and urged upon the family the necessity of giving him a better education. This was the beginning of the lifelong friendship of the two reformers — one the

> "Champion of those who groan beneath
> Oppression's iron hand";

the other a man who stood

> "For reform and whatever they call human rights."

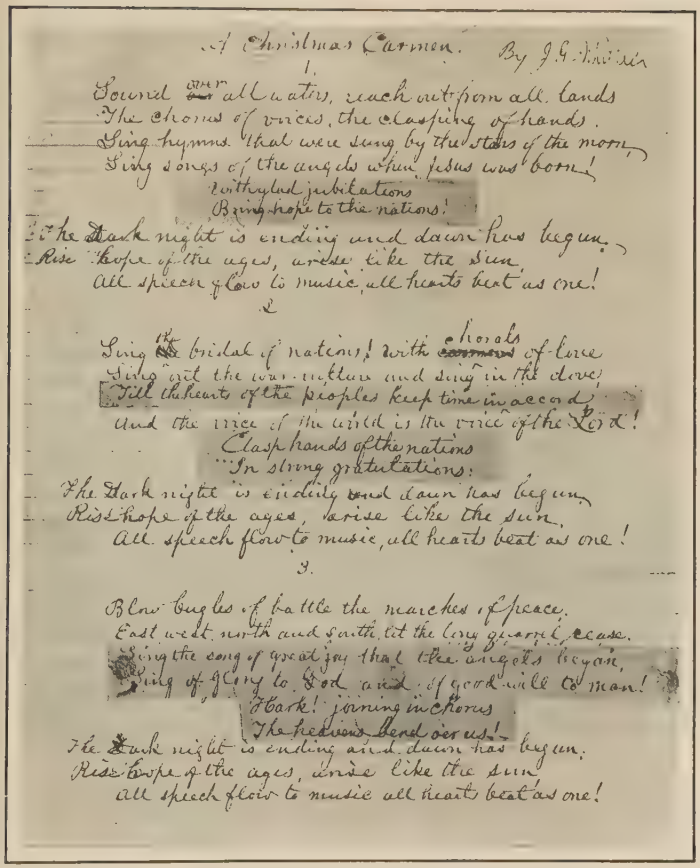
Inclination to Politics. — During the two years that Whittier attended the Academy he published about a hundred poems, which were well received — rather overpraised, in fact — by Garrison and a few others. Yet he showed no literary ambition — he inclined to a political career. This

inclination had perhaps some weight in leading him to accept the editorship of *The American Manufacturer*, a Boston weekly. In this paper he took a strong stand for temperance, the first reform he advocated; and wrote vigorously in favor of a protective tariff, a surprising fact — one would expect to find him preaching free trade on grounds similar to those set forth by George William Curtis. In less than a year his father's illness called him to Haverhill, where in addition to running the farm he edited the *Gazette*. Soon after the death of his father in the summer of 1830, Whittier accepted the editorship of *The New England Review*, the leading organ of the Connecticut protectionists, to which he had contributed while conducting the *Gazette*.

After about a year and a half in Hartford, ill health compelled Whittier to give up his position with the *Review;* and he returned to the Haverhill farm and his mother. His political writing for various journals had given him some popularity which seemed to promise political advancement. He had, moreover, become convinced that great poetry was beyond his power. Shortly after returning to Haverhill he wrote to a literary friend: "The truth is, I love poetry, with a love as warm, as fervent, as sincere, as any of the more gifted worshipers at the temple of the Muses. . . . But I feel and know that

> "'To other chords than mine belong
> The breathing of immortal song.'"

Joins the Abolitionists. — Desire for literary success gave way to desire for political success, and this in turn, and very shortly, gave way to absorption in a great cause. Garrison, who, as we have seen, admired Whittier's early poems and urged his securing a better education, set before the poet in 1833 the needs of the cause of abolition. He



A Christmas Carmen. By J. G. Whittier

1.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands.
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With shepherd jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.
Rise hope of the ages, arise like the sun
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

2

Sing the bridal of nations! with choirs of love
Sing all the war-notes and sing in the dove
Till the heart of the peoples keep time in accord
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations:
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun
Rise hope of the ages, arise like the sun
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

3.

Blow bugles of battle the marches of peace.
East west north and south let the long quarrel cease.
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of Glory to God and of good will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.
Rise hope of the ages, arise like the sun
All speech flow to music all hearts beat as one!

FACSIMILE OF WHITTIER MANUSCRIPT.

The shaded portions are due to the poet's unique mode of revising — writing his changes on odd scraps of paper, and pasting these over the portions revised. (New York Public Library.)

thought it over and a few months later indicated his decision by a pamphlet, *Justice and Expediency,* which he published at his own expense. From this time till the end of the war Whittier's heart and pen were devoted solely to the movement in behalf of the black man. It was an unpopular movement; poems supporting it brought little or no remuneration; and Whittier had neither time nor health to make the farm pay. The farm was sold in 1836, and with his mother and sister he moved to the near-by town of Amesbury, purchasing a cottage which was their home for the remainder of their lives.

Whittier served one term in the Massachusetts legislature, but was prevented by poor health from serving a second term for which he was reëlected. He continued to write antislavery articles for the Haverhill *Gazette,* and in person to urge the members of the legislature to show sympathy for the cause. In March, 1838, he became editor of *The Pennsylvania Freeman,* in Philadelphia; but two months later the building in which the paper was published was burned by a mob. Other journals called for his services, and he was never idle. Much time was also used in attendance on conventions, and in personal interviews with leaders of abolition parties and societies throughout the East.

New England's "Pastoral" Poet. — During all these busy years Whittier's income was very small. From the publication of *Snow-Bound,* however, in the summer of 1865, he was enabled to live in considerable comfort. Mr. Pickard tells us that the poet received $10,000 from the first edition of this his most famous poem. From this time also the character of his work changes. "Up to a comparatively recent period," he writes in 1867, "my writings have been simply episodical, something apart from the real object and aim of my life." Now he could devote himself to expression of his real self, undisturbed by agitation outside of that self.

As a result we have a series of well-nigh perfect pictures of humble life in New England, and a series of noble outpourings of his profoundly religious character.

Last Years. — The change in reputation and fortune did not make him unqualifiedly happy; for the mother and sister who would have taken such pride in his success had passed away — the former in 1857, the latter in 1864. For

WHITTIER'S HOME AT AMESBURY.

the next twelve years his niece Elizabeth looked after his home in Amesbury; after her marriage in 1876, Whittier, though he kept his legal residence in Amesbury, spent most of his time in long visits to various friends and relatives in New Hampshire, Maine, and eastern Massachusetts. Among notable honors that he received may be mentioned election as overseer of Harvard and as trustee of Brown, the con-

ferring of the degrees of A.M. and LL.D. by Harvard, and the dinner given by the *Atlantic Monthly* on his seventieth birthday. The dinner brought together some fifty or sixty leading American writers, who in verse and speech paid tribute to the modest Quaker poet. Though never strong, Whittier lived longer than any of his long-lived ancestors, passing away in September, 1892, just before completing his eighty-fifth year.

> "And now, what can I say of Whittier's power, —
> Why should he see great visions, and dream dreams,
> And voice them in undying melodies?
> O friends, I know he saw, — and felt, — and sang, —
> Because he ever kept one pure ideal,
> One starry gleam, before him all his days.
> He dwelt with Beauty, and he loved her well;
> With Goodness, and he followed her behest."

In these lines from John Russell Hayes's *In Memory of Whittier* lies the explanation of Whittier's lasting influence. Colonel Higginson says that "Whittier during his whole life rarely lost a friend." The character of him who loved Beauty and followed the behest of Goodness attracted all who came in contact with it in the flesh, and has a permanent charm for those who can know it only in the written record. While recognizing that the language of his anti-slavery poems "at times seems severe and harsh," he was proud to say that he was one of the first to recognize the merit of Henry Timrod, and was an intimate friend of Paul H. Hayne, "though both wrote fiery lyrics against the North." With the adoption of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, Whittier sang his *Laus Deo*, concluding,

> "With a sound of broken chains
> Tell the nations that He reigns,
> Who alone is Lord and God!"

and *To the Thirty-Ninth Congress* —

> "Then buried be the dreadful past,
> Its common slain be mourned, and let
> All memories soften to regret."

He then, in his own language, set himself "with kind words and deprecation of harsh retaliation, to welcome back the revolted states."

Besides the appeal of Whittier's character, there is an even wider appeal in his poems of New England familiar life. He was inferior to Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes in technical art, and his work sometimes suffers, as does Hawthorne's, because of the excess of the moral element. Many have felt, for example, that *In School-Days* would be greater if the last two stanzas had not been written. But the "one pure ideal, one starry gleam" which he "kept before him all his days" gives a touch to his landscapes and everyday scenes and incidents that makes for enduring fame.

HOUSE IN MARBLEHEAD IN WHICH LIVED "SKIPPER IRESON."

Celebrated in Whittier's poem.

WALT WHITMAN, 1819–1892

A Unique Writer. — Though Whitman has been dead twenty years, his place in poetry is far from fixed. Every reader must have an opinion; but whatever that opinion may be, he will find himself in good company. "I look upon Whitman," says John Burroughs, "as the one mountain thus far in our literary landscape." "Whitman," says Sidney Lanier, "is poetry's butcher. Huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry, and never mind gristle — is what Whitman feeds our souls with." He was an innovator who has had few followers and not a throng of admirers. He called himself the people's poet; but he has utterly failed to reach the people, and his eulogists are invariably found among the most highly cultured. He aspired to be America's poet, the interpreter of American democracy to the Old World; but even his intensest partisans do not claim that the interpretation is altogether accurate. A single poem of three lines, *To Foreign Lands,* setting forth the aspiration just mentioned, will give the reader an idea of the main problem in reading Whitman:

> "I heard that you ask'd for something to prove
> this puzzle the New World,
> And to define America, her athletic Democracy,
> Therefore I send you my poems that you behold
> in them what you wanted."

The first question that naturally arises when one reads this sort of writing is, *Is* it *poetry?* The main facts of his life give not a little aid in an attempt to answer this and other questions regarding his writings.

He was born May 31, 1819, on Long Island, where Whitmans had lived and farmed for nearly two centuries. Named Walter, he was called Walt to distinguish him from

his father. Besides being a farmer, Walter Whitman was a carpenter; and when his son was four years old, he moved to Brooklyn. Thanks to grandmothers who did not move, Walt spent considerable time in the country. He had only a few years in the public schools of Brooklyn, and at the age of twelve began to help support the family by working as an errand boy. He learned typesetting, and worked at the trade off and on for a good many years. At intervals he taught school — as to what subjects or how he taught them, little is known.

WALT WHITMAN.
The "Sage of Camden."

An Important Journey. — Along with his typesetting he did various kinds of journalistic work, which led in 1848 to his obtaining a place on the staff of a New Orleans paper. His connection with the paper lasted only a few months, and was in no way notable. What was, however, notable in the experience was the journey to and from the Louisiana city. Accompanied by a younger brother he made his way in leisurely style, walking much of the distance, and sailing down the Ohio and the Mississippi. The return was made mostly by boat, via Saint Louis, Chicago, the Great Lakes, and Buffalo. The 8000-mile trip, covering so great a portion of what was then the United States, could not but impress

any man with the physical, material greatness of the country, of which Whitman so constantly wrote.

First Volume. — Back in Brooklyn he joined his father in the contracting business, which promised large financial returns. He soon, however, retired from the connection, without explanation. If he had explained that he had a message for mankind, which he was to deliver in his peculiar unrhymed, unmetrical verse, the family would not have understood. One of his brothers, when the volume *Leaves of Grass* appeared in 1855, "didn't read it at all — didn't think it worth reading." The mother could make nothing of it. The book for a time found almost no readers except the critics, and they with few exceptions condemned it unhesitatingly. Whitman went off to think it over, and came back to Brooklyn determined "to go on with my poetic enterprise in my own way and finish it as well as I could." The following year he brought out an enlarged edition of *Leaves of Grass*, a title retained for subsequent issues of his poems down to 1889.

A Nurse in War Time. — When the Civil War came, George Whitman, Walt's younger brother, enlisted, but Walt did not, and it appears that he never thought seriously of doing so. "It is inconceivable," says Professor Perry, "that he could have made an effective soldier. The requisite obedience, swiftness of action, effacement of personal conviction, were not in him." Whitman doubtless realized this; but he could not foresee that a work quite as essential as fighting was to be his. Late in the second year of the war, news came to the family in Brooklyn that Captain George Whitman had been seriously wounded at Fredericksburg.

Walt immediately set out to attend his brother, found him already out of danger, and, stopping to see something of camp life, became interested in the sick and wounded.

From this time until the close of the war he gave himself to nursing in the army hospitals of Washington. That the visits of this self-sacrificing volunteer to the bedsides of the suffering were most welcome and helpful is shown by numerous testimonies. "His theory," says Carpenter, "was that personal affection played a large part in therapeutics"; and the smiling face and quiet manner of this giant nurse contributed to many recoveries. Though Whitman was appreciated by so many individual soldiers, there is no evidence of appreciation or even of recognition of his work in official circles. His nursing undermined his own health, and the last twenty years of his life he was a semi-invalid, with a meager income, which was never supplemented by a government generally regarded as almost criminally free in distributing pensions.

Patriotic Verse. — During the first year and a half of the war Whitman wrote a number of poems expressing the spirit of the North, which were published in 1865 under the title, *Drum-Taps.* While the volume was in press, Lincoln was assassinated, on hearing of which event Whitman composed two poems, published shortly after as *Sequel to Drum-Taps.* The first of these Lincoln laments — *O Captain! my Captain!* — is one of the author's few poems in rhymed stanzas, and is universally admired; while the other — *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed* — is only a little less popular.

For the next eight years (1865–1873) the poet was a government clerk in Washington, where he became a well-known figure, with intimate friends among society people, car conductors, and wagon drivers. As preparation for singing the "athletic Democracy" of America, he had from his young manhood cultivated acquaintance with all classes, especially the less cultivated and less refined, since these constitute so much the majority. Early in 1873 he was stricken with

paralysis, but recovered and after about two months returned to his desk. This Washington life, however, was soon to terminate forever. In May Whitman's mother became ill at her son George's home in Camden, New Jersey; and after her death Walt had a second and more severe paralytic stroke, from which he never wholly recovered.

THE WHITMAN VAULT IN HARLEIGH CEMETERY, CAMDEN.
"The best house he ever lived in," said a fellow-townsman.

Life in Camden, and Death. — During the last nineteen years of his life he lived in Camden, — sometimes with his brother, sometimes with friends, and from 1884 in a house of his own. He suffered a number of illnesses, in the intervals of which he traveled much, often lecturing on Lincoln, and covering most of the country from Boston to the Rocky

Mountains. His house became the Mecca for his hosts of admirers, who regarded him as a sort of oracle. He lived to hear that he was considered a great poet by many discriminating foreign critics, and to receive a fair income from the sale of his works in America. He died March 26, 1892, and was buried four days later in a costly tomb purchased by himself the previous year.

Whitman's Critics Now Less Severe. — While it is true that two widely separated views of Whitman are current, it is equally true that the view of Lanier quoted above is less frequently heard now than formerly. Dissenters have come to look more closely for the merits attributed to him. Many of the criticisms once generally heard are heard no longer, since a better understanding of the poet and his aims prevails. The complaint of his excessive egotism, the over-prevalence of the "I" and "myself," is now recognized as unfair, since it is seen that "I" is not Walt Whitman, but "a simple separate person," or humanity, of which he believed himself to be a typical specimen. The complaint of his vulgarity, not infrequently called indecency, which has led an occasional library to exclude his poems from the shelves, is now felt as honest plain speaking, by one supremely conscious

> "Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
> Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine."

His "catalogue" method of composition, by which he strings out long lists of words and phrases with apparently an entire disregard of their fitness in poetry, is seen as an attempt to express his large conceptions of life, democracy, friendship, patriotism.

His Work Avowedly Experimental. — On the other hand, many of the dissenters have come to admit that Whitman appreciated the elements of greatness in our national life and ideals, and voiced them in noteworthy form, even if,

as they say, inadequately. They see also that "the institution of the dear love of comrades," which he said he would "establish" everywhere, is an institution much needed in this selfish age, and well worthy the poet's song. As a last point appealing to the non-Whitmanites may be mentioned the frank statements frequent in Whitman that he regarded his work, not as a last word, but merely as an experiment. "The word I myself put primarily for the description of them" (*i.e. Leaves of Grass*) "as they stand at last, is the word Suggestiveness. I round and finish little, if anything; and could not, consistently with my scheme. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine." So speaks the poet in an essay written a few years before his death, *A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads*, which is an excellent preparation for reading his poetry. "The volume" (still referring to *Leaves*) "is a sortie — whether to prove triumphant, and conquer its field of aim and escape and construction, nothing less than a hundred years from now can fully answer." And again: "My volume is a candidate for the future." The experimental and suggestive character of his work is plainly and forcibly avowed in one of his poems, which we quote entire:

"Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!
Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known,
Arouse! for you must justify me.

"I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future,
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness.

"I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping, turns a casual look upon you and then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you."

More than any other figure in American literature, Whitman defies a sure estimate. He seems, says Professor Trent, a conservative critic, "too large a man and poet for adequate comprehension at present." In the case of no other writer in our literary history is it so necessary to await a day which will throw him into a just perspective.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809–1894

A Versatile Writer. — The last writer coming within our survey wished to be remembered by one poem, *The Chambered Nautilus;* and it seems truly, as Whittier said, to be "booked for immortality." It is too much to expect, however, that a single poem of thirty-five lines will confer immortality on its author. Holmes is far from holding to a place in our literature by so slight a thread. Of his many claims to remembrance the humor and philosophy of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* constitute the strongest. Lowell got to the core of Holmes's excellence in his poem, *To Holmes on his Seventy-Fifth Birthday:*

A Portrait of Holmes.
Which suggests the Doctor or the Professor, rather than the Poet or the Autocrat.

"You with the classic few belong
Who tempered wisdom with a smile."

Holmes also wrote novels, biographies, literary and scientific essays, and humorous poems; and the question has been asked of him as of Lowell whether, with his attention and interest more restricted, he would not have reached a higher place. The question is an idle one — men like Holmes and Lowell cannot be shut up in any one small field.

Not an Active Abolitionist. — One striking difference between Holmes and his fellow poets of New England should be mentioned. Though believing slavery to be "a dreadful business," he declined to affiliate with abolition societies or to use his pen in behalf of this or other reforms. Chidden in 1846 for this apparent indifference or lack of sympathy by Lowell, Holmes wrote a reply of some length, justifying himself and indirectly reproving the younger poet for his immature judgment. "I shall always be pleased rather to show what is beautiful in the life around me than to be pitching into giant vices, against which the acrid pulpit and the corrosive newspaper will always anticipate the gentle poet. Each of us has his theory of life, of art, of his own existence and relations. It is too much to ask of you to enter fully into mine, but be very well assured that it exists, — that it has its axioms, its intuitions, its connected beliefs as well as your own. Let me try to improve and please my fellow-men after my own fashion at present." The general verdict is that the Autocrat's fashion was quite as good as his critic's, as the critic himself came to realize.

Early Life and Education. — Holmes was born in Cambridge, August 29, 1809. On both sides he "came of the best New England stock," tracing his ancestry to a Holmes who settled in Connecticut in 1686, and to a Bradstreet and a Dudley who were early governors of Massachusetts Bay. It may

be mentioned that this Bradstreet was the husband of Anne, the poet discussed above. In another line on his mother's side he was descended from a Dutch Wendell, who came to Albany, New York, about 1640, and whose grandson Jacob removed to Boston early in the next century. Dr. Holmes

HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE, CAMBRIDGE.

The "house with a gambrel roof," as it is called in *Parson Turell's Legacy*.

thought well of families who had been prominent for four or five generations; but he liked also, he said, "to see worthless rich people have to yield their places to deserving poor ones."

Holmes's father was pastor in Cambridge, and had some reputation as an historian. In his father's large library young Oliver "tumbled about," an occupation which he believed to be of distinct value to any child. Up to the age of fif-

teen he had an ordinary school training in Cambridge, after which he was sent to Phillips-Andover Academy. The only events of his boyhood that his biographers have been able to unearth are a lasting friendship with one Phineas Barnes and an undeserved thrashing, both of the Andover period. His whole life, indeed, was remarkably uneventful. From Andover, Holmes proceeded to Harvard, and was graduated, after an inconspicuous career, in the famous class of '29, of which he was poet. He then took up the study of law, but after a year gave it up for medicine. This year of 1830 was made notable in Holmes's life by his writing of *Old Ironsides*, the stirring lyric of successful protest against the destruction of the famous old vessel. "This is probably the only case," says Professor Page, "in which a government policy was changed by the verses of a college student."

"Professor" Holmes. — After a short period of study in a private medical school, Holmes went abroad for two and a half years, spending most of the time in the hospitals of Paris. Returning to America, he received the degree of M.D. from Harvard in 1836, and published a volume of poems, mostly humorous. It appears that being a wit and a poet distinctly hindered his progress as a practicing physician; but in the professor's chair he was an unquestioned success. Two years after graduation he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College and nine years later he came to the same position at Harvard. For thirty-five years he occupied this chair, which he called a settee, in allusion to the number of subjects he was expected to teach. The best evidence of his power in the classroom is the fact that his lecture hour was always one o'clock, because no other teacher could hold the attention of students who had already listened to four lectures on other subjects. In 1840 he had married Miss Amelia Jackson, "an ideal wife, — a comrade most delightful, a helpmate the most useful."

For ten years after his joining the Harvard Medical Faculty Holmes's prose was on professional subjects. His poems were mostly local and "occasional"; that is, they dealt with matters of New England or merely Bostonian or Harvard interest, and were usually composed for special occasions — birthdays, class reunions, and the like. He wrote a poem for every reunion of the class of '29 from 1851 to 1889, a series which still holds first rank in its kind. Of these thirty-nine class productions probably the best known is *The Boys*, beginning:

> "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
> If there has, take him out, without making a noise."

The "Autocrat." — It was in the year 1857, when Holmes was forty-eight years old, that he "found himself." A new magazine to be started in Boston Lowell agreed to edit, if Holmes would agree to contribute. Holmes suggested the name, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and wrote in serial form for the first twelve numbers *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. From this time his reputation was as a prose writer, and he is usually spoken of as the "Autocrat." In this book is recorded the conversation of a supposedly typical Boston boarding house, in which the Autocrat himself takes a leading part. Several of the characters are sketched rather interestingly, and the little touch of romance is pleasant. But — "Please to remember," says the Autocrat in his third number, "this is talk; just as easy and just as formal as I choose to make it." It is the "talk" of the narrator that carries the book; and this talk is, naturally, rambling and varied. It deals with authors and cats, Shakespeare and Franklin and Aristophanes, intemperance, the privilege of misquoting, and almost as many more topics as the book has pages. Some of the author's best poems — for example, *The Chambered Nautilus* and *The*

One-Hoss Shay — appeared here for the first time. At the other extreme Holmes indulged to the full his fondness for punning, of which the following is a fair specimen: "The *Atlantic*, by the way, is not so called because it is a *notion*."

The *Autocrat* was followed by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* (1860), and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872), and the same free and loose style of composition was used in *Over the Teacups* (1890). These fall below the *Autocrat* only as imitations and sequels usually fall below originals, with, in *Over the Teacups*, the additional weakness of old age.

The Novelist. — In the *Autocrat* Holmes expressed his belief "that every articulately speaking human being has in him stuff for one novel." His actions indicate that he thought himself equipped above the average, for he wrote three novels — *Elsie Venner* (1861), *The Guardian Angel* (1867), and *A Mortal Antipathy* (1885). They are not great works, and add nothing to the author's fame. In addition to the shortcoming that he was not a good story-teller, Holmes wrote these works from the professional rather than the artistic point of view. They are three studies in heredity; and while they hold the reader's attention, they also justify the epithet given them by an old lady — "medicated novels."

The Biographer. — Two biographies written by Holmes are hardly more successful than the novels. That of *John Lothrop Motley* (1878) was written too soon after the subject's death, while the controversy over his recall as Minister to England was still fresh in people's minds.[1] Holmes's *Motley* must be called special pleading or even apology for a close friend. The biography of *Emerson* (1884) is according to almost universal opinion "delightful"; but the critical reader will be disappointed. Only on its religious side was

[1] See page 156.

Preface.

This tale was published in successive parts in the "Atlantic Monthly" under the name of "The Professor's Story," the first number having appeared in the third week of December 1859. The kind reception of this previous volume in England has induced the Author to comply with the request of Messrs. MacMillan and Company to place early sheets of this Story in their hands for publication.

In calling it a Romance the Author wishes to make use of being indulged in the ordinary privileges of the poetic licence. A grave scientific doctrine may be detected through all the disguises of fiction as underlying some of the more conspicuous manifestations of character the narrative unfolds. He has used it as a part of the machinery of his story without theological or absolute belief in the doctrine itself or the extent to which it is asserted or implied. It was adopted as a convenient medium of truth rather than as an accepted scientific conclusion. The reader must judge for himself what is the value of various stories which new old authors. He must decide how much

FACSIMILE OF HOLMES'S PREFACE TO *Elsie Venner*.
One of his "medicated novels."

Holmes sympathetic with Transcendentalism, and it was impossible for him to set forth — perhaps impossible for him to comprehend sufficiently — the "Sage of Concord." As an intimate picture of a neighbor and friend who was one of the most lovable of men, the *Emerson* is altogether admirable.

In 1882, at the age of seventy-three, Holmes resigned his active duties as professor to devote himself wholly to literature. Four years later he made his second visit to Europe, spending most of his time in England, where he was enthusiastically received. Three British universities conferred honorary degrees on him. The notes of this trip he published on his return with the title, *Our Hundred Days in Europe.*

Last Years. — Holmes reached his three-score-and-ten without suffering any great loss or other cause of personal grief. It would have been almost beyond possibility, however, for him to finish out fifteen years more in the same way. The first break came in 1884, when his son Edward died, followed four years later by his classmate and devoted friend, James Freeman Clarke. In the same year came the greatest sorrow of all, the death of his wife, who had for forty-five years "smoothed his way for him, removed annoyances from his path, [done] for him with her easy executive capacity a thousand things, which otherwise he would have missed or have done with difficulty for himself" (Morse).

Hardly more than a year after his wife's death, his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, who had closed a beautiful home in Boston in order to keep her father's house in Cambridge, passed away also. Holmes's letters referring to these losses, while admitting that they were heavy blows, show no repining and are full of gratitude for even the smallest consolation he finds. He was not, however, destined to spend his last years alone. Almost immediately after Mrs. Sargent's death, Holmes's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.,

whom he described as "a very helpful, hopeful, powerful, as well as brilliant woman," came to him; and she and her husband, now Justice Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court, made his home theirs until his death. This event occurred October 7, 1894. He had outlived all his noted contemporaries, and was indeed

"The last leaf upon the tree."

CARTOON OF HOLMES.

Which appeared in *Vanity Fair*, a London periodical, and highly amused and pleased him.

An Attractive Personality. — Of Holmes Thackeray said, when the *Autocrat* was fresh: "No man in England can write with his charming mixture of wit, pathos, and imagination." Mr. Morse tells us that out of over three thousand newspaper clippings collected after Holmes's death not more than fifty failed to call him either "genial" or "kindly." Those who know his writings know him — it has often been remarked that a lengthy

autobiography could add little or nothing to our understanding of this delightful personality. He is a Bostonian of Bostonians; witness his *Autocrat:* "Boston State House is the hub of the Solar System. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." This is said in jest by a more or less fictitious personage; but it is an important clause in the author's own creed. Equally strong is his affection for and pride in his Alma Mater; witness the long list of class reunion poems already referred to, and the verses for various university occasions.

Above all the attractive elements in his make-up is his gift of humor, with that of its complement, pathos. The combination of these two gifts is shown excellently, if not better than anywhere else, in one of his earliest lyrics, *The Last Leaf*, giving a picture of an out-of-date *old* man who is reported to have been a fine *young* man. Of purely humorous poems there is a long and glorious list, from *The Height of the Ridiculous*, written when the poet was twenty-one, to *The Broomstick Train*, sixty years later. In the former he tells how a humorous composition of his sent his man servant into fits, since when, he says,

> "I never dare to write
> As funny as I can."

In the latter he asserts that the trolley cars, then a very recent invention, are run by the witches who did so much mischief in early times. In this, in *The One-Hoss Shay*, and in *Parson Turell's Legacy*, he appears to have forgotten the implied promise of the lines just quoted from the early poem. To say that these humorous poems are "booked for immortality" as is the *Nautilus*, would be rash; but they have a vigor and charm which will give them a tenacious hold on life, certainly as long as the personality and career of their author form so interesting a study.

CONCLUSION

We have said that the year 1892 closed an epoch in both England and America. We have also assumed that literature in English produced since 1892 is inferior to that produced in the period then finished. Such is not, however, the explanation of the choice of date to end our survey. This we can best give in the language of Matthew Arnold: "No man can trust himself to speak of his own time and his own contemporaries with the same sureness of judgment and the same proportion as of times and men gone by"; and in a book like this "we should avoid, as far as we can, all hindrances to sureness of judgment and proportion."

Professor Trent is inclined to put this limitation on criticism of most of the writers covered by our fourth chapter. "It is impossible," says he, "to treat otherwise than tentatively, and to a certain extent in impressionistic fashion authors who have seemed almost a part of our own generation." That this feeling is widespread among critics is shown by the frequency of the word "seems" in the estimates of men as far removed from us as Longfellow and Emerson, or even Poe and Hawthorne. In this book we have attempted a minimum of critical judgment; and in cases where large differences of opinion are still found, have attempted a fair presentation of both sides.

Books of this character sometimes adopt another method of restricting the authors treated, drawing the line between the living and the dead. This method makes anything like judicial criticism even more difficult than does the choice of a year somewhat removed. If no living writers were treated in a history of English literature written in this year (1914), we should have to exclude Thomas Hardy and Kipling while including George Meredith and Swinburne. Yet the four were almost equally prominent in the literary

world twenty years ago. In American literature we should feel it necessary to discuss Eugene Field, Marion Crawford, Mark Twain, while we should be prohibited from discussing James Whitcomb Riley or William Dean Howells. Yet the two groups represent almost equally the spirit and tendencies of the past quarter of a century.

The failure to treat living or recent writers, and the expression of a belief that American literature since 1892 is inferior to what preceded, do not signify that we consider current literature without merit or the future as dark. Outside of the newspapers, the majority of people to-day may be said to limit their reading to the popular magazines. Of the contents of these publications the most notable portions are the short-stories, which in many cases reach a high degree of excellence. Going a step farther, we may say that the most successful of these short-stories usually set forth and interpret some characteristic bits of American life — a New England village, or a Western mining camp, or a fashionable section in a large city, or a remote and backward mountain community. A healthy humor is generally found in these stories. In the higher class of magazines critical articles of great merit constantly appear, showing thorough study and careful presentation of topics of great interest and of vital importance, in literature, history, economics, social science, biology — in fact, in every subject which an aggressive and progressive people find of probable use in their development. In the fields covered by our numerous and varied magazines, it seems likely that a vigorous native literature may arise, which will be able to hold its own even beside the great output of the half century centering about 1850.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF AUTHORS NOT TREATED IN THE BODY OF THE HISTORY

Chapters I–II (1608–1809)

Brackenridge, Hugh Henry (1748–1816). Born in Scotland. Came to Pennsylvania in youth. Lawyer, and for the last fifteen years of his life Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Chief work, *Modern Chivalry*, a burlesque novel. Died in Pennsylvania.

Byrd, William (1674–1744). A native Virginian of wealth and position. Educated in England and on the Continent. Member of the commission that fixed the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina. Of his works, which he left in manuscript, the best is the *History of the Dividing Line*, an account of the commission's work. Died in Virginia.

Cotton, John (1585-1652). Born in England. New England preacher, and author of fifty books. Very influential in his own day, but now chiefly remembered because of a controversy with Roger Williams, and because he was Cotton Mather's grandfather. Died in Boston.

Sewall, Samuel (1652–1730). Born in England. Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and sat in the witchcraft trials. His *Diary* is a valuable record of the life of the colony from 1673 to 1729. His *Selling of Joseph* is mentioned above (page 131). Being convinced of the error of his decisions in the witchcraft trials, he performed penance in public for many years. Died in Boston.

Williams, Roger (about 1600–1683). Born in London. Apostle of religious toleration, and founder of Rhode Island. Died in Rhode Island.

Chapter III (1809–1865)

Kennedy, John Pendleton (1795–1870). Born in Baltimore. Served in War of 1812. Member of Congress. Secretary of the Navy. Wrote novels, of which the best are *Swallow Barn*, a tale of colonial Virginia; and *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, a tale of Revolutionary days. Died in Newport, Rhode Island.

Paulding, James Kirke (1779–1860). Born in New York. Kinsman of Irving, and associated with him in early literary work. Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren. Wrote novels that enjoyed a certain amount of popularity in their day, but can hardly be said to have "survived." Died in New York.

Prescott, William Hickling (1796–1859). Born in Salem, Massachusetts. His sight was almost destroyed by an accident while in college; but he found means to get hold of the information he needed for historical writing, and produced a great series of histories — *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Conquest of Peru*, *The Reign of Philip II.* Died in Salem.

Read, Thomas Buchanan (1822–1872). Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Led a wandering life — in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston, New York, Europe. Engaged in various occupations — tailor, cigar-maker, sculptor, sign and portrait painter, verse-maker. Remembered chiefly for a few lyrics, best-known of which is *Sheridan's Ride.* Died in New York City.

Simms, William Gilmore (1806–1870). Born in Charleston, South Carolina. Generally called the most important man of letters in the South before the War. Wrote poems, novels, and journalistic work of various kinds, amounting in all to nearly one hundred volumes. His novels are better than his verse; and of them the best deal with Colonial and Revolutionary times in the South — *The Yemassee* and *The Partisan.* Died in Charleston.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher (1811–1896). Born in Litchfield, Connecticut. Sister of the distinguished pulpit orator, Henry Ward Beecher. Made famous by a single story — *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which aims to set forth the abuses of slavery. Later works, like *The Minister's Wooing* and *Oldtown Folks*, tales of New England life, entitled Mrs. Stowe to a higher place in literature than does the better known book. After the War she lived in Florida, and devoted herself to the cause of the Southern people, well knowing the unfitness of either the negro or the "carpet-bagger" to restore order out of the chaos left by the great conflict. Died in Hartford, Connecticut.

Taylor, Bayard (1825–1878). Born at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania. First became known as a writer by his

Views Afoot, an account of two years' travel in Europe. Wrote poems, well received, but little regarded to-day; and novels, which also have lost much of their early fame. His translation of Goethe's *Faust*, however, still holds a high place, and seems likely to constitute his chief claim to distinction. Of his poems the *Bedouin Love Song* is best known, partly, perhaps, for its musical setting by Pinsuti. *The Story of Kennett* is his best novel. Died in Germany, soon after reaching that country as United States Minister.

Willis, Nathaniel Parker (1806–1867). Born in Portland, Maine. An influential figure in his day, his career belongs rather to the history of New York City journalism, though he produced some successful specimens of what is now called "society verse." Died in New York.

Chapter IV (1865–1892) **and After**

Alcott, Louisa May (1832–1888). Born in Philadelphia. Very successful writer of children's stories — *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *Jo's Boys*, *Eight Cousins*, *Rose in Bloom*, *Jack and Jill*. Died in Boston.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey (1836–1907). Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Lived for some time in the South in boyhood, then a few years in New York City. From about 1860 Aldrich belonged to the Boston literary group. Editor *Atlantic Monthly*, 1881–1890. Wrote some poems, but is best known for his stories, of which the most famous are *Marjorie Daw* and *The Story of a Bad Boy*. Died in Boston.

Allen, James Lane (1849). Born near Lexington, Kentucky. Novelist. Stories: *A Kentucky Cardinal*, *Aftermath* (sequel to the preceding), *The Choir Invisible*, *The Reign of Law*. Living in New York City.

Burroughs, John (1837). Born in New York. Naturalist and literary essayist. Has published many collections of essays, such as *Fresh Fields*, *Indoor Studies*. Since 1874 he "has lived on a farm [West Park, near Poughkeepsie, New York], devoting his time to literature and fruit culture." His cottage bears the picturesque name "Slabsides."

Cable, George Washington (1844). Born in New Orleans. Served in the Confederate army. After the War entered journalism. Wrote stories of the Creoles of Louisiana, first collected in 1879 in

Old Creole Days. Since this volume Cable has written a number of novels, of which the most successful are *The Grandissimes*, and *John March, Southerner*. Living in Northampton, Massachusetts.

Churchill, Winston (1871). Born in Saint Louis. Novelist. Best known novels: *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, *The Crossing*, *The Inside of the Cup*. Living at Cornish, New Hampshire.

Clemens, Samuel Langhorne (1835–1910), better known as "Mark Twain." Born in Missouri. Printer, and steamboat pilot on the Mississippi. Moving west, became journalist in Nevada and California. At age of thirty-two went East, and began his career as humorist. *Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, and *Following the Equator* are unevenly humorous books of travel. Wrote a number of excellent short stories, such as *The Million Pound Bank Note*, *A Double-Barreled Detective Story*, and the *Jumping Frog*. *The Prince and the Pauper* is a delightful child's story. Twain's generally admitted masterpieces, however, are two stories of the life he had seen in the Mississippi valley, *Tom Sawyer*, and *Huckleberry Finn*. Died in Connecticut.

Crawford, Francis Marion (1854–1909). Born in Italy. Partly educated in America, but spent comparatively little time in this country, and made his permanent home in Italy after 1883. Most of his stories are Italian in setting and characters, the best being a trilogy dealing with three generations of a family, *Saracinesca*, *Sant' Ilario*, and *Don Orsino*. Held very decided views as to the function of fiction, set forth in essay, *The Novel: What It Is*. Died in Italy.

Field, Eugene (1850–1895). Born in Saint Louis. Life spent in journalism in the Middle West. Best known for his poems of childhood, like *Little Boy Blue*, *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*, *Seein' Things*, and *Jest 'fore Christmas*. Died in Chicago.

Ford, Paul Leicester (1865–1902). Born in Brooklyn, New York. Historian and novelist. Best novel *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, based to some extent on the life of President Cleveland. In the field of history, where he seems likely to be rated higher than in the field of pure literature, some of his important works are: *The Many-Sided Franklin*, *The True George Washington*, *The Works of Thomas Jefferson* (editor), *Essays on the Constitution* (editor). Died in New York.

Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins (1862). Born in Massachusetts. Has written many sketches of New England village life, with good character studies: *A New England Nun*, *The Heart's Highway*, *Understudies*, and others. Living in Metuchen, New Jersey.

Hale, Edward Everett (1822–1909). Born in Boston. Preacher and man of letters. Chaplain, United States Senate, from 1903 until death. Best-known story, *The Man without a Country*. Died in Boston.

Harris, Joel Chandler (1848–1908). Born in Eatonton, Georgia. Editor, the Atlanta *Constitution;* and creator of "Uncle Remus," the type of the old Georgia darkey "befo' de war." Died in Atlanta.

Harte, Francis Bret (1839–1902). Born in Albany, New York. Like Field, Twain, Harris, a journalist. Spent about twenty years from 1854 in California, the life of whose mining towns he depicted in verse and in prose tale. Only one poem of Harte's is widely known to-day — *Plain Language from Truthful James* (also called *The Heathen Chinee*). Many tales still widely read and ranked high by critics, among them *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Tennessee's Partner*, *How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar*. Died in England.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert (1819–1881). Born in Massachusetts. Editor, first of Springfield *Republican,* and later, of *The Century Magazine*. Wrote satirical essays under the name of "Timothy Titcomb"; poems; and novels, which were very popular in their day, but are now recognized as very commonplace. Poems — *Katrina*, *Bitter Sweet;* novels — *Seven Oaks*, *Arthur Bonnicastle*. Died in New York City.

Howells, William Dean (1837). Born in Ohio, but his literary activity is connected chiefly with New York City, where he has been associated with various magazines. Although he has produced many kinds of literary work, he is notably at his best in realistic fiction. Commonly called the "Dean of American Writers." A fair knowledge of Howells can be got from *Their Wedding Journey*, *A Modern Instance*, and *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. Living in New York City.

James, Henry (1849). Born in New York. Except for the accident of birth, James has small title to inclusion among American

writers. He was educated in Europe, and has lived in England since the age of twenty. Attitude towards things American is for the most part either patronizing or mildly contemptuous. Most important works are novels, of which *The Portrait of a Lady* and *The Princess Casamassima* are representative.

Jewett, Sarah Orne (1849–1909). Born in South Berwick, Maine. Wrote many tales of New England life, including *Deephaven*, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, and *A Native of Winby, and Other Tales*. Died in the house in which she was born, a colonial mansion a hundred and fifty years old.

Mifflin, Lloyd (1846). Born and still lives in Columbia, Pennsylvania. Has devoted his literary efforts chiefly to sonnet-writing.

Miller, Joaquin (1841–1913). Born in Indiana. "The Poet of the Sierras." Treats in verse better than Harte's the same sort of subjects Harte treated. Also farmer, miner, lawyer, judge, editor. Died in Oakland, California.

Mitchell, Silas Weir (1839–1914). Born in Philadelphia. Physician and novelist. After becoming widely known as a specialist in nervous diseases, and acquiring financial independence, turned to the occupation he had always longed for — literature. Attained great success in his chosen line. Best novel, perhaps, is *Hugh Wynne*, a story of the Revolution. Died in Philadelphia.

Murfree, Mary Noailles (1850); pen-name, "Charles Egbert Craddock." Born in Murfreesboro, near Nashville, Tennessee. Has succeeded in portraying in vivid fashion the life and characters of the Tennessee mountains. Some titles: *In the "Stranger-People's" Country, The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain, and Other Stories*, *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*. Still living in Murfreesboro.

Page, Thomas Nelson (1853). Born Hanover County, Virginia. Lawyer. Began literary career with stories of ante-bellum days in Virginia, collected under the title, *In Ole Virginia*. A longer story, for children, *Two Little Confederates*. Has also written novels, of which the most noteworthy is *Red Rock*, dealing with the Reconstruction period. Author of some works not fiction — *The Negro: The Southerner's Problem; Robert E. Lee, The Southerner;* and *Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier*. Appointed Ambassador to Italy, 1913. Residence in Washington, D.C., for many years past.

Parkman, Francis (1823–1893). Born in Boston. After graduation from Harvard, made a tour of exploration through the far West, the result of which was *The Oregon Trail*. A different sort of result was seriously impaired health, which proved as great a handicap as Prescott's accident proved to him. Like Prescott, however, Parkman triumphed over his weakness, and produced a notable series of historical works usually referred to by the general title, *France and England in North America*. Beginning with *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851), Parkman was occupied with the theme for forty years, concluding with *A Half-Century of Conflict* the year before his death. Died at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Riley, James Whitcomb (1853). Born in Indiana. Widely known and loved as the "Hoosier" poet. Poems mostly in dialect, and with a strong appeal to young readers. First collected volume, *The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and 'Leven More Poems*. Other favorite works are: *Poems Here at Home*, *The Lockerbie Book*, *Raggedy Man*, *When the Frost is on the Punkin, and Other Poems*, *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*. A biographical edition of his complete works was published in 1913. Living in Indianapolis.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence (1833–1908). Born in Connecticut. Poet and critic. Of most value for his longer critical works — *Poets of America*, and *Victorian Poets*; and for the anthologies covering these fields. Died in New York City.

Van Dyke, Henry (1852). Born in Germantown, Philadelphia. Pastor in New York City; Professor in Princeton University; Minister to The Netherlands, 1913. Poems, essays, and one story that has attained world-wide fame — *The Story of the Other Wise Man*. Essays collected under the titles *Fisherman's Luck*, *Little Rivers*, *The Ruling Passion*, *The Blue Flower*. Home, Princeton, New Jersey.

SELECTED LIST OF BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL WORKS

Works specifically referred to in the history are followed in each case by the page on which the reference occurs, and are listed under the names of the biographers and critics. Other standard works not so referred to, but to which the present writer — in common with all who enter the field — is largely indebted, are listed under the names of the authors with whom they deal. The list pretends to be only a selection. Abbreviations: A. M. L., *American Men of Letters*, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston; E. M. L., *English Men of Letters*, The Macmillan Co., New York; Beacon, *Beacon Biographies*, Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; G. W. S., *Great Writers Series*, Walter Scott, London.

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READINGS

IN

AMERICAN LITERATURE

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY

ROY BENNETT PACE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

ALLYN AND BACON

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PREFACE

This volume is designed to accompany the editor's *American Literature*, and the selections were made to represent the authors there treated. While it is intended that the history and the *Readings* be used together, the latter have been compiled in accordance with suggestions from many sources; and the editor believes that they will prove useful with any history of American literature.

No effort has been made to include college entrance requirements, most of which are available in cheap and attractive editions. On the other hand, more space than is usual in a book of this kind is given to literature produced before 1800. This has been done because the material is quaint and interesting, and is less accessible to high school students than nineteenth century writings. The editor feels confident that results will repay a generous expenditure of time on the early writers.

In preparing the *Readings*, the best texts accessible have been used; but it has not seemed necessary in a high school book to indicate the editions, unless required by the copyright provisions of the authorized publishers.

ROY BENNETT PACE.

Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania,
January 1, 1915.

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READINGS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

JOHN SMITH

Adventure with Opechancanough

(*From* **A True Relation**)

Having 2 Indians for my guide and 2 of our own company, I set forward, leaving 7 in the barge: Having discovered 20 miles further in this desart, the river stil kept his depth and bredth, but much more combred with trees: Here we went ashore (being some 12 miles higher then the barge had bene) to refresh our selves, during the boyling of our vituals: One of the Indians I tooke with me, to see the nature of the soile, and to crosse the boughts of the river: the other Indian I left with Maister Robbinson and Thomas Emry, with their matches light, and order to discharge a peece, for my retreat, at the first sight of any Indian. But within a quarter of an houre I heard a loud cry, and a hollowing of Indians, but no warning peece. Supposing them surprised, and that the Indians had betraid us, presently I seazed him and bound his arme fast to my hand in a garter, with my pistoll ready bent to be revenged on him: he advised me to fly, and seemed ignorant of what was done. But as we went discoursing, I was struck with an arrow on the right thigh, but without harme: upon this occasion I espied 2 Indians drawing their bowes, which I prevented in discharging a french pistoll: By that I had charged againe, 3 or 4 more did the like: for the first fell downe and fled: At my discharge, they did the like. My

hinde I made my barricado, who offered not to strive. 20. or 30. arrowes were shot at me but short. 3 or 4 times I had discharged my pistoll ere the king of Pamaunck called Opeckankenough with 200 men, invironed me, eache drawing their bowe: which done they laid them upon the ground, yet without shot: My hinde treated betwixt them and me of conditions of peace; he discovered me to be the Captaine: my request was to retire to the boate: they demanded my armes, the rest they saide were slaine, onely me they would reserve: The Indian importuned me not to shoot. In retiring being in the midst of a low quagmire, and minding them more then my steps, I stept fast into the quagmire, and also the Indian in drawing me forth:

Thus surprised, I resolved to trie their mercies: my armes I caste from me, till which none durst approch me. Being ceazed on me, they drew me out and led me to the King. I presented him with a compasse diall, describing by my best meanes the use therof: whereat he so amazedly admired, as he suffered me to proceed in a discourse of the roundnes of the earth, the course of the sunne, moone, starres and plannets. With kinde speeches and bread he requited me, conducting me where the Canow lay and John Robbinson slaine, with 20 or 30. arrowes in him. Emry I saw not.

I perceived by the aboundance of fires all over the woods. At each place I expected when they would execute me, yet they used me with what kindnes they could: Approaching their Towne, which was within 6 miles where I was taken, onely made as arbors and covered with mats, which they remove as occasion requires: all the women and children, being advertised of this accident, came foorth to meet them, the King well guarded with 20 bowmen 5 flanck and rear, and each flanck before him a sword and a peece, and after him the like, then a bowman, then I on each hand a bowe-

man, the rest in file in the reare, which reare led foorth amongst the trees in a bishion, eache his bowe and a handfull of arrowes, a quiver at his back grimly painted: on eache flanck a sargeant, the one running alwaies towards the front, the other towards the reare, each a true pace and in exceeding good order. This being a good time continued, they caste themselves in a ring with a daunce, and so eache man departed to his lodging. The Captain conducting me to his lodging, a quarter of Venison and some ten pound of bread I had for supper: what I left was reserved for me, and sent with me to my lodging: Each morning 3. women presented me three great platters of fine bread, more venison then ten men could devour I had: my gowne, points and garters, my compas and my tablet they gave me again. Though 8 ordinarily guarded me, I wanted not what they could devise to content me: and still our longer acquaintance increased our better affection:

Much they threatned to assault our forte, as they were solicited by the King of Paspahegh: who shewed at our fort great signes of sorrow for this mischance. The King tooke great delight in understanding the manner of our ships, and sayling the seas, the earth and skies, and of our God: what he knew of the dominions he spared not to acquaint me with, as of certaine men cloathed at a place called Ocanahonan, cloathed like me: the course of our river, and that within 4 or 5 daies journey of the falles, was a great turning of salt water: I desired he would send a messenger to Paspahegh, with a letter I would write, by which they shold understand how kindly they used me, and that I was well, least they should revenge my death. This he granted and sent three men, in such weather as in reason were unpossible by any naked to be indured. Their cruell mindes towards the fort I had deverted, in describing the ordinance and the mines in the fields, as also the revenge

Captain Newport would take of them at his returne. Their intent, I incerted the fort, the people of Ocanahonum and the back sea: this report they after found divers Indians that confirmed:

The next day after my letter, came a salvage to my lodging, with his sword, to have slaine me: but being by my guard intercepted, with a bowe and arrow he offred to have effected his purpose: the cause I knew not, till the King understanding thereof came and told me of a man a dying, wounded with my pistoll: he tould me also of another I had slayne, yet the most concealed they had any hurte: This was the father of him I had slayne, whose fury to prevent, the King presently conducted me to another Kingdome, upon the top of the next northerly river, called Youghtanan. Having feasted me, he further led me to another branch of the river, called Mattapament; to two other hunting townes they led me: and to each of these Countries, a house of the great Emperour of Pewhakan, whom as yet I supposed to bee at the Fals; to him I tolde him I must goe, and so returne to Paspahegh. After this foure or five dayes marsh, we returned to Rasawrack, the first towne they brought me too: where binding the Mats in bundels, they marched two dayes journey, and crossed the River of Youghtanan, where it was as broad as Thames: so conducting me to a place called Menapacute in Pamaunke, where the King inhabited.

WILLIAM STRACHEY

Account of a Tempest

(*From* A True Reportory)

When on S. James his day, July 24. being Monday (preparing for no lesse all the blacke night before) the cloudes gathering thicke upon us, and the windes singing, and

whistling most unusually, which made us to cast off our Pinnace, towing the same untill then asterne, a dreadfull storme and hideous began to blow from out the North-east, which swelling, and roaring as it were by fits, some houres with more violence then others, at length did beate all light from heaven; which like an hell of darknesse turned blacke upon us, so much the more fuller of horror, as in such cases horror and feare use to overrunne the troubled, and overmastered sences of all, which (taken up with amazement) the eares lay so sensible to the terrible cries, and murmurs of the windes, and distraction of our Company, as who was most armed, and best prepared, was not a little shaken.

* * * * * *

For foure and twenty houres the storme in a restlesse tumult, had blowne so exceedingly, as we could not apprehend in our imaginations any possibility of greater violence, yet did wee still finde it, not onely more terrible, but more constant, fury added to fury, and one storme urging a second more outragious then the former; whether it so wrought upon our feares, or indeede met with new forces: Sometimes strikes in our Ship amongst women, and passengers, not used to such hurly and discomforts, made us looke one upon the other with troubled hearts, and panting bosomes: our clamours dround in the windes, and the windes in thunder. * * * Our sailes wound up lay without their use, and if at any time wee bore but a Hollocke, or halfe forecourse, to guide her before the Sea, six and sometimes eight men were not inough to hold the whipstaffe in the steerage, and the tiller below in the Gunner roome, by which may be imagined the strength of the storme: In which, the Sea swelled above the Clouds, and gave battell unto Heaven. It could not be said to raine, the waters like whole Rivers did flood in the ayre. And this I did still observe, that wheras upon the Land, when a storme hath powred it selfe forth

once in drifts of raine, the winde as beaten downe, and vanquished therewith, not long after indureth: here the glut of water (as if throatling the winde ere while) was no sooner a little emptied and qualified, but instantly the windes (as having gotten their mouthes now free, and at liberty) spake more loud, and grew more tumultuous, and malignant.

* * * * * *

Howbeit this was not all; It pleased God to bring a greater affliction yet upon us; for in the beginning of the storme we had received likewise a mighty leake. And the Ship in every joynt almost, having spued out her Oakam, before we were aware (a casualty more desperate then any other that a Voyage by Sea draweth with it) was growne five foote suddenly deepe with water above her ballast, and we almost drowned within, whilst we sat looking when to perish from above. This imparting no lesse terrour then danger, ranne through the whole Ship with much fright and amazement, startled and turned the bloud, and tooke downe the braves of the most hardy Marriner of them all, insomuch as he that before happily felt not the sorrow of others, now began to sorrow for himselfe, when he saw such a pond of water so suddenly broken in, and which he knew could not (without present avoiding) but instantly sinke him. So as joyning (onely for his owne sake, not yet worth the saving) in the publique safety; there might be seene Master, Masters Mate, Boateswaine, Quarter Master, Coopers, Carpenters, and who not, with candels in their hands, creeping along the ribs viewing the sides, searching every corner, and listening in every place, if they could heare the water runne. Many a weeping leake was this way found, and hastily stopt, and at length one in the Gunner roome made up with I know not how many peeces of Beefe: but all was to no purpose, the Leake (if it were but one) which drunke in our greatest Seas, and tooke in our destruction fastest, could not then be found,

nor ever was, by any labour, counsell, or search. The waters still increasing, and the Pumpes going, which at length choaked with bringing up whole and continuall Bisket (and indeede all we had, tenne thousand weight) it was conceived, as most likely, that the Leake might be sprung in the Bread-roome, whereupon the Carpenter went downe, and ript up all the roome, but could not finde it so.

* * * * * *

Our Governour, upon the tuesday morning (at what time, by such who had bin below in the hold, the Leake was first discovered) had caused the whole Company, about one hundred and forty, besides women, to be equally divided into three parts, and opening the Ship in three places (under the fore-castle, in the waste, and hard by the Bitacke) appointed each man where to attend; and thereunto every man came duely upon his watch, tooke the Bucket, or Pumpe for one houre, and rested another. Then men might be seene to labour, I may well say, for life, and the better sort, even our Governour, and Admirall themselves, not refusing their turne, and to spell each the other, to give example to other. The common sort stripped naked, as men in Gallies, the easier both to hold out, and to shrinke from under the salt water, which continually leapt in among them, kept their eyes waking, and their thoughts and hands working, with tyred bodies, and wasted spirits, three dayes and foure nights destitute of outward comfort, and desperate of any deliverance, testifying how mutually willing they were, yet by labour to keepe each other from drowning, albeit each one drowned whilest he laboured.

Once, so huge a Sea brake upon the poope and quarter upon us, as it covered our Shippe from stearne to stemme, like a garment or a vast cloude, it filled her brimme full for a while within, from the hatches up to the sparre decke. This source or confluence of water was so violent, as it rusht

and carried the Helm-man from the Helme, and wrested the Whip-staffe out of his hand, which so flew from side to side, that when he would have ceased the same againe, it so tossed him from Star-boord to Lar-boord, as it was Gods mercy it had not split him: It so beat him from his hold, and so bruised him, as a fresh man hazarding in by chance fell faire with it, and by maine strength bearing somewhat up, made good his place, and with much clamour incouraged and called upon others; who gave her now up, rent in pieces and absolutely lost. Our Governour was at this time below at the Capstone, both by his speech and authoritie heartening every man unto his labour. It strooke him from the place where hee sate, and groveled him, and all us about him on our faces, beating together with our breaths all thoughts from our bosomes, else, then that wee were now sinking. * * * It so stun'd the ship in her full pace, that shee stirred no more, then if shee had beene caught in a net, or then, as if the fabulous Remora had stucke to her fore-castle. Yet without bearing one inch of saile, even then shee was making her way nine or ten leagues in a watch. One thing, it is not without his wonder (whether it were the feare of death in so great a storme, or that it pleased God to be gracious unto us) there was not a passenger, gentleman, or other, after hee beganne to stirre and labour, but was able to relieve his fellow, and make good his course: And it is most true, such as in all their life times had never done houres worke before (their mindes now helping their bodies) were able twice fortie eight houres together to toile with the best.

BAY PSALM BOOK

23 A Psalme of David

The Lord to mee a shepheard is,
want therefore shall not I.
2 Hee in the folds of tender-grasse,
doth cause mee downe to lie:
To waters calme me gently leads
3 Restore my soule doth hee:
he doth in paths of righteousnes
for his names sake leade mee.
4 Yea though in valley of deaths shade
I walk, none ill I'le feare:
because thou art with mee, thy rod,
and staffe my comfort are.
5 For mee a table thou hast spread,
in presence of my foes:
thou dost annoynt my head with oyle,
my cup it over-flowes.
6 Goodnes & mercy surely shall
all my dayes follow mee:
and in the Lords house I shall dwell
so long as dayes shall bee.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH

The Judgment of Infants

(*From* **The Day of Doom**)

CLXVI

Then to the Bar all they drew near
Who died in infancy,
And never had or good or bad
effected pers'nally;
But from the womb unto the tomb
were straightway carriéd,
(Or at the least ere they transgress'd)
Who thus began to plead:

CLXVII

"If for our own transgressi-on,
or disobedience,
We here did stand at thy left hand,
just were the Recompense;
But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt,
his fault is charg'd upon us;
And that alone hath overthrown
and utterly undone us.

CLXVIII

"Not we, but he ate of the Tree,
Whose fruit was interdicted;
Yet on us all of his sad Fall
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been,
or how is his sin our,
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had the pow'r?

CLXIX

"O great Creator why was our Nature
depravéd and forlorn?
Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd,
whilst we were yet unborn?
If it be just, and needs we must
transgressors reckon'd be,
Thy Mercy, Lord, to us afford,
which sinners hath set free.

CLXX

"Behold we see Adam set free,
and sav'd from his trespass,
Whose sinful Fall hath split us all,
and brought us to this pass.

Canst thou deny us once to try,
or Grace to us to tender,
When he finds grace before thy face,
who was the chief offender?"

CLXXI

Then answeréd the Judge most dread:
"God doth such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old Adam's Fall,
and only his Trespass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was.

CLXXII

"He was design'd of all Mankind
to be a public Head;
A common Root, whence all should shoot,
and stood in all their stead.
He stood and fell, did ill or well,
not for himself alone,
But for you all, who now his Fall
and trespass would disown.

* * * * *

CLXXX

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners, may expect;
Such you shall have, for I do save
none but mine own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime.

CLXXXI

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."
The glorious King thus answering,
they cease, and plead no longer;
Their Consciences must needs confess
his Reasons are the stronger.

ANNE BRADSTREET

The Glories of Nature

(*From* Contemplations)

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When *Phœbus* wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Where gilded o're by his rich golden head.
Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
Rapt were my sences at this delectable view.

2

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
If so much excellence abide below;
How excellent is he that dwells on high?
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdome, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly dight:
More Heaven then Earth was here no winter & no night.

3

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,
Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire,

Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,
If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

4

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree,
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universes Eye,
No wonder, some made thee a Deity:
Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

5

Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushes,
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles & blushes,
The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, insects, Animals with Vegative,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

6

Thy swift Annual, and diurnal Course,
Thy daily streight, and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledg hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
Quaternal Season caused by thy might:
Hail Creature, full of sweetness, beauty & delight.

7

Art thou so full of glory, that no Eye
Hath strength, thy shining Rayes once to behold?
And is thy splendid Throne erect so high?
As to approach it, can no earthly mould.

How full of glory then must thy Creator be?
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee:
Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

8

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
In pathless paths I lead my wandring feet,
My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd
To sing some Song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had, thus decked liberally:
But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

9

I heard the merry grashopper then sing,
The black clad Cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little Art.
Shall Creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their makers praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

* * * * *

26

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better then my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

27

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm

Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,
Reminds not what is past, nor whats to come dost fear.

28

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begin anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better Region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

WILLIAM BRADFORD

Life at Merry Mount

(*From* **History of Plymouth Plantation**)

Aboute some 3. or 4. years before this time, ther came over one Captaine Wolastone, (a man of pretie parts,) and with him 3. or 4. more of some eminencie, who brought with them a great many servants, with provissions & other implments for to begine a plantation; and pitched them selves in a place within the Massachusets, which they called, after their Captains name, Mount-Wollaston. Amongst whom was one Mr. Morton, who, it should seeme, had some small adventure (of his owne or other mens) amongst them; but had litle respecte amongst them and was sleghted by the meanest servants. Haveing continued ther some time, and not finding things to answer their expectations, nor profite to arise as they looked for, Captaine Wollaston takes a great part of the sarvents, and transports them to Virginia, wher he puts them of at good rates, selling their time to other men; and writs back to one Mr. Rasdall, one of his cheefe partners, and accounted their mar-

chant, to bring another parte of them to Verginia likewise, intending to put them of there as he had done the rest. And he, with the consente of the said Rasdall, appoynted one Fitcher to be his Livetenante, and governe the remaines of the plantation, till he or Rasdall returned to take further order theraboute. But this Morton abovesaid, haveing more craft than honestie, (who had been a kind of petiefogger, of Furnefells Inne,) in the others absence, watches an oppertunitie, (commons being but hard amongst them,) and gott some strong drinck and other junkats, & made them a feast; and after they were merie, he begane to tell them, he would give them good counsell. You see (saith he) that many of your fellows are carried to Virginia; and if you stay till this Rasdall returne, you will also be carried away and sould for slaves with the rest. Therfore I would advise you to thrust out this Levetenant Fitcher; and I, having a parte in the plantation, will receive you as my partners and consociats; so may you be free from service, and we will converse, trad, plante, & live togeather as equalls, & supporte & protecte one another, or to like effecte. This counsell was easily received; so they tooke oppertunitie, and thrust Levetenante Fitcher out a dores, and would suffer him to come no more amongst them, but forct him to seeke bread to eate, and other releefe from his neigbours, till he could gett passages for England. After this they fell to great licenciousness, and led a dissolute life, powering out them selves into all profanenes. And Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained (as it were) a schoole of Athisme. And after they had gott some good into their hands, and gott much by trading with the Indeans, they spent it as vainly, in quaffing & and drinking both wine & strong waters in great exsess, and, as some reported 10 £. worth in a morning. They allso set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing aboute it many days togeather, invit-

ing the Indean women, for their consorts, dancing and frisking togither, (like so many fairies, or furies rather,) and worse practises. As if they had anew revived & celebrated the feasts of the Roman Goddes Flora, or the beasly practieses of the madd Bacchinalians. Morton likwise (to shew his poetrie) composed sundry rimes & verses, some tending to lasciviousnes, and others to the detraction & scandall of some persons, which he affixed to this idle or idoll May-polle. They chainged allso the name of their place, and in stead of calling it Mounte Wollaston, they call it Merie-mounte, as if this joylity would have lasted ever. But this continued not long, for after Morton was sent for England, (as follows to be declared,) shortly after came over that worthy gentlman, Mr. John Indecott, who brought over a patent under the broad seall, for the governmente of the Massachusets, who visiting those parts caused that May-polle to be cutt downe, and rebuked them for their profannes, and admonished them to looke ther should be better walking; so they now, or others, changed the name of their place againe, and called it Mounte-Dagon.

JOHN WINTHROP

The "Little Speech" on Liberty

(*From* The History of New England)

There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty

makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: omnes sumus licentia deteriores. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. The woman's own choice makes such a man her husband; yet being so chosen, he is her lord, and she is to be subject to him, yet in a way of liberty, not of bondage; and a true wife accounts her subjection her honor and freedom, and would not think her condition safe and free, but in her subjection to her husband's authority. Such is the liberty of the church under the authority of Christ, her king and husband; his yoke is so easy and sweet to her as a bride's ornaments; and if through frowardness or wantonness, etc., she shake it off, at any time, she is at no rest in her spirit, until she take it up again; and whether her lord smiles upon her, and embraceth her in his arms, or whether he frowns, or rebukes, or smites her, she apprehends the sweetness of his love in all, and is refreshed, supported, and instructed by every such dispensation of his authority over her. On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke and say, let us break their bands, etc., we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, breth-

ren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing (by God's assistance) to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you.

COTTON MATHER

Character of Governor Bradford

(*From* Magnalia)

The leader of a people in a wilderness had need to be a Moses; and if a Moses had not led the people of Plymouth Colony, when this worthy person was their governour, the people had never with so much unanimity and importunity still called him to lead them. Among many instances thereof, let this one piece of self-denial be told for a memorial of him, wheresoever this History shall be considered: The Patent of the Colony was taken in his name, running in these terms; "To William Bradford, his heirs, associates, and assigns." But when the number of the freemen was much increased, and many new townships erected, the General Court there desired of Mr. Bradford, that he would make a surrender of the same into their hands, which he willingly and presently assented unto, and confirmed it according to their desire by his hand and seal, reserving no

more for himself than was his proportion with others, by agreement. But as he found the providence of Heaven many ways recompensing his many acts of self-denial, so he gave this testimony to the faithfulness of the divine promises: "That he had forsaken friends, houses and lands for the sake of the gospel, and the Lord gave them him again." Here he prospered in his estate; and besides a worthy son which he had by a former wife, he had also two sons and a daughter by another, whom he married in this land.

He was a person for study as well as action; and hence, notwithstanding the difficulties through which he passed in his youth, he attained unto a notable skill in languages: the Dutch tongue was become almost as vernacular to him as the English; the French tongue he could also manage; the Latin and the Greek he had mastered; but the Hebrew he most of all studied, "Because," he said, "he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty." He was also well skilled in History, and Antiquity, and in Philosophy; and for Theology he became so versed in it, that he was an irrefragable disputant against the *errors*, especially those of Anabaptism, which with trouble he saw rising in his colony; wherefore he wrote some significant things for the confutation of those errors. But the *crown* of all was his holy, prayerful, watchful, and fruitful walk with God, wherein he was very exemplary.

At length he fell into an indisposition of body, which rendered him unhealthy for a whole winter; and as the spring advanced, his health yet more declined; yet he felt himself not what he counted sick, till one day; in the night after which, the God of heaven so filled his mind with ineffable consolations, that he seemed little short of Paul, rapt up into the unutterable entertainments of Paradise. The next morning he told his friends, "That the good

Spirit of God had given him a pledge of his happiness in another world, and the first fruits of his eternal glory;" and on the day following he died, May 9, 1657, in the 69th year of his age — lamented by all the colonies of New England, as a common blessing and father to them all.

O mihi si Similis Contingat Clausula Vitæ!

Plato's brief description of a governour, is all that I will now leave as his character, in an EPITAPH.

Νομευς Τροφος ἀγελης ἀνθρωπινης.

MEN are but FLOCKS: BRADFORD beheld their need,
And long did them at once both rule and feed.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

(*From* **Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God**)

Deuteronomy xxxii. 35. — "Their foot shall slide in due time."

* * * * * *

The observation from the words that I would now insist upon is this,

There is nothing that keeps wicked men at any one moment out of hell, but the mere pleasure of God.

By the mere pleasure of God, I mean his sovereign pleasure, his arbitrary will, restrained by no obligation, hindered by no manner of difficulty, any more than if nothing else but God's mere will had in the least degree or in any respect whatsoever any hand in the preservation of wicked men one moment.

The truth of this observation may appear by the following considerations.

1. There is no want of *power* in God to cast wicked men into hell at any moment. * * *

2. They *deserve* to be cast into hell; so that divine

justice never stands in the way, it makes no objection against God's using his power at any moment to destroy them. * * *

3. They are *already* under a sentence of condemnation to hell. * * *

4. They are now the subjects of that very *same* anger and wrath of God, that is expressed in the torments of hell. * * *

5. The *devil* stands ready to fall upon them, and seize them as his own, at what moment God shall permit him. * * *

6. There are in the souls of wicked men those hellish *principles* reigning, that would presently kindle and flame out into hell-fire, if it were not for God's restraints. * * *

7. It is no security to wicked men for one moment, that there are no *visible means of death* at hand. * * *

8. Natural men's *prudence* and *care* to preserve their own *lives*, or the care of others to preserve them, don't secure 'em a moment. * * *

9. All wicked men's *pains* and *contrivance* they use to escape *hell*, while they continue to reject Christ, and so remain wicked men, don't secure 'em from hell one moment. * * *

10. God has laid himself under *no obligation*, by any promise, to keep any natural man out of hell one moment. * * *

So that thus it is, that natural men are held in the hand of God over the pit of hell; they have deserved the fiery pit, and are already sentenced to it; and God is dreadfully provoked, his anger is as great towards them as to those that are actually suffering the executions of the fierceness of his wrath in hell, and they have done nothing in the least to appease or abate that anger, neither is God in the least bound by any promise to hold 'em up one moment; the devil

is waiting for them, the flames gather and flash about them, and would fain lay hold on them and swallow them up; the fire pent up in their own hearts is struggling to break out; and they have no interest in any Mediator, there are no means within reach that can be any security to them. In short they have no refuge, nothing to take hold of; all that preserves them every moment is the mere arbitrary will, and uncovenanted, unobliged forbearance of an incensed God. * * *

And let every one that is yet out of Christ and hanging over the pit of hell, whether they be old men and women or middle-aged or young people or little children, now hearken to the loud calls of God's word and providence. This acceptable year of the Lord that is a day of such great favor to some will doubtless be a day of as remarkable vengeance to others. Men's hearts harden and their guilt increases apace at such a day as this, if they neglect their souls. And never was there so great danger of such persons being given up to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. God seems now to be hastily gathering his elect in all parts of the land; and probably the bigger part of adult persons that ever shall be saved will be brought in now in a little time, and that it will be as it was on that great outpouring of the Spirit upon the Jews in the Apostles' days, the election will obtain and the rest will be blinded. If this should be the case with you, you will eternally curse this day, and will curse the day that ever you was born to see such a season of the pouring out of God's Spirit, and will wish that you had died and gone to hell before you had seen it. Now undoubtedly it is as it was in the days of John the Baptist, the axe is in an extraordinary manner laid at the root of the trees, that every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit may be hewn down and cast into the fire.

Therefore let everyone that is out of Christ now awake

and fly from the wrath to come. The wrath of Almighty God is now undoubtedly hanging over a great part of this congregation. Let every one fly out of Sodom. "*Haste and escape for your lives, look not behind you, escape to the mountains, lest ye be consumed.*"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

On Drunkenness

(Dogood Papers, No. 12)

Quod est in corde sobrii, est in ore ebrii.

To the Author of the New-England Courant.

Sir,

IT is no unprofitable tho' unpleasant Pursuit, diligently to inspect and consider the Manners & Conversation of Men, who insensible of the greatest Enjoyments of humane Life, abandon themselves to Vice from a false Notion of *Pleasure* and *good Fellowship*. A true and natural Representation of any Enormity, is often the best Argument against it and Means of removing it, when the most severe Reprehensions alone, are found ineffectual.

I WOULD in this Letter improve the little Observation I have made on the Vice of *Drunkenness*, the better to reclaim the *good Fellows* who usually pay the Devotions of the Evening to *Bacchus*.

I DOUBT not but *moderate Drinking* has been improv'd for the Diffusion of Knowledge among the ingenious Part of Mankind, who want the Talent of a ready Utterance, in order to discover the Conceptions of their Minds in an entertaining and intelligible Manner. 'Tis true, drinking does not *improve* our Faculties, but it enables us to use them; and therefore I conclude, that much Study and experience,

and a little Liquor, are of absolute Necessity for some Tempers, in order to make them accomplish'd orators. *Dic. Ponder* discovers an excellent Judgment when he is inspir'd with a glass or two of *Claret*, but he passes for a Fool among those of small Observation, who never saw him the better for Drink. And here it will not be improper to observe, That the moderate Use of Liquor, and a well plac'd and well regulated Anger, often produce this same Effect; and some who cannot ordinarily talk but in broken Sentences and false Grammar, do in the Heat of Passion express themselves with as much Eloquence as Warmth. Hence it is that my own Sex are generally the most eloquent, because the most passionate. "It has been said in the Praise of some Men," (says an ingenious Author,) "that they could talk whole Hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole Hours together upon Nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long extempore Dissertation on the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup, in all the Figures of Rhetorick."

BUT after all it must be consider'd, that no Pleasure can give Satisfaction or prove advantageous to a *reasonable Mind*, which is not attended with the *Restraints of Reason*. Enjoyment is not to be found by Excess in any sensual Gratification; but on the contrary, the immoderate Cravings of the Voluptuary, are always succeeded with Loathing and a palled Appetite. What Pleasure can the Drunkard have in the Reflection, that while in his Cups, he retain'd only the Shape of a Man, and acted the Part of a Beast; or that from reasonable Discourse a few Minutes before, he descended to Impertinence and Nonsense?

I CANNOT pretend to account for the different Effects of Liquor on Persons of different Dispositions, who are guilty of Excess in the Use of it. 'Tis strange to see Men of a

regular Conversation become rakish and profane when intoxicated with Drink, and yet more surprizing to observe, that some who appear to be the most profligate Wretches when sober, become mighty religious in their Cups, and will then, and at no other Time address their Maker, but when they are destitute of Reason, and actually affronting him. Some shrink in the Wetting, and others swell to such an unusual Bulk in their Imaginations, that they can in an Instant understand all Arts and Sciences, by the liberal Education of a little vivyfying *Punch*, or a sufficient Quantity of other exhilerating Liquor.

AND as the Effects of Liquor are various, so are the Characters given to its Devourers. It argues some Shame in the Drunkards themselves, in that they have invented numberless Words and Phrases to cover their Folly, whose proper Significations are harmless, or have no Signification at all. They are seldom known to be *drunk*, tho they are very often *boozey, cogey, tipsey, fox'd, merry, mellow, fuddl'd, groatable, Confoundedly cut, See two Moons*, are *Among the Philistines, In a very good Humour, See the Sun*, or, *The Sun has shone upon them;* they *Clip the King's English*, are *Almost froze, Feavourish, In their Altitudes, Pretty well enter'd*, &c. In short, every Day produces some new Word or Phrase which might be added to the Vocabulary of the *Tiplers:* But I have chose to mention these few, because if at any Time a Man of Sobriety and Temperance happens to *cut himself confoundedly*, or is *almost froze*, or *feavourish*, or accidently *sees the Sun*, &c. he may escape the Imputation of being *drunk*, when his Misfortune comes to be related.

I am Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

Silence Dogood.

Growth of Ill-Humor in America

(*From* **Causes of the American Discontents**)

The Waves never rise but when the Winds blow. — PROV.

SIR,

As the cause of the present ill-humour in America, and of the resolutions taken there to purchase less of our manufactures, does not seem to be generally understood, it may afford some satisfaction to your Readers, if you give them the following short historical state of facts.

From the time that the Colonies were first considered as capable of granting aids to the Crown, down to the end of the last war, it is said, that the constant mode of obtaining those aids was by *Requisition* made from the Crown through its Governors to the several Assemblies, in circular letters from the Secretary of State in his Majesty's name, setting forth the occasion, requiring them to take the matter into consideration; and expressing a reliance on their prudence, duty and affection to his Majesty's Government, that they would grant such sums, or raise such numbers of men, as were suitable to their respective circumstances.

The Colonies, being accustomed to this method, have from time to time granted money to the Crown, or raised troops for its service, in proportion to their abilities; and during the last war beyond their abilities, so that considerable sums were returned them yearly by Parliament, as they had exceeded their proportion.

Had this happy method of Requisition been continued, (a method that left the King's subjects in those remote countries the pleasure of showing their zeal and loyalty, and of imagining that they recommended themselves to their Sovereign by the liberality of their voluntary grants) there is no doubt but all the money that could reasonably be expected to be raised from them in any manner, might

have been obtained, without the least heart-burning, offence, or breach of the harmony, of affections and interests, that so long subsisted between the two countries.

It has been thought wisdom in a Government exercising sovereignty over different kinds of people, to have some regard to prevailing and established opinions among the people to be governed, wherever such opinions might, in their effects obstruct or promote public measures. If they tend to obstruct public service, they are to be changed, if possible, before we attempt to act against them; and they can only be changed by reason and persuasion. But if public business can be carried on without thwarting those opinions, if they can be, on the contrary, made subservient to it, they are not unnecessarily to be thwarted, how absurd so ever such popular opinions may be in their nature.

This had been the wisdom of our Government with respect to raising money in the colonies. It was well known, that the Colonists universally were of opinion, that no money could be levied from English subjects, but by their own consent given by themselves or their chosen Representatives: That therefore, whatever money was to be raised from the people in the Colonies, must first be granted by their Assemblies, as the money raised in Britain is first to be granted by the House of Commons: That this right of granting their own money, was essential to English liberty: And that if any man, or body of men, in which they had no Representative of their choosing, could tax them at pleasure, they could not be said to have any property, any thing they could call their own. But as these opinions did not hinder their granting money voluntarily and amply whenever the Crown by its servants came into their Assemblies (as it does into its Parliaments of Britain or Ireland) and demanded aids; therefore that method was chosen rather than the hateful one of arbitrary taxes.

I do not undertake here to support those opinions of the Americans; they have been refuted by a late Act of Parliament, declaring its own power; which very Parliament, however, shewed wisely so much tender regard to those inveterate prejudices, as to repeal a tax that had militated against them. And those prejudices are still so fixed and rooted in the Americans, that, it has been supposed, not a single man among them has been convinced of his error, even by that Act of Parliament.

They reflected how lightly the interest of all America had been estimated here, when the interests of a few of the inhabitants of Great Britain happened to have the smallest competition with it. That thus the whole American people was forbidden the advantage of a direct importation of wine, oil, and fruit, from Portugal, but must take them loaded with all the expences of a voyage 1000 leagues round about, being to be landed first in England, to be re-shipped for America; expences amounting, in war time, at least to 30 per cent. more than otherwise they would have been charged with, and all this merely that a few Portugal merchants in London may gain a commission on those goods passing through their hands, Portugal merchants, by the by, that can complain loudly of the smallest hardships laid on their trade by *foreigners*, and yet even in the last year could oppose with all their influence the giving ease to their *fellow subjects* labouring under so heavy an oppression! That on a slight complaint of a few Virginia merchants, nine colonies had been restrained from making paper money, become absolutely necessary to their internal commerce from the constant remittance of their gold and silver to Britain.

But not only the interest of a particular body of merchants, the interest of any small body of British tradesmen or artificers, has been found, they say, to outweigh that of

all the King's subjects in the colonies. There can not be a stronger natural right than that of a man's making the best profit he can of the natural produce of his lands, provided he does not thereby hurt the state in general. Iron is to be found everywhere in America, and beaver furs are the natural produce of that country: hats, and nails, and steel are wanted there as well as here. It is of no importance to the common welfare of the empire, whether a subject of the King's gets his living by making hats on this or that side of the water. Yet the Hatters of England have prevailed to obtain an Act in their own favour, restraining that manufacture in America, in order to oblige the Americans to send their beaver to England to be manufactured, and purchase back the hats, loaded with the charges of a double transportation. In the same manner have a few Nail-makers, and a still smaller body of Steel-makers (perhaps there are not half a dozen of these in England) prevailed totally to forbid by an Act of Parliament the erecting of slitting-mills or steel-furnaces in America; that the Americans may be obliged to take all the nails for their buildings, and steel for their tools, from these artificers, under the same disadvantages.

Added to these, the Americans remembered the Act authorizing the most cruel insult that perhaps was ever offered by one people to another, that of *emptying our gaols* into their settlements: Scotland too having within these two years obtained the privelege it had not before, of sending its rogues and villains also to the plantations. I say, reflecting on these things, they said one to another (their newspapers are full of such discourses) these people are not content with making a monopoly of us, forbidding us to trade with any other country of Europe, and compelling us to buy everything of them, though in many articles we could furnish ourselves 10, 20, and even to 50 per cent

cheaper elsewhere; but now they have as good as declared they have a right to tax us *ad libitum* internally and externally, and that our constitutions and liberties shall all be taken away, if we do not submit to that claim.

These are the wild ravings of the at present half distracted Americans. To be sure, no reasonable man in England can approve of such sentiments, and, as I said before, I do not pretend to support or justify them: But I sincerely wish, for the sake of the manufactures and commerce of Great Britain, and for the sake of the strength which a firm union with our growing colonies would give us, that these people had never been thus needlessly driven out of their senses.

I am, yours, &c.

F + S.

Britain's Dealings With Her Colonies Imitated

(*From* An Edict by the King of Prussia)

We have long wondered here at the supineness of the English nation, under the Prussian impositions upon its trade entering our port. We did not, till lately, know the claims, ancient and modern, that hang over that nation; and therefore could not suspect that it might submit to those impositions from a sense of duty or from principles of equity. The following Edict, just made publick, may, if serious, throw some light upon this matter.

* * * * * *

"Whereas it is well known to all the world, that the first German settlements made in the Island of Britain, were by colonies of people, subject to our renowned ducal ancestors, and drawn from their dominions, under the conduct of Hengist, Horsa, Hella, Uff, Cerdicus, Ida, and others; and that the said colonies have flourished under the protection of our august house for ages past; have never been emancipated

therefrom; and yet have hitherto yielded little profit to the same: And whereas we ourself have in the last war fought for and defended the said colonies, against the power of France, and thereby enabled them to make conquests from the said power in America, for which we have not yet received adequate compensation: And whereas it is just and expedient that a revenue should be raised from the said colonies in Britain, towards our indemnification; and that those who are descendants of our ancient subjects, and thence still owe us due obedience, should contribute to the replenishing of our royal coffers as they must have done, had their ancestors remained in the territories now to us appertaining: We do therefore hereby ordain and command, that, from and after the date of these presents, there shall be levied and paid to our officers of the *customs*, on all goods, wares, and merchandizes, and on all grain and other produce of the earth, exported from the said Island of Britain, and on all goods of whatever kind imported into the same, a duty of four and a half per cent *ad valorem*, for the use of us and our successors. And that the said duty may more effectually be collected, we do hereby ordain, that all ships or vessels bound from Great Britain to any other part of the world, or from any other part of the world to Great Britain, shall in their respective voyages touch at our port of Koningsberg, there to be unladen, searched, and charged with the said duties.

* * * * * *

"And, lastly, being willing farther to favour our said colonies in Britain, we do hereby also ordain and command, that all the *thieves*, highway and street robbers, housebreakers, forgerers, murderers, and villains of every denomination, who have forfeited their lives to the law in Prussia; but whom we, in our great clemency, do not think fit here to hang, shall be emptied out of our gaols into the said

island of Great Britain, for the better peopling of that country.

"We flatter ourselves, that these our royal regulations and commands will be thought just and reasonable by our much-favoured colonists in England; the said regulations being copied from their statutes of 10 and 11 William. c. 10, 5 Geo. II. c. 22, 23, Geo. II. c. 29, 4 Geo. I. c. 11, and from other equitable laws made by their parliaments; or from instructions given by their Princes; or from resolutions of both Houses, entered into for the good government of their *own colonies in Ireland and America.*

"And all persons in the said island are hereby cautioned not to oppose in any wise the execution of this our Edict, or any part thereof, such opposition being high treason; of which all who are suspected shall be transported in fetters from Britain to Prussia, there to be tried and executed according to the Prussian law.

"Such is our pleasure.

"Given at Potsdam, this twenty-fifth day of the month of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three, and in the thirty-third year of our reign.

"By the King, in his Council.

"RECHTMAESSIG, *Sec.*"

Some take this Edict to be merely one of the King's *Jeux d'Esprit:* others suppose it serious, and that he means a quarrel with England; but all here think the assertion it concludes with, "that these regulations are copied from acts of the English parliament respecting their colonies," a very injurious one; it being impossible to believe, that a people distinguished for their love of liberty, a nation so wise, so liberal in its sentiments, so just and equitable towards its neighbors, should, from mean and injudicious views of petty

immediate profit, treat its own children in a manner so arbitrary and tyrannical!

The Whistle

(A Letter to Madame Brillon)

I received my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday and one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles, if I do not contribute to the correspondence, obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word, that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and in reading over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the mean time, we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems, that most of the unhappy people we meet with, are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave

all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This however was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favour, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity*, say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider, that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle.*

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours very sincerely and with unalterable affection,

B. Franklin.

PATRICK HENRY

(*From* **Liberty or Death**)

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned — we have remonstrated — we have supplicated — we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult;

our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! — I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on

the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace, — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

JAMES OTIS

(*From* **On the Writs of Assistance**)

One of the most essential branches of English liberty is the freedom of one's house. A man's house is his castle; and whilst he is quiet, he is as well guarded as a prince in his castle. This writ, if it should be declared legal, would totally annihilate this privilege. Custom-house officers may enter our houses when they please; we are commanded to permit their entry. Their menial servants may enter, may break locks, bars, and everything in their way; and whether they break through malice or revenge, no man, no court can inquire. Bare suspicion without oath is sufficient. This wanton exercise of this power is not a chimerical suggestion of a heated brain. I will mention some facts. Mr. Pew had one of these writs, and when Mr. Ware succeeded him, he endorsed this writ over to Mr. Ware, so that these writs are negotiable from one officer to another; and so your Honours have no opportunity of judging the persons to whom this vast power is delegated. Another instance is this: Mr. Justice Walley had called this same Mr. Ware

before him, by a constable, for a breach of the Sabbath-day Acts, or that of profane swearing. As soon as he had finished, Mr. Ware asked him if he had done. He replied, "Yes." "Well then," said Mr. Ware, "I will show you a little of my power. I command you to permit me to search your house for uncustomed goods," and went on to search the house from garret to cellar; and then served the constable in the same manner! But to show another absurdity in this writ, if it should be established, I insist upon it every person, by the 14 Charles II., has this power as well as the Custom-house officers. The words are, "it shall be lawful for any person or persons authorized, etc." What a scene does this open! Every man prompted by revenge, ill-humour or wantonness to inspect the inside of his neighbor's house, may get a writ of assistance. Others will ask it from self-defense; one arbitrary exertion will provoke another, until society be involved in tumult and in blood!

Again, these writs are not returned. Writs, in their nature, are temporary things. When the purposes for which they are issued are answered, they exist no more; but these live forever; no one can be called to account. Thus reason and the constitution are both against this writ. Let us see what authority there is for it. Not more than one instance can be found of it in all our law-books; and that was in the zenith of arbitrary power, namely, in the reign of Charles II., when star-chamber powers were pushed to extremity by some ignorant clerk of the exchequer. But had this writ been in any book whatever, it would have been illegal. All precedents are under the control of the principles of law. Lord Talbot says it is better to observe these than any precedents, though in the House of Lords the last resort of the subject. No Acts of Parliament can establish such a writ; though it should be made in the very words of the petition, it would be void. But this proves no more

than what I before observed, that special writs may be granted *on oath and probable suspicion.* The act of 7 and 8 William III. that the officers of the plantations shall have the same powers, etc., is confined to this sense; that an officer should show probable ground; should take his oath of it; should do this before a magistrate; and that such magistrate, if he think proper, should issue a special warrant to a constable to search the places. That of 6 Anne can prove no more.

THOMAS PAINE

Times that Try Men's Souls

(*From* **The Crisis, No. 1**)

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to tax*) but "TO BIND *us in* ALL CASES WHATSOEVER," and if being *bound in that manner*, is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as

an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; [1]we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys, a year ago, would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few

[1] The present winter is worth an age, if rightly employed; but if lost or neglected, the whole continent will partake of the evil; and there is no punishment that man does not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful. — Author's note, a citation from his *Common Sense*.

broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(*From his* **First Inaugural**)

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties, than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 14th day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my

health to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that, if in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens; and have hence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me; my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

* * * * * * *

To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will therefore be as brief as possible. When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty, required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments, which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the executive

department; and must accordingly pray, that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed may, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that, since he has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness; so his divine blessing may be equally *conspicuous* in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(*From* A Summary View of the Rights of British America)

That these are our grievances, which we have thus laid before his majesty, with that freedom of language and sentiment which becomes a free people claiming their rights, as derived from the laws of nature, and not as the gift of their chief magistrate: let those flatter who fear; it is not an American art. To give praise which is not due, might be well from the venal, but would ill beseem those who are asserting the rights of human nature. They know, and will therefore say, that kings are the servants, not the proprietors of the people. Open your breast, Sire, to liberal and expanding thought. Let not the name of George the Third be a blot in the page of history. You are surrounded by British counsellors, but remember that they are parties.

You have no ministers for American affairs, because you have none taken from among us, nor amenable to the laws on which they are to give advice. It behoves you, therefore, to think and to act for yourself and your people. The great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader; to pursue them, requires not the aid of many counsellors. The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Only aim to do your duty, and mankind will give you credit where you fail. No longer persevere in sacrificing the rights of one part of the empire to the inordinate desires of another; but deal out to all equal and impartial right. Let no act be passed by any one legislature, which may infringe on the rights and liberties of another. This is the important post in which fortune has placed you, holding the balance of a great, if a well poised empire. This, Sire, is the advice of your great American council, on the observance of which may, perhaps, depend your felicity and future fame, and the preservation of that harmony, which alone can continue both to Great Britain and America, the reciprocal advantages of their connection. It is neither our wish, nor our interest to separate from her. We are willing, on our part, to sacrifice every thing which reason can ask, to the restoration of that tranquility for which all must wish. On their part, let them be ready to establish union and a generous plan. Let them name their terms, but let them be just. Accept of every commercial preference it is in our power to give for such things as we can raise for their use, or they make for ours. But let them not think to exclude us from going to other markets to dispose of those commodities which they cannot use, or to supply those wants which they cannot supply. Still less, let it be proposed that our properties within our own territories, shall be taxed or regulated by any power on earth but our own. The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time;

the hand of force may destroy, but cannot disjoin them. This, Sire, is our last, our determined resolution; and that you will be pleased to interpose with that efficacy which your earnest endeavours may ensure to procure redress of these our great grievances, to quiet the minds of your subjects in British America, against any apprehensions of future encroachment, to establish fraternal love and harmony through the whole empire, and that these may continue to the latest ages of time, is the fervent prayer of all British America!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

The Union as a Safeguard Against Domestic Faction and Insurrection

(*From* **The Federalist, No. IX**)

To the People of the State of New York:

A firm Union will be of the utmost moment to the peace and liberty of the States, as a barrier against domestic faction and insurrection. It is impossible to read the history of the petty republics of Greece and Italy without feeling sensations of horror and disgust at the distractions with which they were continually agitated, and at the rapid succession of revolutions by which they were kept in a state of perpetual vibration between the extremes of tyranny and anarchy. If they exhibit occasional calms, these only serve as short-lived contrasts to the furious storms that are to succeed. If now and then intervals open to view, we behold them with a mixture of regret, arising from the reflection that the pleasing scenes before us are soon to be overwhelmed by the tempestuous waves of sedition and party rage. If momentary rays of glory break forth from the gloom, while they dazzle us with a transient and fleeting

brilliancy, they at the same time admonish us to lament that the vices of government should pervert the direction and tarnish the lustre of those bright talents and exalted endowments for which the favored souls that produced them have been so justly celebrated.

From the disorders that disfigure the annals of those republics the advocates of despotism have drawn arguments, not only against the forms of republican government, but against the very principles of civil liberty. They have decried all free government as inconsistent with the order of society, and have indulged themselves in malicious exultation over its friends and partisans. Happily for mankind, stupendous fabrics reared on the basis of liberty, which have flourished for ages, have, in a few glorious instances, refuted their gloomy sophisms. And, I trust, America will be the broad and solid foundation of other edifices, not less magnificent, which will be equally permanent monuments of their errors.

But it is not to be denied that the portraits they have sketched of republican government were too just copies of the originals from which they were taken. If it had been found impracticable to have devised models of a more perfect structure, the enlightened friends to liberty would have been obliged to abandon the cause of that species of government as indefensible. The science of politics, however, like most other sciences, has received great improvement. The efficacy of various principles is now well understood, which were either not known at all, or imperfectly known to the ancients. The regular distribution of power into distinct departments; the institution of courts composed of judges holding their offices during good behaviour; the representation of the people in the legislature by deputies of their own election: these are wholly new discoveries, or have made their principal progress towards perfection in modern

times. They are means, and powerful means, by which the excellences of republican government may be retained and its imperfections lessened or avoided. To this catalogue of circumstances that tend to the amelioration of popular systems of civil government, I shall venture, however it may appear to some, to add one more, on a principle which has been made the foundation of an objection to the new Constitution; I mean the ENLARGEMENT of the ORBIT within which such systems are to revolve, either in respect to the dimensions of a single State, or to the consolidation of several smaller States into one great Confederacy. The latter is that which immediately concerns the object under consideration. It will, however, be of use to examine the principle in its application to a single State, which shall be attended to in another place.

The utility of a Confederacy as well to suppress faction and to guard the internal tranquillity of states, as to increase their external force and security, is in reality not a new idea. It has been practised upon in different countries and ages, and has received the sanction of the most approved writers on the subject of politics. The opponents of the plan proposed have, with great assiduity, cited and circulated the observations of Montesquieu on the necessity of contracted territory for a republican government. But they seem not to have been apprised of the sentiments of that great man expressed in another part of his work, nor to have adverted to the consequences of the principle to which they subscribe with such ready acquiescence.

When Montesquieu recommends a small extent for republics, the standards he had in view were of dimensions far short of the limits of almost every one of these States. Neither Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, North Carolina, nor Georgia can by any means be compared with the models from which he reasoned and to

which the terms of his description apply. If we therefore take his ideas on this point as the criterion of truth, we shall be driven to the alternative either of taking refuge at once in the arms of monarchy, or of splitting ourselves into an infinity of little, jealous, clashing, tumultuous commonwealths, the wretched nurseries of unceasing discord, and the miserable objects of universal pity or contempt. Some of the writers who have come forward on the other side of the question seem to have been aware of the dilemma; and have even been bold enough to hint at the division of the larger States as a desirable thing. Such an infatuated policy, such a desperate expedient, might, by the multiplication of petty officers, answer the views of men who possess not qualifications to extend their influence beyond the narrow circles of personal intrigue, but it could never promote the greatness or happiness of the people of America.

JOHN WOOLMAN

An Anti-slavery Mission

(*From his* Journal)

As the people in this and the southern provinces live much on the labor of slaves, many of whom are used hardly, my concern was, that I might attend with singleness of heart to the voice of the true Shepherd, and be so supported as to remain unmoved at the faces of men.

As it is common for Friends on such a visit to have entertainment free of cost, a difficulty arose in my mind with respect to saving my money by kindness received, which to me appeared to be the gain of oppression.

Receiving a gift, considered as a gift, brings the receiver under obligations to the benefactor, and has a natural tendency to draw the obliged into a party with the giver. To

prevent difficulties of this kind, and to preserve the minds of judges from any bias, was that Divine prohibition; "Thou shalt not receive any gift; for a gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." As the disciples were sent forth without any provision for their journey, and our Lord said the workman is worthy of his meat, their labor in the Gospel was considered as a reward for their entertainment, and therefore not received as a gift; yet, in regard to my present journey, I could not see my way clear in that respect. The difference appeared thus: The entertainment the disciples met with, was from such whose hearts God had opened to receive them, from a love to them, and the truth they published. But we, considered as members of the same religious Society, look upon it as a piece of civility to receive each other in such visits; and such reception, at times, is partly in regard to reputation, and not from an inward unity of heart and spirit. Conduct is more convincing than language; and where people, by their actions, manifest that the slave-trade is not so disagreeable to their principles but that it may be encouraged, there is not a sound uniting with some Friends who visit them.

The prospect of so weighty a work, and being so distinguished from many whom I esteemed before myself, brought me very low; and such were the conflicts of my soul, that I had a near sympathy with the prophet, in the time of his weakness, when he said, "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, if I have found favor in thy sight"; but I soon saw that this proceeded from the want of a full resignation to the Divine will. Many were the afflictions which attended me; and in great abasement, with many tears, my cries were to the Almighty, for his gracious and fatherly assistance; and then, after a time of deep trial, I was favored to understand the state mentioned by the Psalmist,

more clearly than ever I had before; to wit: "My soul is even as a weaned child." Being thus helped to sink down into resignation, I felt a deliverance from that tempest in which I had been sorely exercised, and in calmness of mind went forward, trusting that the Lord Jesus Christ, as I faithfully attended to him, would be a counsellor to me in all difficulties; and that by his strength I should be enabled even to leave money with the members of Society where I had entertainment, when I found that omitting it would obstruct that work to which I believed he had called me. And as I copy this after my return, I may add, that oftentimes I did so, under a sense of duty. The way in which I did it was this; when I expected soon to leave a Friend's house where I had had entertainment, if I believed that I should not keep clear from the gains of oppression without leaving money, I spoke to one of the heads of the family privately, and desired him to accept of some pieces of silver, and give them to such of the negroes as he believed would make the best use of them; and at other times I gave them to the negroes myself, as the way looked clearest to me. As I expected this before I came out, I had provided a large number of small pieces; and thus offering them to some who appeared to be wealthy people, was a trial both to me and them: but the fear of the Lord so covered me at times, that my way was made easier than I expected; and few, if any, manifested any resentment at the offer, and most of them, after some talk, accepted of them.

The 7th day of the fifth month, in the year 1757, I lodged at a Friend's house, who putting us a little on our way, I had conversation with him in the fear of the Lord, concerning his slaves; in which my heart was tender, and I used much plainness of speech with him, which he appeared to take kindly. We pursued our journey without appointing meetings, being pressed in my mind to be at the Yearly

Meeting in Virginia. In my travelling on the road, I often felt a cry rising from the center of my mind, O Lord, I am a stranger on the earth, hide not thy face from me. On the 11th day of the fifth month, we crossed the rivers Potomac and Rappahannock, and lodged at Port Royal: and on the way we happening in company with a colonel of the militia, who appeared to be a thoughtful man, I took occasion to remark on the difference in general between a people used to labor moderately for their living, training up their children in frugality and business, and those who live on the labor of slaves; the former, in my view, being the most happy life: with which he concurred, and mentioned the trouble arising from the untoward, slothful disposition of the negroes; adding, that one of our laborers would do as much in a day as two of their slaves. I replied, that free men, whose minds were properly on their business, found a satisfaction in improving, cultivating, and providing for their families; but negroes, laboring to support others, who claim them as their property, and expecting nothing but slavery during life, had not the like inducement to be industrious.

After some further conversation, I said that men having power, too often misapplied it; that though we made slaves of the negroes, and the Turks made slaves of the Christians, I believed that liberty was the natural right of all men equally; which he did not deny; but said the lives of the negroes were so wretched in their own country, that many of them lived better here than there. I only said there is great odds in regard to us, on what principle we act; and so the conversation on that subject ended. I may here add, that another person, some time afterward, mentioned the wretchedness of the negroes, occasioned by their intestine wars, as an argument in favor of our fetching them away as slaves; to which I then replied, if compassion on the

Africans, in regard to their domestic troubles, were the real motives of our purchasing them, that spirit of tenderness being attended to, would incite us to use them kindly, that as strangers brought out of affliction, their lives might be happy among us; and as they are human creatures, whose souls are as precious as ours, and who may receive the same help and comfort from the holy Scriptures as we do, we could not omit suitable endeavors to instruct them therein. But while we manifest by our conduct, that our views in purchasing them are to advance ourselves; and while our buying captives taken in war, animates those parties to push on that war, and increase desolation amongst them; to say they live unhappily in Africa, is far from being an argument in our favor. I further said, the present circumstances of these provinces to me appear difficult; the slaves look like a burthensome stone to such who burthen themselves with them, and that if the white people retain a resolution to prefer their outward prospects of gain to all other considerations, and do not act conscientiously toward them as fellow-creatures, I believe that burthen will grow heavier and heavier, until times change in a way disagreeable to us. At this the person appeared very serious, and owned, that in considering their condition, and the manner of their treatment in these provinces, he had sometimes thought it might be just in the Almighty so to order it.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

(*From* **The Battle of the Kegs**)

Gallants attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickling herring;
And they're come down t'attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

* * * * *

"Arise, arise," sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels — more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band, now ready stand
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porrage.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wick'd kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

ANONYMOUS REVOLUTIONARY SONGS

Paul Jones

A song unto Liberty's brave Buccaneer,
Ever bright be the fame of the patriot Rover,
For our rights he first fought in his "black privateer,"
And faced the proud foe ere our sea they cross'd over,
In their channel and coast,
He scattered their host,
And proud Britain robbed of her sea-ruling boast,
And her rich merchants' barks shunned the ocean in fear
Of Paul Jones, fair Liberty's brave Buccaneer.

In the first fleet that sailed in defence of our land,
Paul Jones forward stood to defend freedom's arbor,
He led the bold Alfred at Hopkins' command,
And drove the fierce foeman from Providence harbor,
'Twas his hand that raised
The first flag that blazed,
And his deeds 'neath the "Pine tree" all ocean amaz'd,
For hundreds of foes met a watery bier
From Paul Jones, fair Liberty's brave Buccaneer.

His arm crushed the Tory and mutinous crew
That strove to have freemen inhumanly butchered;
Remembered his valor at proud Flamborough,
When he made the bold Serapis strike to the Richard;
Oh! he robbed of their store
The vessels sent o'er
To feed all the Tories and foes on our shore,
He gave freemen the spoils and long may they revere
The name of fair Liberty's brave Buccaneer.

The Riflemen's Song at Bennington

Why come ye hither, stranger?
  Your mind what madness fills?
In our valleys there is danger,
  And danger on our hills!
Hear ye not the singing
  Of the bugle, wild and free?
Full soon ye'll know the ringing
  Of the rifle from the tree!
    The rifle, the sharp rifle!
    In our hands it is no trifle!

Ye ride a goodly steed;
  He may know another master:
Ye forward come with speed,
  But ye'll learn to back much faster,
When ye meet our mountain boys
  And their leader, Johnny Stark!
Lads who make but little noise,
  But who always hit the mark
    With the rifle, the true rifle!
    In their hands will prove no trifle!

Had ye no graves at home
  Across the briny water,
That hither ye must come,
  Like bullocks to the slaughter?
If we the work must do,
  Why, the sooner 'tis begun,
If flint and trigger hold but true,
  The quicker 'twill be done
    By the rifle, the good rifle!
    In our hands it is no trifle!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

Columbia

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendours unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime.
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.
To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire.
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.
Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrival'd shall soar
To fame, unextinguish'd, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.
Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And Virtue's bright image, instamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.
Thy fleets to all nations thy pow'r shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;

Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendour shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.
Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd —
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

JOHN TRUMBULL

McFingal's Sentence

(*From* McFingal, Canto III)

Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard
A Bench of Justice had prepared,
Where sitting round in awful sort
The grand Committee held their Court;
While all the crew, in silent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation
They hold the solemn consultation;
When soon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree;
"That 'Squire McFingal having grown
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceeds to render sentence:

That first the Mob a slip-knot single
Tie round the neck of said McFingal,
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then through the town attendant ride him,
In cart with Constable beside him,
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."

McFingal's Flight

(*From* **McFingal, Canto IV**)

McFingal deem'd it vain to stay,
And risk his bones in second fray:
But chose a grand retreat from foes,
In literal sense, *beneath their nose.*
The window then, which none else knew,
He softly open'd and crept through,
And crawling slow in deadly fear,
By movements wise made good his rear.
Then scorning all the fame of martyr,
For Boston took his swift departure,
Nor looked back on the fatal spot,
More than the family of Lot.
Not North in more distress'd condition,
Out-voted first by opposition;
Nor good King George, when our dire phantom
Of Independence came to haunt him,
Which hovering round by night and day,
Not all his conj'rors e'er could lay.
His friends, assembled for his sake,
He wisely left in pawn, at stake,
To tarring, feath'ring, kicks and drubs
Of furious, disappointed mobs,
Or with their forfeit heads to pay
For him, their leader, crept away.

So when wise Noah summon'd greeting,
All animals to gen'ral meeting,
From every side the members went,
All kinds of beasts to represent;
Each, from the flood, took care t'embark,
And save his carcase in the ark:
But as it fares in state and church,
Left his constituents in the lurch.

JOEL BARLOW

Washington to his Troops

(*From* **The Vision of Columbus, Book V**)

In front great Washington exalted shone,
His eye directed tow'rd the half-seen sun;
As through the mist the bursting splendors glow,
And light the passage to the distant foe.
His waving steel returns the living day,
Clears the broad plains, and marks the warrior's way;
The forming columns range in order bright,
And move impatient for the promis'd fight.
When great Columbus saw the chief arise,
And his bold blade cast lightning on the skies,
He trac'd the form that met his view before,
On drear Ohio's desolated shore.
Matur'd with years, with nobler glory warm,
Fate in his eye, and vengeance on his arm,
The great observer here with joy beheld
The hero moving in a broader field.

* * * * * *

While other chiefs and heirs of deathless fame
Rise into sight, and equal honors claim;
But who can tell the dew-drops of the morn?
Or count the rays that in the diamond burn?

Now, the broad field as untry'd warriors shade,
The sun's glad beam their shining ranks display'd;
The glorious Leader wav'd his glittering steel,
Bade the long train in circling order wheel;
And, while the banner'd host around him press'd,
With patriot ardour thus the ranks address'd: —
"Ye generous bands, behold the task to save,
Or yield whole nations to an instant grave.
See headlong myriads crowding to your shore,
Hear, from all ports, their boasted thunders roar;
From Charlestown-heights their bloody standards play,
O'er far Champlain they lead their northern way,
Virginian banks behold their streamers glide,
And hostile navies load each southern tide.
Beneath their ships your towns in ashes lie,
Your inland empires feast their greedy eye;
Soon shall your fields to lordly parks be turn'd,
Your children butcher'd, and your villas burn'd;
While following millions, thro' the reign of time,
Who claim their birth in this indulgent clime,
Bend the weak knee, to servile toils consign'd,
And sloth and slavery overwhelm mankind.
Rise then to war, to noble vengeance rise,
Ere the grey sire, the hapless infant dies;
Look thro' the world where endless years descend,
What realms, what ages on your arms depend!
Reverse the fate, avenge th' insulted sky;
Move to the strife — we conquer or we die."
So spoke the chief; and with his guiding hand
Points the quick toil to each surrounding band.
At once the different lines are wheeled afar,
In different realms, to meet the gathering war.

THOMAS GODFREY

Song

For *Chloris* long I sigh'd in vain,
Nor could her bosom move,
She met my vows with cold disdain,
And scorn returned for Love.
At length, grown weary of her pride,
I left the haughty Maid,
Corinna's fetters now I try'd,
Who love for love repaid.

With her the pleasing hours I waste,
With her such joys I prove,
As kindred Souls alone can taste,
When join'd in mutual Love.
Ye Shepherds hear, not slight my strain,
Fly, fly the scornful Fair,
Kind Nymphs you'll find to ease your pain,
And soften ev'ry care.

When in Celia's Heavenly Eye

When in *Celia's* heavenly Eye
Soft inviting Love I spy,
Tho' you say 'tis all a cheat,
I must clasp the dear deceit.

Why should I more knowledge gain,
When it only gives me pain?
If deceived I'm still at rest,
In the sweet delusion blest.

(*From* **The Prince of Parthia**)

ACT V, SCENE I

The Palace

The Curtain rises, slowly, to soft music, and discovers *Evanthe* sleeping on a Sofa; after the music ceases, *Vardanes* enters.

VARDANES. Now shining Empire standing at the goal,
Beck'ns me forward to increase my speed;
But, yet, *Arsaces* lives, bane to my hopes,
Lysias I'll urge to ease me of his life,
Then give the villain up to punishment.
The shew of justice gains the changeling croud.
Besides, I ne'er will harbour in my bosom
Such serpents, ever ready with their stings –
But now one hour for love and fair *Evanthe* —
Hence with ambition's cares — see, where reclin'd,
In slumbers all her sorrows are dismiss'd,
Sleep seems to heighten ev'ry beauteous feature,
And adds peculiar softness to each grace.
She weeps — in dreams some lively sorrow pains her —
I'll take one kiss — oh! what a balmy sweetness!
Give me another — and another still —
For ever thus I'd dwell upon her lips.
Be still my heart, and calm unruly transports. —
Wake her, with music, from this mimic death. [Music sounds.]

Song

Tell me, Phillis, tell me why,
You appear so wond'rous coy,
When that glow, and sparkling eye,
Speak you want to taste the joy?
Prithee give this fooling o'er,
Nor torment your lover more.

While youth is warm within our veins,
And nature tempts us to be gay,
Give to pleasure loose the reins,
Love and youth fly swift away.

Youth in pleasure should be spent,
Age will come, we'll then repent.

EVANTHE (waking) I come ye lovely shades — Ha! am I here?
Still in the tyrant's palace? Ye bright pow'rs!
Are all my blessings then but vis'onary?
Methought I was arriv'd on that blest shore
Where happy souls for ever dwell, crown'd with
Immortal bliss; *Arsaces* led me through
The flow'ry groves, while all around me gleam'd
Thousand and thousand shades, who welcom'd me
With pleasing songs of joy — *Vardanes*, ha! —
VARDANES. Why beams the angry lightning of thine eye
Against thy sighing slave? Is love a crime?
Oh! if to dote, with such excess of passion
As rises e'en to mad extravagance
Is criminal, I then am so, indeed.
EVANTHE. Away! vile man! —
VARDANES. If to pursue thee e'er
With all the humblest offices of love,
If ne'er to know one single thought that does
Not bear thy bright idea, merits scorn —
EVANTHE. Hence from my sight — nor let me, thus, pollute
Mine eyes, with looking on a wretch like thee,
Thou cause of all my ills; I sicken at
Thy loathsome presence —
VARDANES. 'Tis not always thus,
Nor dost thou ever meet the sounds of love
With rage and fierce disdain: *Arsaces*, soon,
Could smooth thy brow, and melt thy icy breast.
EVANTHE. Ha! does it gall thee? Yes, he could, he could;
Oh! when he speaks, such sweetness dwells upon
His accents, all my soul dissolves to love,
And warm desire; such truth and beauty join'd!
His looks are soft and kind, such gentleness
Such virtue swells his bosom! in his eye
Sits majesty, commanding ev'ry heart.
Strait as the pine, the pride of all the grove,

More blooming than the spring, and sweeter far,
Than asphodels or roses infant sweets.
Oh! I could dwell forever on his praise,
Yet think eternity was scarce enough
To tell the mighty theme; here in my breast
His image dwells, but one dear thought of him,
When fancy paints his Person to my eye,
As he was wont in tenderness dissolv'd,
Sighing his vows, or kneeling at my feet,
Wipes off all mem'ry of my wretchedness.

VARDANES. I know this brav'ry is affected, yet
It gives me joy, to think my rival only
Can in imagination taste thy beauties.
Let him, — 'twill ease him in his solitude,
And gild the horrors of his prison-house,
Till death shall —

EVANTHE. Ha! what was that? till death — ye Gods!
Ah, now I feel distress's tort'ring pang —
Thou canst not villain — darst not think his death —
O mis'ry! —

VARDANES. Naught but your kindness saves him,
Yet bless me with your love, and he is safe;
But the same frown which kills my growing hopes,
Gives him to death.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN

A Mysterious Voice

(*From* **Wieland, Chap. IX**)

I returned to the closet, and once more put my hand upon the lock. Oh, may my ears lose their sensibility ere they be again assailed by a shriek so terrible! Not merely my understanding was subdued by the sound; it acted on my nerves like an edge of steel. It appeared to cut asunder the fibres of my brain and rack every joint with agony.

The cry, loud and piercing as it was, was nevertheless human. No articulation was ever more distinct. The breath which accompanied it did not fan my hair, yet did every circumstance combine to persuade me that the lips which uttered it touched my very shoulder.

"Hold! hold!" were the words of this tremendous prohibition, in whose tone the whole soul seemed to be wrapped up, and every energy converted into eagerness and terror.

Shuddering, I dashed myself against the wall, and, by the same involuntary impulse, turned my face backward to examine the mysterious monitor. The moonlight streamed into each window, and every corner of the room was conspicuous, and yet I beheld nothing!

The interval was too brief to be artificially measured, between the utterance of these words and my scrutiny directed to the quarter whence they came. Yet, if a human being had been there, could he fail to have been visible? Which of my senses was the prey of a fatal illusion? The shock which the sound produced was still felt in every part of my frame. The sound, therefore, could not but be a genuine commotion. But that I had heard it was not more true than that the being who uttered it was stationed at my right ear; yet my attendant was invisible.

I cannot describe the state of my thoughts at that moment. Surprise had mastered my faculties. My frame shook, and the vital current was congealed. I was conscious only to the vehemence of my sensations. This condition could not be lasting. Like a tide, which suddenly mounts to an overwhelming height and then gradually subsides, my confusion slowly gave place to order, and my tumults to a calm. I was able to deliberate and move. I resumed my feet, and advanced into the midst of the room. Upward, and behind, and on each side, I threw penetrating glances. I was not satisfied with one examination. He that hitherto

refused to be seen might change his purpose, and on the next survey be clearly distinguishable.

Solitude imposes least restraint upon the fancy. Dark is less fertile of images than the feeble lustre of the moon. I was alone, and the walls were checkered by shadowy forms. As the moon passed behind a cloud and emerged, these shadows seemed to be endowed with life, and to move. The apartment was open to the breeze, and the curtain was occasionally blown from its ordinary position. This motion was not unaccompanied with sound. I failed not to snatch a look and to listen when this motion and this sound occurred. My belief that my monitor was posted near was strong, and instantly converted these appearances to tokens of his presence; and yet I could discern nothing.

PHILIP FRENEAU

A Political Litany

Libera nos, Domine — Deliver us, O Lord,
Not only from British dependence, but also,

From a junto that labor for absolute power,
Whose schemes disappointed have made them look sour;
From the lords of the council, who fight against freedom
Who still follow on where delusion shall lead 'em.

From groups at Saint James's who slight our Petitions,
And fools that are waiting for further submissions;
From a nation whose manners are rough and abrupt,
From scoundrels and rascals whom gold can corrupt.

From pirates sent out by command of the king
To murder and plunder, but never to swing;
From Wallace, and Graves, and *Vipors*, and *Roses*,
Whom, if Heaven pleases, we'll give bloody noses.

From the valiant Dunmore, with his crew of banditti
Who plunder Virginians at Williamsburg city,
From hot-headed Montague, mighty to swear,
The little fat man with his pretty white hair.

From bishops in Britain, who butchers are grown,
From slaves that would die for a smile from the throne,
From assemblies that vote against Congress' proceedings
(Who now see the fruit of their stupid misleadings).

From Tryon, the mighty, who flies from our city,
And swelled with importance, disdains the committee
(But since he is pleased to proclaim us his foes,
What the devil care we where the devil he goes).

From the caitiff, Lord North, who would bind us in chains,
From our noble King Log, with his toothful of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain (when taking a nap),
He has conquered our lands as they lay on his map.

From a kingdom that bullies, and hectors, and swears,
I send up to Heaven my wishes and prayers
That we, disunited, may freemen be still,
And Britain go on — to be damn'd if she will.

Eutaw Springs

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
  Their limbs with dust are covered o'er —
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
  How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin, they
  Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say
  The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
  Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear;
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear. —

They saw their injured country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear — but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly;
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved, in such a cause to die —

But, like the Parthian, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

The Wild Honey Suckle

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

The Death Song of a Cherokee Indian

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors: your threats are in vain
For the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the woods, where in ambush he lay,
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away!
Why do ye delay? — 'till I shrink from my pain?
Know the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low,
The flame rises high, you exult in my pain?
Know the son of Alknomock will never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone:
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son,
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,
And thy son, O Alknomock, has scorned to complain.

May to April

Without your showers, I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep, my blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasures in your tears.

As your decay made room for May,
So I must part with all that's mine:
My balmy breeze, my blooming trees
To torrid suns their sweets resign!

O'er April dead, my shades I spread:
To her I owe my dress so gay —
Of daughters three, it falls on me
To close our triumphs on one day;

Thus to repose, all Nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom:
Time on the wing, May ends the Spring,
And Summer dances on her tomb!

WASHINGTON IRVING

The Character of Peter Stuyvesant

(*From* Knickerbocker's History of New York, Book V, Chap. I)

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, the best, of our ancient Dutch governors. Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Peter, or Piet, as he was sociably called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever proud to familiarize names, having never been equaled by any successor. He was in fact the man fitted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of her beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters, destined them to inextricable confusion.

To say merely that he was a hero, would be doing him great injustice: he was in truth a combination of heroes; for he was of a sturdy, raw-boned make, like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide) when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud, that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed, so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.[1]

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking-staff.

Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or Aristotle, or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sydney, or Tom Paine,

[1] See the histories of Masters Josselyn and Blome. (Irving's note.)

yet did he sometimes manifest a shrewdness and sagacity in his measures, that one would hardly expect from a man who did not know Greek, and had never studied the ancients. True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner; but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws; but then, again, he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced; and I do not know but justice, on the whole, was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgeting, like William the Testy, — but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought or accepted the advice of others, — depending bravely upon his single head, as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing to complete him as a statesman than to think always right; for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought. He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape, but to dash forward through thick and thin, trusting, by hook or by crook, to make all things straight in the end. In a word, he possessed, in an eminent degree, that great quality in a statesman, called perseverance by the polite, but nicknamed obstinancy by the vulgar, — a wonderful salve for official blunders, since he who perseveres in error without flinching gets the credit of boldness and consistency, while he

who wavers in seeking to do what is right gets stigmatized as a trimmer. This much is certain; and it is a maxim well worthy the attention of all legislators, great and small, who stand shaking in the wind, irresolute which way to steer, that a ruler who follows his own will pleases himself, while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others runs great risk of pleasing nobody. There is nothing, too, like putting down one's foot resolutely when in doubt, and letting things take their course. The clock that stands still points right twice in the four-and-twenty hours, while others may keep going continually and be continually going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous quality escape the discernment of the good people of Nieuw Nederlands; on the contrary, so much were they struck with the independent will and vigorous resolution displayed on all occasions by their new governor, that they universally called him Hard-Koppig Piet, or Peter the Headstrong, — a great compliment to the strength of his understanding.

If, from all that I have said, thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art very dull at drawing conclusions.

The Devil and Tom Walker

(*From* **Tales of a Traveler**)

A few miles from Boston in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises

abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Kidd the pirate. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill; the elevation of the place permitted a good look-out to be kept that no one was at hand; while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill-gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time that earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meagre, miserly fellow, of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself: they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on, she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn-looking house that stood alone, and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no travelers stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field, where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of puddingstone,

tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passerby, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine.

The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them. The lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing; eyed the den of discord askance; and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homeward, through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black, smothering mud: there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abode of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water-snake; where the trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half-drowned, half-rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a penin-

sula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort, which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the old Indian fort but a few embankments, gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening when Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there awhile to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind. He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking-staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death-blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave it a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly

opposite him, on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen any one approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in a rude half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor copper-color, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds!" said Tom with a sneer; "no more your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d — d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to those of his neighbors. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody, an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driving shrewd bargains with the Indians. He now looked around, and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth,

which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your whitefaced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the wild huntsman in some countries; the black miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the black woodsman. I am he to whom the red men consecrated this spot, and in honor of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great patron and promoter of slave-dealers, and the grand-master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story; though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage, in this wild, lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned home-

ward. The black man told him of great sums of money buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak-trees on the high ridge, not far from the morass. All these were under his command, and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him; but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were may be easily surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles when money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused — "What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom. "There's my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on, until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "A great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares?" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hid-

den gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms, and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the Devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused, out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject; but the more she talked, the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her.

At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself. Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back, she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man, whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms: she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forebore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance: morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons, and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts which have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp, and sank into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province;

while others surmised that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man, with an axe on his shoulder, was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes, that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot, and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows hovering about a cypress-tree. He looked up, and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron, and hanging in the branches of the tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy; for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the checked apron, but woeful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it!

Such, according to this most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this

instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however; for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and found handfuls of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders, as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property, with the loss of his wife, for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodman, who, he considered, had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black-legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for: he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman's dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advances with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He

proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave-ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused: he was bad enough in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave-trader.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed, instead, that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent. a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy" ——

"I'll drive him to the d——l," cried Tom Walker.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the black-legs with delight. "When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker. So they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting-house in Boston.

His reputation for a ready-moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the time of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills, the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad

with schemes for new settlements; for building cities in the wilderness; land-jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land-jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and acted like a "friend in need"; that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them at length, dry as a sponge, from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'Change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished, out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vainglory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle-trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zionward were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat-pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles in the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he

should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives' fable. If he really did take such a precaution, it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner.

One hot summer afternoon in the dog-days, just as a terrible black thundergust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house in his white linen cap and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined, and brought upon the parish," said the land-jobber. "Charity begins at home," replied Tom; "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety — "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for," said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat-pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child into the saddle, gave the horse the lash, and he galloped, with Tom on his back, in the midst of the thunderstorm. The clerks stuck

their pens behind their ears, and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets; his white cap bobbing up and down; his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived on the border of the swamp reported that in the height of the thundergust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and running to the window caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunderbolt falling in that direction seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches, and goblins, and tricks of the devil, in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money-brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak-trees, whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and old Indian

fort are often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in morning-gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, so prevalent throughout New England of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thanatopsis

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

[1] The poems of Bryant are reprinted by permission of D. Appleton & Co., the authorized publishers of his works.

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

To a Waterfowl

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

A Forest Hymn

The groves were God's first temples.
Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven

Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; — Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird

Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.
My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die — but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulchre,

And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.
There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempest, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

The Death of the Flowers

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

To the Fringed Gentian

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

The Gladness of Nature

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

Robert of Lincoln

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food:
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
  Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
  Half forgotten that merry air:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and nestlings lie.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
  Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
  Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
    Chee, chee, chee.

The Hurricane

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!
  And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent, and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.
  They darken fast — and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray —
A glare that is neither night nor day,

A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail! —
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.
Darker — still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air:
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
What roar is that? — 'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds! — ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The Fight Between the Ariel and the Alacrity

(*From* **The Pilot, Chapter 18**)

The English cutter held her way from the land, until she got an offing of more than two miles, when she reduced her sails to a yet smaller number; and heaving into the wind, she fired a gun in a direction opposite to that which pointed to the *Ariel.*

"Now I would wager a quintal of codfish, Master Coffin," said Barnstable, "against the best cask of porter that was ever brewed in England, that fellow believes a Yankee schooner can fly in the wind's eye! If he wishes to speak to us, why don't he give his cutter a little sheet, and come down?"

The cockswain had made his arrangements for the combat, with much more method and philosophy than any other man in the vessel. When the drum beat to quarters, he threw aside his jacket, vest, and shirt, with as little hesitation as if he stood under an American sun, and with all the discretion of a man who had engaged in an undertaking that required the free use of his utmost powers. As he was known to be a privileged individual in the *Ariel,* and one whose opinions, in all matters of seamanship, were regarded as oracles by the crew, and were listened to by his commander with no little demonstration of respect, the question excited no surprise. He was standing at the breech of his long gun, with his brawny arms folded on a breast that had been turned to the color of blood by long exposure, his grizzled locks fluttering in the breeze, and his tall form towering far above the heads of all near him.

"He hugs the wind, sir, as if it was his sweetheart," was

his answer; "but he'll let go his hold soon; and if he don't, we can find a way to make him fall to leeward."

"Keep a good full!" cried the commander, in a stern voice; "and let the vessel go through the water. That fellow walks well, long Tom; but we are too much for him on a bowline; though, if he continue to draw ahead in this manner, it will be night before we can get alongside him."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain; "them cutters carries a press of canvas when they seem to have but little; their gaffs are all the same as young booms, and spread a broad head to their mainsails. But it's no hard matter to knock a few cloths out of their bolt-ropes, when she will drop astarn and to leeward."

"I believe there is good sense in your scheme, this time," said Barnstable; "for I am anxious about the frigate's people — though I hate a noisy chase; speak to him, Tom, and let us see if he will answer."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the cockswain, sinking his body in such a manner as to let his head fall to a level with the cannon that he controlled, when, after divers orders, and sundry movements to govern the direction of the piece, he applied a match, with a rapid motion, to the priming. An immense body of white smoke rushed from the muzzle of the cannon, followed by a sheet of vivid fire, until, losing its power, it yielded to the wind, and as it rose from the water, spread like a cloud, and, passing through the masts of the schooner, was driven far to leeward, and soon blended in the lists which were swiftly scudding before the fresh breezes of the ocean.

Although many curious eyes were watching this beautiful sight from the cliffs, there was too little of novelty in the exhibition to attract a single look of the crew of the schooner, from the more important examination of the effect of a shot on their enemy. Barnstable sprang lightly on a gun, and

watched the instant when the ball would strike with keen interest, while long Tom threw himself aside from the line of the smoke with a similar intention; holding one of his long arms extended towards his namesake, with a finger on the vent, and supporting his frame by placing the hand of the other on the deck, as his eyes glanced through an opposite port-hole, in an attitude that most men might have despaired of imitating with success.

"There go the chips!" cried Barnstable. "Bravo! Master Coffin, you never planted iron in the ribs of an Englishman with more judgment. Let him have another piece of it; and if he likes the sport, we'll play a game of long bowls with him!"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, who, the instant he witnessed the effects of his shot, had returned to superintend the reloading of his gun; "if he holds on half an hour longer, I'll dub him down to our own size, when we can close and make an even fight of it."

The drum of the Englishman was now, for the first time, heard, rattling across the waters, and echoing the call to quarters, that had already proceeded from the *Ariel*.

"Ah! you have sent him to his guns!" said Barnstable; "we shall now hear more of it; wake him up, Tom — wake him up!"

"We shall start him on end, or put him to sleep altogether, shortly," said the deliberate cockswain, who never allowed himself to be at all hurried, even by his commander. "My shot are pretty much like a shoal of porpoises, and commonly sail in each other's wake. Stand by — heave her breech forward — so; get out of that, you damned young reprobate, and let my harpoon alone!"

"What are you at, there, Master Coffin?" cried Barnstable; "are you tongue-tied?"

"Here's one of the boys skylarking with my harpoon in

the lee-scuppers, and by-and-by, when I shall want it most, there'll be a no-man's-land to hunt for it in."

"Never mind the boy, Tom; send him aft here to me, and I'll polish his behavior; give the Englishman some more iron."

"I want the little villain to pass up my cartridges," returned the angry old seaman; "but if you'll be so good, sir, as to hit him a crack or two, now and then, as he goes by you to the magazine, the monkey will learn his manners, and the schooner's work will be all the better done for it. A young herring-faced monkey! to meddle with a tool ye don't know the use of. If your parents had spent more of their money on your education, and less on your outfit, you'd ha' been a gentleman to what ye are now."

"Hurrah! Tom, hurrah!" cried Barnstable, a little impatiently; "is your namesake never to open his throat again!"

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready," grumbled the coxswain; "depress a little; so — so; a damned young baboon-behaved curmudgeon; overhaul that forward fall more; stand by with your match — but I'll pay him! — fire!" This was the actual commencement of the fight; for as the shot of Tom Coffin travelled, as he had intimated, very much in the same direction, their enemy found the sport becoming too hot to be endured in silence, and the report of the second gun from the *Ariel* was instantly followed by that of the whole broadside of the *Alacrity*. The shot of the cutter flew in a very good direction, but her guns were too light to give them efficiency at that distance; and as one or two were heard to strike against the bends of the schooner, and fall back, innocuously, into the water, the cockswain, whose good-humor became gradually restored as the combat thickened, remarked with his customary apathy, —

"Them count for no more than love-taps — does the Englishman think that we are firing salutes!"

"Stir him up, Tom! every blow you give him will help to open his eyes," cried Barnstable, rubbing his hands with glee as he witnessed the success of his efforts to close.

Thus far the cockswain and his crew had the fight, on the part of the *Ariel*, altogether to themselves, the men who were stationed at the smaller and shorter guns standing in perfect idleness by their sides; but in ten or fifteen minutes the commander of the *Alacrity*, who had been staggered by the weight of the shot that had struck him, found that it was no longer in his power to retreat, if he wished it; when he decided on the only course that was left for a brave man to pursue, and steered boldly in such a direction as would soonest bring him in contact with his enemy, without exposing his vessel to be raked by his fire. Barnstable watched each movement of his foe with eagle eyes, and when the vessel had got within a lessened distance, he gave the order for a general fire to be opened. The action now grew warm and spirited on both sides. The power of the wind was counteracted by the constant explosion of the cannon; and, instead of driving rapidly to leeward, a white canopy of curling smoke hung above the Ariel, or rested on the water, lingering in her wake, so as to mark the path by which she was approaching to a closer and still deadlier struggle. The shouts of the young sailors, as they handled their instruments of death, became more animated and fierce, while the cockswain pursued his occupation with the silence and skill of one who labored in a regular vocation. Barnstable was unusually composed and quiet, maintaining the grave deportment of a commander on whom rested the fortunes of the contest, at the same time that his dark eyes were dancing with the fire of suppressed animation.

"Give it them!" he occasionally cried, in a voice that might be heard amid the bellowing of the cannon; "never

mind their cordage, my lads; drive home their bolts, and make your marks below their ridge-ropes."

In the meantime the Englishman played a manful game. He had suffered a heavy loss by the distant cannonade, which no metal he possessed could retort upon his enemy; but he struggled nobly to repair the error in judgment with which he had begun the contest. The two vessels gradually drew nigher to each other, until they both entered into the common cloud created by their fire, which thickened and spread around them in such a manner as to conceal their dark hulls from the gaze of the curious and interested spectators on the cliffs. The heavy reports of the cannon were now mingled with the rattling of muskets and pistols, and streaks of fire might be seen glancing like flashes of lightning through the white cloud which enshrouded the combatants; and many minutes of painful uncertainty followed, before the deeply interested soldiers, who were gazing at the scene, discovered on whose banners victory had alighted.

We shall follow the combatants into their misty wreath, and display to the reader the events as they occurred.

The fire of the *Ariel* was much the most quick and deadly, both because she had suffered less, and her men were less exhausted; and the cutter stood desperately on to decide the combat, after grappling, hand to hand. Barnstable anticipated her intention, and well understood her commander's reason for adopting this course; but he was not a man to calculate coolly his advantages, when pride and daring invited him to a more severe trial. Accordingly, he met the enemy halfway, and as the vessels rushed together, the stern of the schooner was secured to the bows of the cutter, by the joint efforts of both parties. The voice of the English commander was now plainly to be heard, in the uproar, calling to his men to follow him.

"Away there, boarders! repel boarders on the starboard quarter!" shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

This was the last order that the gallant young sailor gave with this instrument; for, as he spoke, he cast it from him, and, seizing his sabre, flew to the spot where the enemy was about to make his most desperate effort. The shouts, execrations, and tauntings of the combatants, now succeeded to the roar of the cannon, which could be used no longer with effect, though the fight was still maintained with spirited discharges of the small arms.

"Sweep him from his decks!" cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks, surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men; "drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!"

"Away there, marines!" retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy; "leave not a man of them to sup his grog again."

The tremendous and close volley that succeeded this order, nearly accomplished the command of Barnstable to the letter, and the commander of the *Alacrity*, perceiving that he stood alone, reluctantly fell back on the deck of his own vessel, in order to bring on his men once more.

"Board her! gray-beards and boys, idlers and all!" shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew; a powerful arm arrested the movement of the dauntless seaman, and before he had time to recover himself, he was drawn violently back to his own vessel by the irresistible grasp of his cockswain.

"The fellow's in his flurry," said Tom, "and it wouldn't be wise to go within reach of his flukes; but I'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon."

Without waiting for a reply, the cockswain reared his tall frame on the bulwarks, and was in the attitude of stepping on board of his enemy, when a sea separated the

vessels, and he fell with a heavy dash of the waters into the ocean. As twenty muskets and pistols were discharged at the instant he appeared, the crew of the *Ariel* supposed his fall to be occasioned by his wounds, and were rendered doubly fierce by the sight, and the cry of their commander to —

"Revenge long Tom! board her! long Tom or death!"

They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced a passage, with much bloodshed, to the forecastle of the *Alacrity*. The Englishman was overpowered, but still remained undaunted — he rallied his crew, and bore up most gallantly to the fray. Thrusts of pikes and blows of sabres were becoming close and deadly, while muskets and pistols were constantly discharged by those who were kept at a distance by the pressure of the throng of closer combatants.

Barnstable led his men in advance, and became a mark of peculiar vengeance to his enemies, as they slowly yielded before his vigorous assaults. Chance had placed the two commanders on opposite sides of the cutter's deck, and the victory seemed to incline towards either party, wherever these daring officers directed the struggle in person. But the Englishman, perceiving that the ground he maintained in person was lost elsewhere, made an effort to restore the battle, by changing his position, followed by one or two of his best men. A marine, who preceded him, levelled his musket within a few feet of the head of the American commander, and was about to fire, when Merry glided among the combatants, and passed his dirk into the body of the man, who fell at the blow; shaking his piece, with horrid imprecations, the wounded soldier prepared to deal his vengeance on his youthful assailant, when the fearless boy leaped within its muzzle, and buried his own keen weapon in his heart.

"Hurrah!" shouted the unconscious Barnstable, from the edge of the quarter-deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. "Revenge! — long Tom and victory!"

"We have them!" exclaimed the Englishman; "handle your pikes! we have them between two fires."

The battle would probably have terminated very differently from what previous circumstances had indicated, had not a wild looking figure appeared in the cutter's channels at that moment, issuing from the sea, and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was long Tom, with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched with the briny element from which he had risen, looking like Neptune with his trident. Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and, with a powerful effort, pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

"Starn all!" cried Tom by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and catching up the musket of the fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt, on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet on its muzzle. The unfortunate commander of the *Alacrity* brandished his sword with frantic gestures, while his eyes rolled in horrid wildness, when he writhed for an instant in his passing agonies, and then, as his head dropped lifeless upon his gored breast, he hung against the spar, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. A few of the Englishmen stood chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to their lower deck, or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,—
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Marco Bozzaris

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day:
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike! — till the last armed foe expires;
"Strike! — for your altars and your fires;
"Strike! — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud — "hurrah,"
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death;
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;

But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells.
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

The American Flag

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOHN C. CALHOUN

The Real Character of the Union

(*From* On Nullification)

Notwithstanding all that has been said, I may say that neither the Senator from Delaware (Mr. Clayton), nor any other who has spoken on the same side, has directly and fairly met the great question at issue: Is this a Federal Union? a union of States, as distinct from that of individuals? Is the sovereignty in the several States, or in the American people in the aggregate? The very language which we are compelled to use when speaking of our political institutions affords proof conclusive as to its real character. The terms union, federal, united, all imply a combination of sovereignties, a confederation of States. They never apply to an association of individuals. Who ever heard of the United State of New York, of Massachusetts, or of Virginia? Who ever heard the term federal or union applied to the aggregation of individuals into one community? Nor is the other point less clear — that the sovereignty is in the several States, and that our system is a union of twenty-four sovereign powers, under a constitutional compact, and not of a divided sovereignty between the States severally and the United States. In spite of all that has been said, I maintain that sovereignty is in its nature indivisible. It is the supreme power in a State, and we might just as well speak of half a square, or half of a triangle, as of half a sovereignty. It is a gross error to confound the *exercise* of sovereign powers with sovereignty itself, or the *delegation* of such powers with the *surrender* of them. A sovereign may delegate his powers to be exercised by as many agents as he may think proper, under such conditions and with such limitations as he may impose; but to sur-

render any portion of his sovereignty to another is to annihilate the whole. The Senator from Delaware calls this metaphysical reasoning, which he says he cannot comprehend. If by metaphysics he means that scholastic refinement which makes distinctions without difference, no one can hold it in more utter contempt than I do; but if, on the contrary, he means the power of analysis and combination — that power which reduces the most complex idea into its elements, which traces causes to their first principle, and, by the power of generalization and combination, unites the whole in one system — then, so far from deserving contempt, it is the highest attribute of the human mind. It is the power which raises man above the brute — which distinguishes his faculties from mere sagacity, which he holds in common with the inferior animals. It is the power which has raised the astronomer from being a mere gazer at the stars to the high intellectual eminence of a Newton or a Laplace, and astronomy itself from a mere observation of isolated facts into that noble science which displays to our admiration the system of the universe. And shall this high power of the mind, which has effected such wonders when directed to the laws which control the material world, be forever prohibited, under a senseless cry of metaphysics, from being applied to the high purposes of political science and legislation? I hold them to be subject to laws as fixed as matter itself, and to be as fit a subject for the application of the highest intellectual power. Denunciation may, indeed, fall upon the philosophical inquirer into these first principles, as it did upon Galileo and Bacon, when they first unfolded the great discoveries which have immortalized their names; but the time will come when truth will prevail in spite of prejudice and denunciation, and when politics and legislation will be considered as much a science as astronomy and chemistry.

In connection with this part of the subject, I understood

the senator from Virginia (Mr. Rives) to say that sovereignty was divided, and that a portion remained with the States severally, and that the residue was vested in the Union. By Union, I suppose the senator meant the United States. If such be his meaning — if he intended that the sovereignty was in the twenty-four States, in whatever light he may view them, our opinions will not disagree; but, according to my conception, the whole sovereignty is in the several States, while the exercise of sovereign powers is divided — a part being exercised under compact, through this general government, and the residue through the separate State governments. But if the senator from Virginia (Mr. Rives) means to assert that the twenty-four States form but one community, with a single sovereign power as to the objects of the Union, it will be but a revival of the old question, of whether the Union is a union between States, as distinct communities, or a mere aggregate of the American people, as a mass of individuals; and in this light his opinions would lead directly to consolidation.

DANIEL WEBSTER

On the Language of Calhoun's Resolutions

(*From* **The Constitution Not a Compact**)

The first two resolutions of the honorable member affirm these propositions, viz.: —

1. That the political system under which we live, and under which Congress is now assembled, is a compact, to which the people of the several States, as separate and sovereign communities, are *the parties.*

2. That these sovereign parties have a right to judge, each for itself, of any alleged violation of the Constitution by Congress; and, in case of such violation, to choose, each for itself, its own mode and measure of redress.

It is true, Sir, that the honorable member calls this a "constitutional" compact; but still he affirms it to be a compact between sovereign States. What precise meaning, then, does he attach to the term *constitution?* When applied to compact between sovereign States, the term *constitutional* affixes to the word *compact* no definite idea. Were we to hear of a constitutional league or treaty between England and France, or a constitutional convention between Austria and Russia, we should not understand what could be intended by such a league, such a treaty, or such a convention. In these connections, the word is void of all meaning; and yet, Sir, it is easy, quite easy, to see why the honorable gentleman has used it in these resolutions. He cannot open the book, and look upon our written frame of government, without seeing that it is called a *constitution.* This may well be appalling to him. It threatens his whole doctrine of compact, and its darling derivatives, nullification and secession, with instant confutation. Because, if he admits our instrument of government to be a *constitution,* then, for that very reason, it is not a compact between sovereigns; a constitution of government and a compact between sovereign powers being things essentially unlike in their very natures, and incapable of ever being the same. Yet the word *constitution* is on the very front of the instrument. He cannot overlook it. He seeks, therefore, to compromise the matter, and to sink all the substantial sense of the word, while he retains a resemblance of its sound. He introduces a new word of his own, viz. *compact,* as importing the principal idea, and designed to play the principal part, and degrades *constitution* into an insignificant, idle epithet, attached to *compact.* The whole then stands as a "*constitutional compact!*" And in this way he hopes to pass off a plausible gloss, as satisfying the words of the instrument. But he will find himself disappointed. Sir, I

must say to the honorable gentleman, that, in our American political grammar, CONSTITUTION is a noun substantive; it imports a distinct and clear idea of itself; and it is not to lose its importance and dignity, it is not to be turned into a poor, ambiguous, senseless, unmeaning adjective, for the purpose of accommodating any new set of political notions. Sir, we reject his new rules of syntax altogether. We will not give up our forms of political speech to the grammarians of the school of nullification. By the Constitution, we mean, not a "constitutional compact," but, simply and directly, the Constitution, the fundamental law; and if there be one word in the language which the people of the United States understand, this is that word. We know no more of a constitutional compact between sovereign powers, than we know of a *constitutional* indenture of copartnership, a *constitutional* deed of conveyance, or a *constitutional* bill of exchange. But we know what the *Constitution* is; we know what the plainly written fundamental law is; we know what the bond of our Union and the security of our liberties is; and we mean to maintain and to defend it, in its plain sense and unsophisticated meaning.

The sense of the gentleman's proposition, therefore, is not at all affected, one way or the other, by the use of this word. That proposition still is, that our system of government is but a *compact* between the people of separate and sovereign States.

Was it Mirabeau, Mr. President, or some other master of the human passions, who has told us that words are things? They are indeed things, and things of mighty influence, not only in addresses to the passions and high-wrought feelings of mankind, but in the discussion of legal and political questions also; because a just conclusion is often avoided, or a false one reached, by the adroit substitution of one

phrase, or one word, for another. Of this we have, I think, another example in the resolutions before us.

The first resolution declares that the people of the several States "acceded" to the Constitution, or to the constitutional compact, as it is called. This word "accede," not found either in the Constitution itself, or in the ratification of it by any one of the States, has been chosen for use here, doubtless, not without a well-considered purpose.

The natural converse of *accession* is *secession;* and, therefore, when it is stated that the people of the States acceded to the Union, it may be more plausibly argued that they may secede from it. If, in adopting the Constitution, nothing was done but acceding to a compact, nothing would seem necessary, in order to break it up, but to secede from the same compact. But the term is wholly out of place. *Accession,* as a word applied to political associations, implies coming into a league, treaty, or confederacy, by one hitherto a stranger to it; and *secession* implies departing from such league or confederacy. The people of the United States have used no such form of expression in establishing the present government. They do not say that they *accede* to a league, but they declare that they *ordain* and *establish* a Constitution. Such are the very words of the instrument itself; and in all the States, without an exception, the language used by their conventions was, that they "*ratified the Constitution*"; some of them employing the additional words "assented to" and "adopted," but all of them "ratifying."

There is more importance than may, at first sight, appear, in the introduction of this new word, by the honorable mover of these resolutions. Its adoption and use are indispensable to maintain those premises from which his main conclusion is to be afterwards drawn. But before showing that, allow me to remark, that this phraseology tends to

keep out of sight the just view of a previous political history, as well as to suggest wrong ideas as to what was actually done when the present Constitution was agreed to. In 1789, and before this Constitution was adopted, the United States had already been in a union, more or less close, for fifteen years. At least as far back as the meeting of the first Congress, in 1774, they had been in some measure, and for some national purposes, united together. Before the Confederation of 1781, they had declared independence jointly, and had carried on the war jointly, both by sea and land; and this not as separate States, but as one people. When, therefore, they formed that Confederation, and adopted its articles as articles of perpetual union, they did not come together for the first time; and therefore they did not speak of the States as *acceding* to the Confederation, although it was a league, and nothing but a league, and rested on nothing but plighted faith for its performance. Yet, even then, the States were not strangers to each other; there was a bond of union already subsisting between them; they were associated, united States; and the object of the Confederation was to make a stronger and better bond of union. Their representatives deliberated together on these proposed Articles of Confederation, and being authorized by their respective States, finally "*ratified and confirmed*" them. Inasmuch as they were already in union, they did not speak of *acceding* to the new Articles of Confederation, but of *ratifying and confirming* them; and this language was not used inadvertently, because, in the same instrument, *accession* is used in its proper sense, when applied to Canada, which was altogether a stranger to the existing union. "Canada," says the eleventh article, "*acceding* to the Confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into the Union."

Having thus used the terms *ratify* and *confirm*, even in

regard to the old Confederation, it would have been strange indeed, if the people of the United States, after its formation, and when they came to establish the present Constitution, had spoken of the States, or the people of the States, as *acceding* to this Constitution. Such language would have been ill-suited to the occasion. It would have implied an existing separation or disunion among the States, such as never has existed since 1774. No such language, therefore, was used. The language actually employed is, *adopt, ratify, establish, ordain.*

Therefore, Sir, since any State, before she can prove her right to dissolve the Union, must show her authority to undo what has been done, no State is at liberty to *secede,* on the ground that she and other States have done nothing but *accede.* She must show that she has a right to *reverse* what has been *ordained,* to *unsettle* and *overthrow* what has been *established,* to *reject* what the people have *adopted,* and to *break up* what they have *ratified;* because these are the terms which express the transactions which have actually taken place. In other words, she must show her right to make a revolution.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Showing His Hand"

(A Letter to the *Sangamon Journal*)

New Salem, June 13, 1836.

To the Editor of the *Journal:* In your paper of last Saturday I see a communication, over the signature of "Many voters," in which the candidates who are announced in the *Journal* are called upon to "show their hands." Agreed. Here's mine.

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who

assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).

If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me.

While acting as their representative, I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is; and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests. Whether elected or not, I go for distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the several States, to enable our State, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying the interest on it.

If alive on the first Monday in November, I shall vote for Hugh L. White for President.

A. Lincoln.

Speech on Leaving Springfield in 1861

My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope

in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Lincoln's Shortest Speech

(Address at Utica, New York, February 18, 1861)

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have no speech to make to you, and no time to speak in. I appear before you that I may see you, and that you may see me; and I am willing to admit, that so far as the ladies are concerned, I have the best of the bargain, though I wish it to be understood that I do not make the same acknowledgment concerning the men.

(*From the* First Inaugural)

In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while *I* shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

The Gettysburg Address

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus so far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Letter to Mrs. Bixby

WASHINGTON, November 21, 1864.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the

Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

HENRY TIMROD [1]

A Cry to Arms

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the chafing tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade;
Let desk, and case, and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade.

The despot roves your fairest lands;
And till he flies or fears,
Your fields must grow but armed bands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears!
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain;
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain!

Come, with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike, or knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn.

[1] The poems by Henry Timrod included in this book are used by special permission of the B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va., the authorized publishers of his works.

Does any falter? let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh! could you like your women feel,
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch.

What hope, O God! would not grow warm
When thoughts like these give cheer?
The Lily calmly braves the storm,
And shall the Palm-tree fear?
No! rather let its branches court
The rack that sweeps the plain;
And from the Lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the strain!

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Come! flocking gayly to the fight,
From forest, hill, and lake;
We battle for our Country's right,
And for the Lily's sake!

Ode

(Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S.C., 1867)

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
  And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

Flower-Life

I think that, next to your sweet eyes,
And pleasant books, and starry skies,
  I love the world of flowers;
Less for their beauty of a day,
Than for the tender things they say,
And for a creed I've held alway,
  That they are sentient powers.

It may be matter for a smile —
And I laugh secretly the while
  I speak the fancy out —
But that they love, and that they woo,
And that they often marry too,
And do as noisier creatures do,
  I've not the faintest doubt.

And so, I cannot deem it right
To take them from the glad sunlight,
  As I have sometimes dared;
Though not without an anxious sigh
Lest this should break some gentle tie,
Some covenant of friendship, I
  Had better far have spared.

And when, in wild or thoughtless hours,
My hand hath crushed the tiniest flowers,
I ne'er could shut from sight
The corpses of the tender things,
With other drear imaginings,
And little angel-flowers with wings
Would haunt me through the night.

Oh! say you, friend, the creed is fraught
With sad, and even with painful thought,
Nor could you bear to know
That such capacities belong
To creatures helpless against wrong,
At once too weak to fly the strong
Or front the feeblest foe?

So be it always, then, with you;
So be it — whether false or true —
I press my faith on none;
If other fancies please you more,
The flowers shall blossom as before,
Dear as the Sibyl-leaves of yore,
But senseless, every one.

Yet, though I give you no reply,
It were not hard to justify
My creed to partial ears;
But, conscious of the cruel part,
My rhymes would flow with faltering art,
I could not plead against your heart,
Nor reason with your tears.

Why Silent

Why am I silent from year to year?
Needs must I sing on these blue March days?
What will you say, when I tell you here,
That already, I think, for a little praise,
I have paid too dear?

For, I know not why, when I tell my thought,
It seems as though I fling it away;
And the charm wherewith a fancy is fraught,
When secret, dies with the fleeting lay
Into which it is wrought.

So my butterfly-dreams their golden wings
But seldom unfurl from their chrysalis;
And thus I retain my loveliest things,
While the world, in its worldliness, does not miss
What a poet sings.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE[1]

Beauregard's Appeal

Yea! since the need is bitter,
Take down those sacred bells,
Whose music speaks of hallowed joys,
And passionate farewells!

But ere ye fall dismantled,
Ring out, deep bells! once more:
And pour on the waves of the passing wind
The symphonies of yore.

Let the latest born be welcomed
By pealings glad and long,
Let the latest dead in the churchyard bed
Be laid with solemn song.

And the bells above them throbbing,
Should sound in mournful tone,
As if, in grief for a human death,
They prophesied their own.

[1] The selections from Paul Hamilton Hayne are used by permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, publishers of Hayne's *Complete Poems*.

Who says 'tis a desecration
To strip the temple towers,
And invest the metal of peaceful notes
With death-compelling powers?

A truce to cant and folly!
Our people's ALL at stake,
Shall we heed the cry of the shallow fool,
Or pause for the bigot's sake?

Then crush the struggling sorrow!
Feed high your furnace fires,
And mould into deep-mouthed guns of bronze,
The bells from a hundred spires.

Methinks no common vengeance,
No transient war eclipse,
Will follow the awful thunder-burst
From their adamantine lips.

A cause like ours is holy,
And it useth holy things;
While over the storm of a righteous strife,
May shine the angel's wings.

Where'er our duty leads us,
The grace of God is there,
And the lurid shrine of war may hold
The Eucharist of prayer.

Forgotten

Forgotten! Can it be a few swift rounds
Of Time's great chariot wheels have crushed to naught
The memory of those fearful sights and sounds,
With speechless misery fraught —
Wherethro' we hope to gain the Hesperian height,
Where Freedom smiles in light?

Forgotten! scarce have two dim autumns veiled
With merciful mist those dreary burial sods,
Whose coldness (when the high-strung pulses failed,
Of men who strove like gods)
Wrapped in a sanguine fold of senseless dust
Dead hearts and perished trust!

Forgotten! While in far-off woodland dell,
By lonely mountain tarn and murmuring stream,
Bereavèd hearts with sorrowful passion swell —
Their lives one ghastly dream
Of hope outwearied and betrayed desire,
And anguish crowned with fire!

Forgotten! while our manhood cursed with chains,
And pilloried high for all the world to view,
Writhes in its fierce, intolerable pains,
Decked with dull wreaths of rue,
And shedding blood for tears, hands waled with scars,
Lifts to the dumb, cold stars!

Forgotten! Can the dancer's jocund feet
Flash o'er a charnel-vault, and maidens fair
Bend the white lustre of their eyelids sweet,
Love-weighed, so nigh despair,
Its ice-cold breath must freeze their blushing brows?
And hush love's tremulous vows?

Forgotten! Nay: but all the songs we sing
Hold under-burdens, wailing chords of woe;
Our lightest laughters sound with hollow ring,
Our bright wit's freest flow,
Quavers to sudden silence of affright,
Touched by an untold blight!

Forgotten! No! we cannot all forget,
Or, when we do, farewell to Honor's face,
To Hope's sweet tendance, Valor's unpaid debt,
And every noblest Grace,

Which nursed in Love, might still benignly bloom
Above a nation's tomb!

Forgotten! Tho' a thousand years should pass,
Methinks our air will throb with memory's thrills,
A conscious grief weigh down the faltering grass,
A pathos shroud the hills,
Waves roll lamenting, autumn sunsets yearn
For the old time's return!

The Axe and Pine

All day, on bole and limb the axes ring,
And every stroke upon my startled brain
Falls with the power of sympathetic pain;
I shrink to view each glorious forest-king
Descend to earth, a wan, discrownèd thing.
Ah, Heaven! beside these foliaged giants slain,
How small the human dwarfs, whose lust for gain
Hath edged their brutal steel to smite and sting!
Hark! to those long-drawn murmurings, strange and drear!
The wails of Dryads in their last distress;
O'er ruined haunts and ravished loveliness
Still tower those brawny arms; tones coarsely loud
Rise still beyond the greenery's waning cloud,
While falls the insatiate steel, sharp, cold and sheer!

Aspects of the Pines

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams —
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes — the solemn joy and might
Borne from the West when cloudless day declines —
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous — gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

Poets

Some thunder on the heights of song, their race
Godlike in power, while others at their feet
Are breathing measures scarce less strong and sweet
Than those which peal from out that loftiest place;
Meantime, just midway on the mount, his face
Fairer than April heavens, when storms retreat,
And on their edges rain and sunshine meet,
Pipes the soft lyrist lays of tender grace;
But where the slopes of bright Parnassus sweep
Near to the common ground, a various throng
Chant lowlier measures, — yet each tuneful strain
(The silvery minor of earth's perfect song)
Blends with that music of the topmost steep,
O'er whose vast realm the master minstrels reign!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land!

Israfel

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
'Whose heart-strings are a lute;'
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven,)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love's a grown-up God —
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

The Haunted Palace

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn! — for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh — but smile no more.

The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'"Tis some visiter," I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
'"Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
This it is and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you'—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word 'Lenore!'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never — nevermore."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'
Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting —
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

Ulalume

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere —
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir —
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll —
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole —
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere —
Our memories were treacherous and sere —
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year —
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber —
(Though once we had journeyed down here) —
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn —
As the star-dials hinted of morn —
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,

Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn —
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — 'She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs —
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies —
To the Lethean peace of the skies —
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes —
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.'

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said — 'Sadly this star I mistrust —
Her pallor I strangely mistrust: —
Oh, hasten! — oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must.'
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust —
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust —
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — 'This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night: —
See! — it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright —
We safely may trust to a gleaming

That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.'

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom —
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb —
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said — 'What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?'
She replied — 'Ulalume — Ulalume —
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!'

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere —
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried — 'It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here —
That I brought a dread burden down here —
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber —
This misty mid region of Weir —
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.'

Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my ANNABEL LEE —
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Morella

Αυτο καθ' αυτο μεθ' αυτου, αουο ειδες αιει αν.
Itself, by itself solely, ONE everlastingly, and single.

— PLATO, *Sympos.*

With a feeling of deep yet most singular affection I regarded my friend Morella. Thrown by accident into her society many years ago, my soul, from our first meeting, burned with fires it had never before known; but the fires were not of Eros, and bitter and tormenting to my spirit was the gradual conviction that I could in no manner define their unusual meaning, or regulate their vague intensity. Yet we met; and fate bound us together at the altar; and I never spoke of passion, nor thought of love. She however, shunned society, and, attaching herself to me alone, rendered me happy. It is a happiness to wonder; it is a happiness to dream.

Morella's erudition was profound. As I hope to live, her talents were of no common order — her powers of mind were gigantic. I felt this and, in many matters, became her pupil. I soon, however, found that, perhaps on account of her Presburg education, she placed before me a number of those mystical writings which are usually considered the mere dross of the early German literature. These, for what reason I could not imagine, were her favorite and constant study — and that, in process of time they became my own, should be attributed to the simple but effectual influence of habit and example.

In all this, if I err not, my reason had little to do. My convictions, or I forget myself, were in no manner acted upon by the ideal, nor was any tincture of the mysticism which I read, to be discovered, unless I am greatly mistaken, either in my deeds or in my thoughts. Persuaded

of this, I abandoned myself implicitly to the guidance of my wife, and entered with an unflinching heart into the intricacies of her studies. And then — then, when, poring over forbidden pages, I felt a forbidden spirit enkindling within me — would Morella place her cold hand upon my own, and rake up from the ashes of a dead philosophy some low, singular words, whose strange meaning burned themselves in upon my memory. And then, hour after hour, would I linger by her side, and dwell upon the music of her voice — until, at length, its melody was tainted with terror, — and there fell a shadow upon my soul — and I grew pale, and shuddered inwardly at those too unearthly tones. And thus, joy suddenly faded into horror, and the most beautiful became the most hideous, as Hinnon became the Gehenna.

It is unnecessary to state the exact character of those disquisitions which, growing out of the volumes I have mentioned, formed, for so long a time, almost the sole conversation of Morella and myself. By the learned in what might be termed theological morality they will be readily conceived, and by the unlearned they would, at all events, be little understood. The wild Pantheism of Fichte; the modified Παλιγγενεσια of Pythagoreans; and, above all, the doctrines of *Identity* as urged by Schelling were generally the points of discussion presenting the most of beauty to the imaginative Morella. That identity which is termed personal, Mr. Locke, I think, truly defines to consist in the saneness of a rational being. And since by person we understand an intelligent essence having reason, and since there is a consciousness which always accompanies thinking, it is this which makes us all to be that which we call *ourselves* — thereby distinguishing us from other beings that think, and giving us our personal identity. But the *principium individuationis* — the notion of that identity *which at*

death is or is not lost forever — was to me, at all times, a consideration of intense interest; not more from the perplexing and exciting nature of its consequences, than from the marked and agitated manner in which Morella mentioned them.

But, indeed, the time had now arrived when the mystery of my wife's manner oppressed me as a spell. I could no longer bear the touch of her wan fingers, nor the low tone of her musical language, nor the lustre of her melancholy eyes. And she knew all this, but did not upbraid; she seemed conscious of my weakness or my folly and, smiling, called it Fate. She seemed, also, conscious of a cause, to me unknown, for the gradual alienation of my regard; but she gave me no hint or token of its nature. Yet was she woman, and pined away daily. In time, the crimson spot settled steadily upon the cheek, and the blue veins upon the pale forehead became prominent; and, one instant, my nature melted into pity but, in the next, I met the glance of her meaning eyes, and then my soul sickened and became giddy with the giddiness of one who gazes downward into some dreary and unfathomable abyss.

Shall I then say that I longed with an earnest and consuming desire for the moment of Morella's decease? I did; but the fragile spirit clung to its tenement of clay for many days — for many weeks and irksome months — until my tortured nerves obtained the mastery over my mind, and I grew furious through delay, and with the heart of a fiend, cursed the days, and the hours, and the bitter moments, which seemed to lengthen and lengthen as her gentle life declined — like shadows in the dying of the day.

But one autumnal evening, when the winds lay still in heaven, Morella called me to her bedside. There was a dim mist over all the earth, and a warm glow upon the waters, and, amid the rich October leaves of the forest, a rainbow from the firmament had surely fallen.

"It is a day of days," she said, as I approached; "a day of all days either to live or die. It is a fair day for the sons of earth and life — ah, more fair for the daughters of heaven and death!"

I kissed her forehead, and she continued:

"I am dying, yet shall I live."

"Morella!"

"The days have never been when thou couldst love me — but her whom in life thou didst abhor, in death thou shalt adore."

"Morella!"

"I repeat that I am dying. But within me is a pledge of that affection — ah, how little! which thou didst feel for me, Morella. And when my spirit departs, shall the child live — thy child and mine, Morella's. But thy days shall be days of sorrow — that sorrow which is the most lasting of impressions, as the cypress is the most enduring of trees. For the hours of thy happiness are over; and joy is not gathered twice in a life, as the roses of Pæstum twice in a year. Thou shalt no longer, then, play the Teian with time but, being ignorant of the myrtle and the vine, thou shalt bear about with thee thy shroud on the earth, as do the Moslemin at Mecca."

"Morella!" I cried, "Morella! how knowest thou this?" — but she turned away her face upon the pillow, and, a slight tremor coming over her limbs, she thus died, and I heard her voice no more.

Yet, as she had foretold, her child — to which in dying she had given birth, which breathed not until the mother breathed no more — her child, a daughter, lived. And she grew strangely in stature and intellect, and was the perfect resemblance of her who had departed; and I loved her with a love more fervent than I had believed it possible to feel for any denizen of earth.

But, erelong, the heaven of this pure affection became darkened, and gloom, and horror, and grief swept over it in clouds. I said the child grew strangely in stature and intelligence. Strange, indeed, was her rapid increase in bodily size — but terrible, oh! terrible were the tumultuous thoughts which crowded upon me while watching the development of her mental being! Could it be otherwise, when I daily discovered in the conceptions of the child the adult powers and faculties of the woman? — when the lessons of experience fell from the lips of infancy? and when the wisdom or the passions of maturity I found hourly gleaming from its full and speculative eye? When, I say, all this became evident to my appalled senses — when I could no longer hide it from my soul, nor throw it off from those perceptions which trembled to receive it — is it to be wondered at that suspicions, of a nature fearful and exciting, crept in upon my spirit, or that my thoughts fell back aghast upon the wild tales and thrilling theories of the entombed Morella? I snatched from the scrutiny of the world a being whom destiny compelled me to adore, and in the rigorous seclusion of my home watched, with an agonizing anxiety, over all which concerned the beloved.

And, as years rolled away, and I gazed, day after day, upon her holy, and mild, and eloquent face, and pored over her maturing form, day after day did I discover new points of resemblance in the child to her mother, the melancholy and the dead. And, hourly, grew darker these shadows of similitude, and more full, and more definite, and more perplexing, and more hideously terrible in their aspect. For that her smile was like her mother's I could bear; but then I shuddered at its too perfect *identity*. That her eyes were like Morella's I could endure; but then they too often looked down into the depths of my soul with Morella's own intense and bewildering meaning. And in the con-

tour of the high forehead, and in the ringlets of the silken hair, and in the wan fingers which buried themselves therein, and in the sad musical tones of her speech, and above all — oh! above all — in the phrases and expressions of the dead on the lips of the loved and the living, I found food for consuming thought and horror — for a worm that *would* not die.

Thus passed away two lustra of her life and, as yet, my daughter remained nameless upon the earth. "My child," and "my love" were the designations usually prompted by a father's affection, and the rigid seclusion of her days precluded all other intercourse. Morella's name died with her at her death. Of the mother I had never spoken to the daughter; — it was impossible to speak. Indeed, during the brief period of her existence, the latter had received no impressions from the outer world, save such as might have been afforded by the narrow limits of her privacy. But at length the ceremony of baptism presented to my mind, in its unnerved and agitated condition, a present deliverance from the terrors of my destiny. And at the baptismal fount I hesitated for a name. And many titles of the wise and beautiful, of old and modern times, of my own and foreign lands came thronging to my lips, with many, many fair titles of the gentle, and the happy, and the good. What prompted me, then, to disturb the memory of the buried dead? What demon urged me to breathe that sound, which, in its very recollection, was wont to make ebb the purple blood in torrents from the temples to the heart? What fiend spoke from the recesses of my soul, when, amid those dim aisles, and in the silence of the night, I whispered within the ears of the holy man the syllables — Morella? What more than fiend convulsed the features of my child, and overspread them with hues of death, as starting at that scarcely audible sound, she turned

her glassy eyes from the earth to heaven and, falling prostrate on the black slabs of our ancestral vault, responded — "I am here!"

Distinct, coldly, calmly distinct, fell those few simple sounds within my ear, and thence like molten lead, rolled hissingly into my brain. Years — years may pass away, but the memory of that epoch — never! Nor was I indeed ignorant of the flowers and the vine — but the hemlock and the cypress overshadowed me night and day. And I kept no reckoning of time or place, and the stars of my fate faded from heaven, and therefore the earth grew dark, and its figures passed by me, like flitting shadows, and among them all I beheld only — Morella. The winds of the firmament breathed but one sound within my ears, and the ripples upon the sea murmured evermore — Morella. But she died; and with my own hands I bore her to the tomb; and I laughed with a long and bitter laugh as I found no traces of the first, in the charnel where I laid the second, Morella.

The Short-Story

(*From review of* **Twice-Told. Tales**)

The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were we bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, we should answer, without hesitation — in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. We need only here say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest im-

portance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a parodox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem *too* brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort — without a certain duration or repetition of purpose — the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water upon the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things — pungent and spirit-stirring — but, like immassive bodies, they lack *momentum*, and thus fail to satisfy the Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.* Were we called upon, however, to designate that class of composition, which, next to such a poem as we have suggested, should best fulfil the demands of high genius — should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion — we should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. We allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening

during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading, would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences — resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents — he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poet's highest idea — the idea of the Beautiful — the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of

ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a table-land of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression — (the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic, or the humorous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm. It may be added here, *par parenthèse*, that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect*, many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of Blackwood. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes an exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius: although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE[1]

The May-Pole of Merry Mount

There is an admirable foundation for a philosophic romance, in the curious history of the early settlement of Mount Wollaston, or Merry Mount. In the slight sketch here attempted, the facts recorded on the grave pages of our New England annalists have wrought themselves, almost spontaneously, into a sort of allegory. The masques, mummeries, and festive customs, described in the text are in accordance with the manners of the age. Authority on these points may be found in Strutt's Book of English Sports and Pastimes.

Bright were the days at Merry Mount, when the May-Pole was the banner staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of Spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the Summer months, and revelling with Autumn, and basking in the glow of Winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care she flitted with a dream-like smile, and came hither to find a home among the light-some hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the May-Pole been so gayly decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine-tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equaled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, colored like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground, the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest

[1] The selections from Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of their works.

green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers and blossoms of the wilderness laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine-tree. Where this green and flowery splendor terminated, the shaft of the May-Pole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. O people of the Golden Age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the May-Pole? It could not be, that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his fore-paws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose half-way, to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the

Salvage Man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a nobler figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore foolscaps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng, by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset, round their venerated May-Pole.

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth, and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus, some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that fore-ran the change. But a band of Puritans, who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masques to those devils and ruined souls with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revelers, and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gaily decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spontaneously there. Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the May-Pole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers,

in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine-leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

"Votaries of the May-Pole," cried the flower-decked priest, "merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morrice-dancers, green men, and glee-maidens, bears and wolves, and horned gentlemen! Come; a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of Merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of, and how airily they should go through it! All ye that love the May-Pole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!"

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses, that hung from the lowest green bough of the May-Pole, had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads, in symbol of their flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave, reverend Sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal, as we of the May-Pole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cithern, and viol, touched with practised minstrelsy, began to play from a neighboring

thicket, in such a mirthful cadence that the boughs of the May-Pole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilded staff, chancing to look into his Lady's eyes, was wonder-struck at the almost pensive glance that met his own.

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whispered he reproachfully, "is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? O Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me! How came it in your mind too?" said Edith, in a still lower tone than he; for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary, and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose-leaves from the May-Pole. Alas, for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion, than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care and sorrow and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That was Edith's mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masquers to sport round the May-Pole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the Old World and its

inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West; some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life, that when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight. Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were made to put on masques, and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gaiety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest day-dream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe, whose whole life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets; wandering players, whose theatres had been the halls of noblemen, mummers, rope-dancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church ales, and fairs; in a word, mirth-makers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow wilfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a lifetime, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.

All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John, they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest-time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration for the May-Pole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; Summer brought roses of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest; Autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness, which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted flower; and Winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the May-Pole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor. Its votaries danced round it, once, at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always, it was the banner staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the New World of a sterner faith than these May-Pole worshippers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of Puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield till evening made it prayer-time again. Their weapons were always at hand, to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear sermons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians.

Their festivals were fast-days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed the Puritan May-Pole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horse-load of iron armor to burthen his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their May-Pole; perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often, the whole colony were playing at blind-man's buff, magistrates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scape-goat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times, they sang ballads and told tales, for the edification of their pious visitors; or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse-collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities, the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly, that the revelers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the Puritans affirmed, that, when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo which the forest sent them back seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bond-slaves, the crew of Merry Mount, had

thus disturbed them? In due time, a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the May-Pole. The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grizzly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime, and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalm for ever. But should the banner-staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the May-Pole.

After these authentic passages from history, we return to the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again at the May-Pole, a solitary sunbeam is fading from the summit, and leaves only a faint, golden tinge, blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom, which has rushed so instantaneously from the black surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes; with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masquers was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morrice-dancers tinkled with tremulous affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the May-Pole mummeries. Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment, when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the centre of the circle, while the rout of

monsters cowered around him, like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect, that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his head-piece and breast-plate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott himself!

"Stand off, priest of Baal!" said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone! Thou art the man who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and to give example of it in thy life. But now shall it be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first, for this flower-decked abomination, the altar of thy worship!"

And with his keen sword Endicott assaulted the hallowed May-Pole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rosebuds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs, and ribbons, and flowers, symbolic of departed pleasures, down fell the banner-staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods threw forth a more sombre shadow.

"There," cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work, — "there lies the only May-Pole in New England! The thought is strong within me, that, by its fall, is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle mirth-makers, amongst us and our posterity. Amen, saith John Endicott."

"Amen!" echoed his followers.

But the votaries of the May-Pole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a May-Pole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping-post!"

"But there are pinetrees enow," suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy. But woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must he share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive. Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff, and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burthen him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or evil. They looked first at each other, and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures, of which their companions were the emblems, had given place to the sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high, as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently; for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding-day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat! Do with me as thou wilt, but let Edith go untouched!"

"Not so," replied the immitigable zealot. "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex, which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilder-

ness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal that the iron man was softened; he smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials, ere we burthen them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the love-lock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth, which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a May-Pole!"

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock-foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the May-Pole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gaiety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But, as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there,

so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

Drowne's Wooden Image

One sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called the Cynosure, which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figure-head of the Cynosure. She has shown herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But, for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs do you prefer? Here," — pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and scarlet coat, — "here is an excellent model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner. "But as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figure-head as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne, marvelling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world as the figure-head of a vessel. "You may depend, captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted — in a very humble line, it is true — that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished, or rising to distinction. From his earliest boyhood he had exhibited a knack — for it would be too proud a word to call it genius — a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzlingly white, at least, as the Parian or the Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his school-fellows, and were indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his

skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions of evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump heads, and wooden urns for gate posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantelpieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skilful hand of Drowne.

But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figure-heads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favorite daughter of the ship-owner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colors, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping of the Thames and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the king resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But at least there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless and warmth upon the cold, and which,

had it been present, would have made Browne's wooden image instinct with spirit.

The captain of the Cynosure had now finished his instructions.

"And Browne," said he, impressively, "you must lay aside all other business and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first-rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage; "depend upon it, I'll do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that moment the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Town Dock who were wont to show their love for the arts by frequent visits to Browne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the daytime. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour of the evening; although neither knock nor voice, on such occasions, could gain admittance for a visitor, or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Browne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take was a problem to his friends and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Browne was seldom noticed in the act of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed until it became evident to all observers that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed

as if the hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrusted her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Drowne's earlier productions and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Drowne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver as to induce him, in the dearth of professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible image of king, commander, dame, and allegory, that stood around, on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual part, partook of the stolid transformation. But in not a single instance did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here! and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have outvalued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Drowne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man in your line of business that could do so much; for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me

highly, Mr. Copley," answered Drowne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well, that the one touch which you speak of as deficient is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that without it these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist as between a sign-post daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange," cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though hitherto it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden images. "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency which Drowne had just expressed, and which is so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had heretofore been overlooked. But no; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch. What inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live? Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself. "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentment; so that, as in the cloud shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom, and opening in front so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers, such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of ear-rings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger, all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown in her attire, and could therefore have shocked none but a judgment spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular and somewhat haughty aspect, but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth, which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

"Drowne," said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver's workshop, "if this work were in marble it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, and yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?"

"Not paint her!" exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by; "not paint the figure-head of the Cynosure! And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow! She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat down to the silver spangles on her slippers."

"Mr. Copley," said Drowne, quietly, "I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of the sculptor's rules of art; but of this wooden image, this work of my hands, this creature of my heart," — and here his voice faltered and choked in a very singular manner, — "of this — of her — I may say that I know something. A well-spring of inward wisdom gushed within me as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith. Let others do

what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect by painted wood, those rules are not for me, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius," muttered Copley to himself. "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them?"

He looked earnestly at Browne, and again saw that expression of human love which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colors, and the countenance with Nature's red and white. When all was finished he threw open his workshop, and admitted the townspeople to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly-dressed and beautiful young lady who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must therefore be something preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable air and expression that might reasonably induce the query, Who and from what sphere this daughter of the oak should be? The strange, rich flowers of Eden on her head; the complexion so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street; the delicately wrought embroidery of the skirt; the broad gold chain about her neck; the curious ring upon her finger; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in open work, and painted to

resemble pearl and ebony; — where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied! And then her face! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexing admiration of himself and other beholders.

"And will you," said he to the carver, "permit this masterpiece to become the figure-head of a vessel? Give the honest captain yonder figure of Britannia — it will answer his purpose far better — and send this fairy queen to England, where, for aught I know, it may bring you a thousand pounds."

"I have not wrought it for money," said Drowne.

"What sort of a fellow is this!" thought Copley. "A Yankee, and throw away the chance of making his fortune! He has gone mad; and thence has come this gleam of genius."

There was still further proof of Drowne's lunacy, if credit were due to the rumor that he had been seen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and gazing with a lover's passionate ardor into the face that his own hands had created. The bigots of the day hinted that it would be no matter of surprise if an evil spirit were allowed to enter this beautiful form, and seduce the carver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far and wide. The inhabitants visited it so universally, that after a few days of exhibition there was hardly an old man or a child who had not become minutely familiar with its aspect. Even had the story of Drowne's wooden image ended here, its celebrity might have been prolonged for many years by the reminiscences of those who looked upon it in their childhood, and saw nothing else so beautiful in after life. But the town

was now astounded by an event, the narrative of which has formed itself into one of the most singular legends that are yet to be met with in the traditionary chimney corners of the New England metropolis, where old men and women sit dreaming of the past, and wag their heads at the dreamers of the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the departure of the Cynosure on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover Street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and button-holes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince or the rags of a beggar, without in either case attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transfixed to wood or marble in astonishment.

"Do you see it? — do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in town only the night before. "Who do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!"

"Yes; the same! — the very same!" repeated the other. "Drowne's wooden image has come to life!"

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and

minutely the shape, the garb, and the face which the townspeople had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had had its prototype in Browne's wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, was shaken by every footstep that the wearer made. The broad gold chain upon the neck was identical with the one represented on the image, and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face with its brilliant depth of complexion had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Browne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood etherealized into a spirit or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp, "Browne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley, the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover Street through some of the cross lanes that make this portion of

the town so intricate, to Ann Street, thence into Dock Square, and so downward to Drowne's shop, which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbance that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Drowne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvellous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

"If she be other than a bubble of the elements," exclaimed Copley, "I must look upon her face again."

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of mirthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but a moment before, she turned her face towards the crowd. The carver

stood beside his creation mending the beautiful fan, which by some accident was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the lifelike image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

"Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady," said the gallant captain. "Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass."

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

"Drowne," said Copley with a smile of intelligence, "you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image."

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

"I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley," said he, putting his hand to his brow. "This image! Can it have been my work? Well, I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad awake I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon."

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and in the latter part of his life attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as

Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon's hand — a reduced likeness of his friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant — may be seen to this day, at the corner of Broad and State streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure, as compared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dulness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady, than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumor in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had fled from her home in Fayal and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Drowne's Wooden Image.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

Tour of William the Silent through Holland

(*From* The Rise of the Dutch Republic, Part V, Chap. III)

At the popular request, the Prince afterwards made a tour through the little provinces, honoring every city with a brief visit. There were no triumphal arches, no martial music, no banners, no theatrical pageantry — nothing but the choral anthem from thousands of grateful hearts. "Father William has come! Father William has come!" cried men, women, and children to each other when the news of his arrival in town or village was announced. He was a patriarch visiting his children, not a conqueror, nor a vulgar potentate displaying himself to his admirers. Happy were they who heard his voice, happier they who touched his hands, for his words were full of tenderness, his hand was offered to all. There were none so humble as to be forbidden to approach him, none so ignorant as not to know his deeds.

He found time, notwithstanding the congratulating crowds who thronged his footsteps, to direct the labors of the states-general, who still looked more than ever to his guidance, as their relations with Don John became more complicated and unsatisfactory. In a letter addressed to them, on the 20th of June, from Harlem, he warned them most eloquently to hold to the Ghent Pacification as to their anchor in the storm. He assured them, if it was torn from them, that their destruction was inevitable. He reminded them that hitherto they had got but the shadow, not the substance of the treaty; that they had been robbed of that which was to have been its chief fruit — union among themselves. He and his brothers, with their labor, their wealth, and their blood, had laid down the bridge over which the country had stepped to the Pacification of Ghent. It was for the nation

to maintain what had been so painfully won; yet he proclaimed to them that the government were not acting in good faith, that secret preparations were making to annihilate the authority of the states, to restore the edicts, to put strangers into high places, and to set up again the scaffold and the whole machinery of persecution.

In consequence of the seizure of Namur Castle, and the accusations made by Don John against Orange, in order to justify that act, the Prince had already despatched Taffin and Saint Aldegonde to the states-general with a commission to declare his sentiments upon the subject. He addressed, moreover, to the same body a full letter of sincere and simple eloquence. "The Seigneur Don John," said he, "has accused me of violating the peace, and of countenancing attempts against his life, and is endeavouring to persuade you into joining him in a declaration of war against me and against Holland and Zealand; but I pray you, most affectionately, to remember our mutual and solemn obligations to maintain the treaty of Ghent." He entreated the states, therefore, to beware of the artifices employed to seduce them from the only path which led to the tranquillity of their common country, and her true splendor and prosperity. "I believe there is not one of you," he continued, "who can doubt me, if he will weigh carefully all my actions, and consider closely the course which I am pursuing and have always pursued. Let all these be confronted with the conduct of Don John, and any man will perceive that all my views of happiness, both for my country and myself, imply a peaceable enjoyment of the union, joined with the legitimate restoration of our liberties, to which all good patriots aspire, and towards which all my designs have ever tended. As all the grandeur of Don John, on the contrary, consists in war, as there is nothing which he so abhors as repose, as he has given ample proof of these inclinations in all his designs

and enterprises, both before and after the treaty of Marche en Famine, both within the country and beyond its borders, as it is most manifest that his purpose is, and ever has been, to embroil us with our neighbors of England and Scotland in new dissensions, as it must be evident to every one of you that his pretended accusations against me are but colors and shadows to embellish and to shroud his own desire for war, his appetite for vengeance, and his hatred not only to me but to yourselves, and as his determination is, in the words of Escovedo, to chastize some of us by means of the rest, and to excite the jealousy of one portion of the country against the other — therefore, gentlemen, do I most affectionately exhort you to found your decision, as to these matters, not upon words, but upon actions. Examine carefully my conduct in the points concerning which the charges are made; listen attentively to what my envoys will communicate to you in my behalf; and then, having compared it with all the proceedings of Seigneur Don John, you will be able to form a resolution worthy the rank which you occupy, and befitting your obligations to the whole people, of whom you have been chosen chiefs and protectors by God and by men. Put away all considerations which might obscure your clear eye-sight; maintain with magnanimity, and like men, the safety of yourselves, your wives, your children, your estates, your liberties; see that this poor people, whose eyes are fixed upon you, does not perish; preserve them from the greediness of those who would grow great at your expense; guard them from the yoke of miserable servitude; let not all our posterity lament that, by our pusillanimity, they have lost the liberties which our ancestors had conquered for them, and bequeathed to them as well as to us, and that they have been subjugated by the proud tyranny of strangers.

"Trusting," said the Prince, in conclusion, "that you will accord faith and attention to my envoys, I will only add an

expression of my sincere determination to employ myself incessantly in your service, and for the welfare of the whole people, without sparing any means in my power, nor my life itself."

The vigilant Prince was indeed not slow to take advantage of the Governor's false move. While in reality intending peace, if it were possible, Don John had thrown the gauntlet; while affecting to deal openly and manfully, like a warrior and an emperor's son, he had involved himself in petty stratagems and transparent intrigues, by all which he had gained nothing but the character of a plotter, whose word could not be trusted. Saint Aldegonde expressed the hope that the seizure of Namur Castle would open the eyes of the people, and certainly the Prince did his best to sharpen their vision.

While in North Holland, William of Orange received an urgent invitation from the magistracy and community of Utrecht to visit that city. His authority, belonging to him under his ancient commission, had not yet been recognized over that province, but there was no doubt that the contemplated convention of "Satisfaction" was soon to be arranged, for his friends there were numerous and influential. His princess, Charlotte de Bourbon, who accompanied him on his tour, trembled at the danger to which her husband would expose himself by venturing thus boldly into a territory which might be full of his enemies, but the Prince determined to trust the loyalty of a province which he hoped would be soon his own. With anxious forebodings, the Princess followed her husband to the ancient episcopal city. As they entered its gates, where an immense concourse was waiting to receive him, a shot passed through the carriage window, and struck the Prince upon the breast. The affrighted lady threw her arms about his neck, shrieking that they were betrayed, but the Prince, perceiving that the

supposed shot was but a wad from one of the cannon, which were still roaring their welcome to him, soon succeeded in calming her fears. The carriage passed slowly through the streets, attended by the vociferous greetings of the multitude; for the whole population had come forth to do him honor. The citizens of Utrecht became more than ever inclined to accept the dominion of the Prince, and it was certain before he took his departure that the treaty of "Satisfaction" would not be long delayed. It was drawn up, accordingly, in the autumn of the same year, upon the basis of that accepted by Harlem and Amsterdam — a basis wide enough to support both religions, with a nominal supremacy to the ancient Church.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Rhodora:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

The Apology

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

Concord Hymn

(Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, July 4, 1837)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone:
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

The Humble-Bee

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,

Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Terminus

It is time to be old,
To take in sail: —
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: 'No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, — fault of novel germs, —
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —

Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.'

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

The Nature of Government

(*From* Politics)

In this country, we are very vain of our political institutions, which are singular in this, that they sprung, within the memory of living men, from the character and condition of the people, which they still express with sufficient fidelity, — and we ostentatiously prefer them to any other in history. They are not better, but only fitter for us. We may be wise in asserting the advantage in modern times of the democratic form, but to other states of society, in which religion consecrated the monarchical, that and not this was expedient. Democracy is better for us, because the religious sentiment of the present time accords better with it. Born democrats, we are nowise qualified to judge of monarchy, which, to our fathers living in the monarchical idea, was also relatively right. But our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well. What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *pol-*

itic, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick?

The same benign necessity and the same practical abuse appear in the parties into which each State divides itself, of opponents and defenders of the administration of the government. Parties are also founded on instincts, and have better guides to their own humble aims than the sagacity of their leaders. They have nothing perverse in their origin, but rudely mark some real and lasting relation. We might as wisely reprove the east wind, or the frost, as a political party, whose members, for the most part, could give no account of their position, but stand for the defense of those interests in which they find themselves. Our quarrel with them begins, when they quit this deep natural ground at the bidding of some leader, and, obeying personal considerations, throw themselves into the maintenance and defense of points nowise belonging to their system. A party is perpetually corrupted by personality. While we absolve the association from dishonesty we cannot extend the same charity to their leaders. They reap the rewards of the docility and zeal of the masses which they direct. Ordinarily our parties are parties of circumstance and not of principle; as the planting interest in conflict with the commercial; the party of capitalists, and that of operatives; parties which are identical in their moral character, and which can easily change ground with each other, in the support of many of their measures. Parties of principle, as religious sects, or the party of free-trade, of universal suffrage, of abolition of slavery, of abolition of capital punishment, degenerate into personalities, or would inspire enthusiasm. The vice of our leading parties in this country (which may be cited as a fair specimen of these societies of opinion) is, that they do not plant themselves on the deep and necessary grounds to which they are respectively en-

titled, but lash themselves to fury in the carrying of some local and momentary measure, nowise useful to the commonwealth. Of the two great parties, which, at this hour, almost share the nation between them, I should say, that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men. The philosopher, the poet, or the religious man, will, of course, wish to cast his vote with the democrat, for free-trade, for wide suffrage, for the abolition of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facilitating in every manner the access of the young and the poor to the sources of wealth and power. But he can rarely accept the persons whom the so-called popular party proposes to him as representatives of these liberalities. They have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless: it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends; but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy, it does not build, nor write, nor cherish the arts, nor foster religion, nor establish schools, nor encourage science, nor emancipate the slave, nor befriend the poor, or the Indian, or the immigrant. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity at all commensurate with the resources of the nation.

I do not for these defects despair of our republic. We are not at the mercy of any waves of chance. In the strife of ferocious parties, human nature always finds itself cherished, as the children of the convicts at Botany Bay are found to have as healthy a moral sentiment as other children. Citizens of feudal states are alarmed at our democratic insti-

tutions lapsing into anarchy; and the older and more cautious among ourselves are learning from Europeans to look with some terror at our turbulent freedom. It is said that in our license of construing the Constitution, and in the despotism of public opinion, we have no anchor; and one foreign observer thinks he has found the safeguard in the sanctity of Marriage among us; and another thinks he has found it in our Calvinism. Fisher Ames expressed the popular security more wisely, when he compared a monarchy and a republic, saying, "that a monarchy is a merchantman, which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock, and go to the bottom; whilst a republic is a raft, which would never sink, but then your feet are always in water." No forms can have any dangerous importance, whilst we are befriended by the laws of things. It makes no difference how many tons' weight of atmosphere presses on our heads, so long as the same pressure resists it within the lungs. Augment the mass a thousand fold, it cannot begin to crush us, as long as reaction is equal to action. The fact of two poles, of two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, is universal, and each force by its own activity develops the other. Wild liberty develops iron conscience. Want of liberty, by strengthening law and decorum, stupefies conscience. "Lynch-law" prevails only where there is greater hardihood and self-subsistency in the leaders. A mob cannot be a permanency: everybody's interest requires that it should not exist, and only justice satisfies all.

We must trust infinitely to the beneficent necessity which shines through all laws. Human nature expresses itself in them as characteristically as in statues, or songs, or railroads, and an abstract of the codes of nations would be a transcript of the common conscience. Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men. Reason for one is seen to be reason for another, and for every other. There is a middle

measure which satisfies all parties, be they never so many, or so resolute for their own. Every man finds a sanction for his simplest claims and deeds in decisions of his own mind, which he calls Truth and Holiness. In these decisions all the citizens find a perfect agreement, and only in these; not in what is good to eat, good to wear, good use of time, or what amount of land, or of public aid, each is entitled to claim. This truth and justice men presently endeavor to make application of, to the measuring of land, the apportionment of service, the protection of life and property. Their first endeavors, no doubt, are very awkward. Yet absolute right is the first governor; or, every government is an impure theocracy. The idea, after which each community is aiming to make and mend its law, is the will of the wise man. The wise man, it cannot find in nature, and it makes awkward but earnest efforts to secure his government by contrivance; as, by causing the entire people to give their voices on every measure; or, by a double choice to get the representation of the whole; or, by a selection of the best citizens; or, to secure the advantages of efficiency and internal peace, by confiding the government to one, who may himself select his agents. All forms of government symbolize an immortal government, common to all dynasties and independent of numbers, perfect where two men exist, perfect where there is only one man.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

The Coming of the Birds

(*From* **Early Spring in Massachusetts**)

March 18, 1858. How much more habitable a few birds make the fields! At the end of the winter, when the fields are bare, and there is nothing to relieve the monotony of withered vegetation, our life seems reduced to its lowest

terms. But let a bluebird come and warble over them, and what a change! The note of the first bluebird in the air answers to the purling rill of melted snow beneath. It is evidently soft and soothing, and, as surely as the thermometer, indicates a higher temperature. It is the accent of the south wind, its vernacular. It is modulated by the south wind.

The song-sparrow is more sprightly, mingling its notes with the rustling of the brush along the water sides, but it is at the same time more terrene than the bluebird. The first woodpecker comes screaming into the empty house, and throws open doors and windows wide, calling out each of them to let the neighbors know of its return. But heard farther off it is very suggestive of ineffable associations, which cannot be distinctly recalled, of long-drawn summer hours, and thus it also has the effect of music. I was not aware that the capacity to hear the woodpecker had slumbered within me so long. When the blackbird gets to a *conqueree* he seems to be dreaming of the sprays that are to be and on which he will perch. The robin does not come singing, but utters a somewhat anxious or inquisitive *peep* at first. The songsparrow is immediately most at home of those I have named.

Each new year is a surprise to us. We find that we had virtually forgotten the note of each bird, and when we hear it again, it is remembered like a dream, reminding us of a previous state of existence. How happens it that the associations it awakens are always pleasing, never saddening, reminiscences of our sanest hours. The voice of nature is always encouraging.

When I get two thirds up the hill, I look round, and am for the hundredth time surprised by the landscape of the river valley and the horizon with its distant blue-scalloped rim. It is a spring landscape, and as impossible a fortnight

ago as the song of birds. It is a deeper and warmer blue than in winter, methinks. The snow is off the mountains, which seem even to have come again like the birds. The undulating river is a bright blue channel between sharp-edged shores of ice retained by the willows. The wind blows strong but warm from west by north (so that I have to hold my paper tight while I write this), making the copses creak and roar, but the sharp tinkle of a song-sparrow is heard through it all. But, ah! the needles of the pine, how they shine, as I look down over the Holden wood and westward! Every third tree is lit with the most subdued, but clear, ethereal light, as if it were the most delicate frost-work in a winter morning, reflecting no heat, but only light. And as they rock and wave in the strong wind, even a mile off, the light courses up and down them as over a field of grain, *i.e.*, they are alternately light and dark, like looms above the forest, when the shuttle is thrown between the light woof and the dark web. At sight of this my spirit is like a lit tree. It runs or flashes over their parallel boughs as when you play with the teeth of a comb. Not only osiers, but pine needles, shine brighter, I think, in the spring, and arrowheads and railroad rails, etc., etc. Anacreon noticed this spring shining. Is it not from the higher sun and cleansed air and greater animation of nature? There is a warmer red on the leaves of the shrub oak and on the tail of the hawk circling over them.

Maimed Nature

(*From* **Early Spring in Massachusetts**)

March 23, 1856. I spend a considerable portion of my time observing the habits of the wild animals, my brute neighbors. By their various movements and migrations they fetch the year about to me. Very significant are the flight of geese

and the migration of suckers, etc. But when I consider that the nobler animals have been exterminated here, the cougar, panther, lynx, wolverine, wolf, bear, moose, deer, beaver, turkey, etc., etc., I cannot but feel as if I lived in a tamed and, as it were, emasculated country. Would not the motions of those larger and wilder animals have been more significant still? Is it not a maimed and imperfect nature that I am conversant with? As if I were to study a tribe of Indians that had lost all its warriors. Do not the forest and the meadow now lack expression? now that I never see nor think of the moose with a lesser forest on his head in the one, nor of the beaver in the other? When I think what were the various sounds and notes, the migrations and works, and changes of fur and plumage, which ushered in the spring and marked the other seasons of the year, I am reminded that this my life in nature, this particular round of natural phenomena which I call a year, is lamentably incomplete. I listen to a concert in which so many parts are wanting. The whole civilized country is, to some extent, turned into a city, and I am that citizen whom I pity. Many of those animal migrations and other phenomena by which the Indians marked the season are no longer to be observed. I seek acquaintance with Nature to know her moods and manners. Primitive nature is the most interesting to me. I take infinite pains to know all the phenomena of the spring, for instance, thinking that I have here the entire poem, and then, to my chagrin, I learn that it is but an imperfect copy that I possess and have read, that my ancestors have torn out many of the first leaves and grandest passages, and mutilated it in many places. I should not like to think that some demigod had come before me and picked out some of the best of the stars. I wish to know an entire heaven and an entire earth. All the great trees and beasts, fishes and fowl are gone; the streams perchance are somewhat shrunk.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The Beleaguered City

I have read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

The Building of the Ship

'Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships
That steadily at anchor ride.

And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, 'Erelong we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!'
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, 'Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!'
It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning,
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!

The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.
'Thus,' said he, 'will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!'

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still,
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,

He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:—

'Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell, — those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.
And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,

Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sudden fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.

The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he: —
'Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach

The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!'

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
'Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!'

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!

For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of state!
Sail on O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

Hiawatha's Wooing

(*From* **The Song of Hiawatha**)

'As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!'
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,

Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.
'Wed a maiden of your people,'
Warning said the old Nokomis;
'Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!'
Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: 'Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!'
Gravely then said old Nokomis:
'Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!'
Smiling answered Hiawatha:
'In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!'
Still dissuading said Nokomis:
'Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!

Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!'
Laughing answered Hiawatha:
'For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!'
Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
'Pleasant is the sound!' he murmured,
'Pleasant is the voice that calls me!'
On the outskirts of the forests,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, 'Fail not!'
To his arrow whispered, 'Swerve not!
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.
At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,

In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.
He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!
She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,

And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
'Hiawatha, you are welcome!'
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
'You are welcome, Hiawatha!'
Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skins dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.
Then up rose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,

As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.
'After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.'
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
'That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah Women!'
And the ancient Arrow-maker,
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!'
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
'I will follow you, my husband!'
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
'Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!'
Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.
Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;

Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.
All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadows, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.
Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
'Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!'
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, 'O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!'
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, 'O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;

Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!'
Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

The Birds of Killingworth

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by his hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blitheheart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
'Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street

Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
'A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!'

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate 'Well, I told you so!'
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

'Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

'The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

'You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

'Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

'Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

'Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

'What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

'You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

'How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?'

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet,

From all the county round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

The Hanging of the Crane

I

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests
That thronging came with merriment and jests
To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
In the new house, — into the night are gone;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

II

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

III

The picture fades; as at a village fair
A showman's views, dissolving into air,

Again appear transfigured on the screen,
So in my fancy this; and now once more,
In part transfigured, through the open door
Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon,
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for, lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

IV

As one who walking in a forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,
Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene;
Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed
Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed,
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now;
The king, deposed and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne, —
The crown is on his sister's brow;
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight;
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft-shining through the summer night.
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

V

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,
Again the drifting vapors intervene,
And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite;
And now I see the table wider grown,
As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down;
Maidens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would fly,
But do not dare to leave their nests;—
And youths, who in their strength elate
Challenge the van and front of fate,
Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues,
Through cities, and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost!

VI

The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still,
Quickens its current as it nears the mill;
And so the stream of Time that lingereth
In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,
That in the owner's keeping shrinks
With every wish he speaks or thinks,
Till the last wish consumes the whole,

The table dwindles, and again
I see the two alone remain.
The crown of stars is broken in parts;
Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay;
And one is in the boisterous camp
'Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
And battle's terrible array.
I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote,
Or of some great heroic deed
On battle-fields, where thousands bleed
To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned or slain
She find the one beloved name.

VII

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
The wind, the rain, have passed away;
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light;
It is the Golden Wedding day.

The guests come thronging in once more,
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
The trooping children crowd the stair,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair.
On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,
Smiling contented and serene
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
Behold, well pleased, on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems.

The Cross of Snow

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face — the face of one long dead —
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West,

That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

My Love

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise:
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart intwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Seems following its own wayward will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

Stanzas on Freedom

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

(*From* **Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865**)

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it good:
No lore of Greece or Rome,

No science peddling with the names of things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates:
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,
Into War's tumult rude;
But rather far that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood
In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks beneath
The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;

They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

* * * * *

V

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
Dreams in its easeful sheath;
But some day the live coal behind the thought,
Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:
Some day the Soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,

And cries reproachful: 'Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!'
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;

These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

* * * * * *

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best; —
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead.
Who went, and who return not. — Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No ban of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

* * * * *

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation

Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her time of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?
Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, adance with triumph, bend your staves!
And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:
'Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmful shore.
No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas.'

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

(*From* **Under the Old Elm**)

(Poem read at Cambridge on the Hundredth Anniversary of Washington's taking Command of the American Army, 3d July, 1775.)

III

1

Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm: —
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,

Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

2

A motley rout was that which came to stare,
In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
Nor much fastidious as to how and when:
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting state:
Haughty they said he was, at first; severe;
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

3

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see

The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The wingèd years, that winnow praise to blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan and flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

* * * * * *

V

* * * * * *

3

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one,
Who was all this and ours, and all men's, — WASHINGTON.

* * * * * *

VIII

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestrangèd days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe always what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us agen
Shines as before with no abatement dim.
A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrownèd manhood forth
In welcome of our savior and thy son.
Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
If ever with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
And for the dead of both don common black.

Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

Emerson and His Audience

(*From* **Emerson the Lecturer**)

It is a singular fact, that Mr. Emerson is the most steadily attractive lecturer in America. Into that somewhat cold-waterish region adventurers of the sensational kind come down now and then with a splash, to become disregarded King Logs before the next season. But Mr. Emerson always draws. A lecturer now for something like a third of a century, one of the pioneers of the lecturing system, the charm of his voice, his manner, and his matter has never lost its power over his earlier hearers, and continually winds new ones in its enchanting meshes. What they do not fully understand they take on trust and listen, saying to themselves, as the old poet of Sir Philip Sidney, —

> "A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
> A full assurance given by looks,
> Continual comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of gospel books."

We call it a singular fact, because we Yankees are thought to be fond of the spread-eagle style, and nothing can be more remote from that than his. We are reckoned a practical folk, who would rather hear about a new air tight stove than about Plato; yet our favorite teacher's practicality is not in the least of the Poor Richard variety. If he have any Buncombe constituency, it is that unrealized commonwealth of philosophers which Plotinus proposed to establish; and if he were to make an almanac, his directions

to farmers would be something like this: "OCTOBER: *Indian Summer;* now is the time to get in your early Vedas." What, then, is his secret? Is it not that he out-Yankees us all? that his range includes us all? that he is equally at home with the potato-disease and original sin, with pegging shoes and the Over-soul? that, as we try all trades, so has he tried all cultures? and above all, that his mysticism gives us a counterpoise to our super-practicality?

There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully acknowledge so great an indebtedness for ennobling impulses, — none whom so many cannot abide. What does he mean? ask these last. Where is his system? What is the use of it all? What have we to do with Brahma? I do not propose to write an essay on Emerson at this time. I will only say that one may find grandeur and consolation in a starlit night without caring to ask what it means save grandeur and consolation; one may like Montaigne, as some ten generations before us have done, without thinking him so systematic as some more eminently tedious (or shall we say tediously eminent?) authors; one may think roses as good in their way as cabbages, though the latter would make a better show in the witness-box if cross-examined as to their usefulness; and as for Brahma, why, he can take care of himself, and won't bite us at any rate.

The bother with Mr. Emerson is, that, though he writes in prose, he is essentially a poet. If you undertake to paraphrase what he says, and to reduce it to words of one syllable for infant minds, you will make as sad work of it as the good monk with his analysis of Homer in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.* We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced, and there needs no better proof of it than his masculine faculty of fecundating other minds. Search for his eloquence in

his books and you will perchance miss it, but meanwhile you will find that it has kindled all your thoughts. For choice and pith of language he belongs to a better age than ours, and might rub shoulders with Fuller and Browne, — though he does use that abominable word *reliable*. His eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself. A diction at once so rich and so homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like homespun cloth-of-gold. The many cannot miss his meaning, and only the few can find it. It is the open secret of all true genius. It is wholesome to angle in those profound pools, though one be rewarded with nothing more than the leap of a fish that flashes his freckled side in the sun, and as suddenly absconds in the dark and dreamy waters again. There is keen excitement, though there be no ponderable acquisition. If we carry nothing home in our baskets, there is ample gain in dilated lungs and stimulated blood. What does he mean, quotha? He means inspiring hints, a divining-rod to your deeper nature. No doubt Emerson, like all original men, has his peculiar audience, and yet I know none that can hold a promiscuous crowd in pleased attention so long as he. As in all original men, there is something for every palate. "Would you know," says Goethe, "the ripest cherries? Ask the boys and the blackbirds."

The announcement that such a pleasure as a new course of lectures by him is coming, to people as old as I am, is something like those forebodings of spring that prepare us every year for a familiar novelty, none the less novel, when it arrives, because it is familiar. We know perfectly well what we are to expect from Mr. Emerson, and yet what he says always penetrates and stirs us, as is apt to be the case

with genius, in a very unlooked-for fashion. Perhaps genius is one of the few things which we gladly allow to repeat itself, — one of the few that multiply rather than weaken the force of their impression by iteration. Perhaps some of us hear more than the mere words, are moved by something deeper than the thoughts. If it be so, we are quite right, for it is thirty years and more of "plain living and high thinking" that speak to us in this altogether unique lay-preacher. We have shared in the beneficence of this varied culture, this fearless impartiality in criticism and speculation, this masculine sincerity, this sweetness of nature which rather stimulates than cloys, for a generation long. If ever there was a standing testimonial to the cumulative power and value of Character (and we need it sadly in these days), we have it in this gracious and dignified presence. What an antiseptic is a pure life! At sixty-five (or two years beyond his grand climacteric, as he would prefer to call it) he has that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar, and presents him to us always the unwasted contemporary of his own prime. I do not know if he seem old to his younger hearers, but we who have known him so long wonder at the tenacity with which he maintains himself even in the outposts of youth. I suppose it is not the Emerson of 1868 to whom we listen. For us the whole life of the man is distilled in the clear drop of every sentence, and behind each word we divine the force of a noble character, the weight of a large capital of thinking and being. We do not go to hear what Emerson says so much as to hear Emerson. Not that we perceive any falling off in anything that ever was essential to the charm of Mr. Emerson's peculiar style of thought or phrase. The first lecture, to be sure, was more disjointed even than common. It was as if, after vainly trying to get his paragraphs into sequence and order, he had at last tried the desperate

expedient of *shuffling* them. It was chaos come again, but it was a chaos full of shooting-stars, a jumble of creative forces. The second lecture, on *Criticism and Poetry*, was quite up to the level of old times, full of that power of strangely subtle association whose indirect approaches startle the mind into almost painful attention, of those flashes of mutual understanding between speaker and hearer that are gone ere one can say it lightens. The vice of Emerson's criticism seems to be, that while no man is so sensitive to what is poetical, few men are less sensible than he of what makes a poem. He values the solid meaning of thought above the subtler meaning of style. He would prefer Donne, I suspect, to Spenser, and sometimes mistakes the queer for the original.

To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Van Buren. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his, so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhoped-for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of

whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sat so long that we had grown wellnigh contented in our cramps. And who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where every one still capable of fire, or longing to renew in them the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, agleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos. Ah, beautiful young eyes, brimming with love and hope, wholly vanished now in that other world we call the Past, or peering doubtfully through the pensive gloaming of memory, your light impoverishes these cheaper days! I hear again that rustle of sensation, as they turned to exchange glances over some pithier thought, some keener flash of that humor which always played about the horizon of his mind like heat-lightning, and it seems now like the sad whisper of the autumn leaves that are whirling around me. But would my picture be complete if I forgot that ample and vegete countenance of Mr. R—— of W——, — how, from its regular post at the corner of the front bench, it turned in ruddy triumph to the profaner audience as if he were the inexplicably appointed fugleman of appreciation? I was reminded of him by those hearty cherubs in Titian's Assumption that look at you as who should say, "Did you ever see a Madonna like *that?* Did you ever behold one hundred and fifty pounds of womanhood mount heavenward before like a rocket?"

To some of us that long past experience remains as the most marvellous and fruitful we have ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet that the young soul longs for, careless what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of *Chevy Chase*, and we in Emerson. Nor did it blow

retreat, but called to us with assurance of victory. Did they say he was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride over the creaking snow. And were *they* not knit together by a higher logic than our mere sense could master? Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. If asked what was left? what we carried home? we should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked in return what one brought away from a symphony of Beethoven? Enough that he had set that ferment of wholesome discontent at work in us. There is one, at least, of those old hearers, so many of whom are now in the fruition of that intellectual beauty of which Emerson gave them both the desire and the foretaste, who will always love to repeat:

> Che in la mente m'è fitta, ed or m' accuora
> La cara e buona immagine paterna
> Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
> M' insegnavaste come l' uom s' eterna."

White's "Selborne"

(*From* **My Garden Acquaintance**)

One of the most delightful books in my father's library was White's "Natural History of Selborne." For me it has rather gained in charm with years. I used to read it without knowing the secret of the pleasure I found in it, but as I grow older I begin to detect some of the simple expedients of this natural magic. Open the book where you will, it takes you out of doors. In our broiling July weather one can walk out with this genially garrulous Fel-

low of Oriel and find refreshment instead of fatigue. You have no trouble in keeping abreast of him as he ambles along on his hobby-horse, now pointing to a pretty view, now stopping to watch the motions of a bird or an insect, or to bag a specimen for the Honourable Daines Barrington or Mr. Pennant. In simplicity of taste and natural refinement he reminds one of Walton; in tenderness toward what he would have called the brute creation, of Cowper. I do not know whether his descriptions of scenery are good or not, but they have made me familiar with his neighborhood. Since I first read him, I have walked over some of his favorite haunts, but I still see them through his eyes rather than by any recollection of actual and personal vision. The book has also the delightfulness of absolute leisure. Mr. White seems never to have had any harder work to do than to study the habits of his feathered fellow-townsfolk, or to watch the ripening of his peaches on the wall. No doubt he looked after the souls of his parishioners with official and even friendly interest, but, I cannot help suspecting, with a less personal solicitude. For he seems to have lived before the Fall. His volumes are the journal of Adam in Paradise,

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

It is positive rest only to look into that garden of his. It is vastly better than to

> "See great Diocletian walk
> In the Salonian garden's noble shade,"

for thither ambassadors intrude to bring with them the noises of Rome, while here the world has no entrance. No rumor of the revolt of the American Colonies appears to have reached him. "The natural term of an hog's life" has more interest for him than that of an empire. Bur-

goyne may surrender and welcome; of what consequence is *that* compared with the fact that we can explain the odd tumbling of rooks in the air by their turning over "to scratch themselves with one claw"? All the couriers in Europe spurring rowel-deep make no stir in Mr. White's little Chartreuse; but the arrival of the house-martin a day earlier or later than last year is a piece of news worth sending express to all his correspondents.

Another secret charm of this book is its inadvertent humor, so much the more delicious because unsuspected by the author. How pleasant is his innocent vanity in adding to the list of the British, and still more of the Selbornian, *fauna!* I believe he would gladly have consented to be eaten by a tiger or a crocodile, if by that means the occasional presence within the parish limits of either of these anthropophagous brutes could have been established. He brags of no fine society, but is plainly a little elated by "having considerable acquaintance with a tame brown owl." Most of us have known our share of owls, but few can boast of intimacy with a feathered one. The great events of Mr. White's life, too, have that disproportionate importance which is always humorous. To think of his hands having actually been thought worthy (as neither Willoughby's nor Ray's were) to hold a stilted plover, the *Charadrius himantopus*, with no back toe, and therefore "liable, in speculation, to perpetual vacillations"! I wonder, by the way, if metaphysicians have no hind toes. In 1770 he makes the acquaintance in Sussex of "an old family tortoise," which had then been domesticated for thirty years. It is clear that he fell in love with it at first sight. We have no means of tracing the growth of his passion; but in 1780 we find him eloping with its object in a post-chaise. "The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that, when I turned it out in a border, it walked twice down to

the bottom of my garden." It reads like a Court Journal: "Yesterday morning H.R.H. the Princess Alice took an airing of half an hour on the terrace of Windsor Castle." This tortoise might have been a member of the Royal Society, if he could have condescended to so ignoble an ambition. It had but just been discovered that a surface inclined at a certain angle with the plane of the horizon took more of the sun's rays. The tortoise had always known this (though he unostentatiously made no parade of it), and used accordingly to tilt himself up against the garden-wall in the autumn. He seems to have been more of a philosopher than even Mr. White himself, caring for nothing but to get under a cabbage-leaf when it rained, or when the sun was too hot, and to bury himself alive before frost, — a four-footed Diogenes, who carried his tub on his back.

There are moods in which this kind of history is infinitely refreshing. These creatures whom we affect to look down upon as the drudges of instinct are members of a commonwealth whose constitution rests on immovable bases. Never any need of reconstruction there! *They* never dream of settling it by vote that eight hours are equal to ten, or that one creature is as clever as another and no more. *They* do not use their poor wits in regulating God's clocks, nor think they cannot go astray so long as they carry their guide-board about with them, — a delusion we often practice upon ourselves with our high and mighty reason, that admirable finger-post which points every way, as we choose to turn it, and always right. It is good for us now and then to converse with a world like Mr. White's, where Man is the least important of animals. But one who, like me, has always lived in the country and always on the same spot, is drawn to his book by other occult sympathies. Do we not share his indignation at that stupid Martin who had graduated his thermometer no lower than 4° above zero of Fahrenheit, so

that in the coldest weather ever known the mercury basely absconded into the bulb, and left us to see the victory slip through our fingers just as they were closing upon it? No man, I suspect, ever lived long in the country without being bitten by these meteorological ambitions. He likes to be hotter and colder, to have been more deeply snowed up, to have more trees, and larger, blown down than his neighbors. With us descendants of the Puritans especially, these weather-competitions supply the abnegated excitement of the race-course. Men learn to value thermometers of the true imaginative temperament, capable of prodigious elations and corresponding dejections. The other day (5th July) I marked 98° in the shade, my high-water mark, higher by one degree than I had ever seen it before. I happened to meet a neighbor; as we mopped our brows at each other, he told me that he had just cleared 100°, and I went home a beaten man. I had not felt the heat before, save as a beautiful exaggeration of sunshine; but now it oppressed me with the prosaic vulgarity of an oven. What had been poetic intensity became all at once rhetorical hyperbole. I might suspect his thermometer (as indeed I did, for we Harvard men are apt to think ill of any graduation save our own); but it was a poor consolation. The fact remained that his herald Mercury, standing a-tiptoe, could look down on mine. I seem to glimpse something of this familiar weakness in Mr. White. He, too, has shared in these mercurial triumphs and defeats. Nor do I doubt that he had a true country-gentleman's interest in the weathercock; that his first question on coming down of a morning was, like Barabas's,

"Into what quarter peers my halcyon's bill?"

It is an innocent and healthful employment of the mind, distracting one from too continual study of oneself, and

leading one to dwell rather upon the indigestions of the elements than one's own. "Did the wind back round, or go about with the sun?" is a rational question that bears not remotely on the making of hay and the prosperity of crops. I have little doubt that the regulated observation of the vane in many different places, and the interchange of results by telegraph, would put the weather, as it were, in our power, by betraying its ambushes before it is ready to give the assault. At first sight, nothing seems more drolly trivial than the lives of those whose single achievement is to record the wind and the temperature three times a day. Yet such men are doubtless sent into the world for this special end, and perhaps there is no kind of accurate observation, whatever its object, that has not its final use and value for some one or other. It is even to be hoped that the speculations of our newspaper editors and their myriad correspondents upon the signs of the political atmosphere may also fill their appointed place in a well-regulated universe, if it be only that of supplying so many more jack-o'-lanterns to the future historian. Nay, the observations on finance of an M. C. whose sole knowledge of the subject has been derived from a lifelong success in getting a living out of the public without paying any equivalent therefor, will perhaps be of interest hereafter to some explorer of our *cloaca maxima*, whenever it is cleansed.

The True Nature of Democracy

(*From* Democracy)

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so, society could not hold together. Perhaps the best

forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most overbearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Piccadilly at the height of the season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere, but this is due partly to the fact that state-craft is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it, and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshipper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion. But is it democracies alone that fall into these errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson, the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the saviour of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character.

And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austerely genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so to justify them in respecting others.

Such a result is quite possible under other conditions than those of an avowedly democratical Constitution. For I take it that the real essence of democracy was fairly enough defined by the First Napoleon when he said that the French Revolution meant "la carrière ouverte aux talents" — a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind. I should be inclined to paraphrase this by calling democracy that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it. If a man can climb, and feels himself encouraged to climb, from a coalpit to the highest position for which he is fitted, he can well afford to be indifferent what name is given to the government under which he lives. The Bailli of Mirabeau, uncle of the more famous tribune of that name, wrote in 1771: "The English are, in my opinion, a hundred times more agitated and more unfortunate than the very Algerines

themselves, because they do not know and will not know till the destruction of their over-swollen power, which I believe very near, whether they are monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, and wish to play the part of all three." England has not been obliging enough to fulfil the Bailli's prophecy, and perhaps it was this very carelessness about the name, and concern about the substance of popular government, this skill in getting the best out of things as they are, in utilizing all the motives which influence men, and in giving one direction to many impulses, that has been a principal factor of her greatness and power. Perhaps it is fortunate to have an unwritten Constitution, for men are prone to be tinkering the work of their own hands, whereas they are more willing to let time and circumstance mend or modify what time and circumstance have made. All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate. What is really ominous of danger to the existing order of things is not democracy (which, properly understood, is a conservative force), but the Socialism which may find a

fulcrum in it. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men — and a very sagacious person has said that "where two men ride of a horse one must ride behind" — we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous. It is all very well to pooh-pooh Mr. George and to prove him mistaken in his political economy. I do not believe that land should be divided because the quantity of it is limited by nature. Of what may this not be said? *A fortiori*, we might on the same principle insist on a division of human wit, for I have observed that the quantity of this has been even more inconveniently limited. Mr. George himself has an inequitably large share of it. But he is right in his impelling motive; right, also, I am convinced, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy; and in thinking man to be of more concern and more convincing than the longest columns of figures in the world. For unless you include human nature in your addition, your total is sure to be wrong and your deductions from it fallacious. Communism means barbarism, but Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce — means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction. State Socialism would cut off the very roots in personal character — self-help, forethought, and frugality — which nourish and sustain the trunk and branches of every vigorous Commonwealth.

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind

that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure, outside of human nature itself, for the evils to which human nature is heir. The rule will always hold good that you must

"Be your own palace or the world's your gaol."

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has outlived much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will

never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

SIDNEY LANIER

My Springs [1]

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
— Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
— Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when the large Form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his very verity.

Always when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally.

[1] From "Poems of Sidney Lanier": copyright, 1884, 1891; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Always when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints, and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
— My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace

And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth,

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete —
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
— I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

Song of the Chattahoochee [1]

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,

[1] From "Poems of Sidney Lanier"; copyright, 1884, 1891; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

The New South

"There was a South of slavery and secession — that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, it could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality — and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years

old he took unto himself a wife, who was" — then turning the page — "140 cubits long — 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood — and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers — the fact that the Cavalier, as well as the Puritan, was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of the fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium, if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the continent — that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since — and that while Myles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parent's consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should

we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government — charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the

picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory — in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home!

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem

that ever met human intelligence — the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the key-note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." So did the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I'm going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again."

I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have

sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners and have smoothed the path to Southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out the latchstring to you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive-oil out of his cottonseed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South — misguided, perhaps, but beau-

tiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail — while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the cornerstone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, "that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers — not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay — sold their slaves to our fathers — not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his free-

dom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people.

To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered — I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle — when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the

system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement — a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core — a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace — and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men — that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat — sacred soil to all of us — rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better — silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms — speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next

generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

> "Those opened eyes,
> Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,
> March all one way."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS[1]

Advantages of Not Traveling

(*From* **Prue and I**)

I do not know how it is, but surely Nature makes kindly provision. An imagination so easily excited as mine could not have escaped disappointment if it had had ample opportunity and experience of the lands it so longed to see. Therefore, although I made the India voyage, I have never been a traveler, and, saving the little time I was ashore in India, I did not lose the sense of novelty and romance which the first sight of foreign lands inspires.

That little time was all my foreign travel. I am glad of it. I see now that I should never have found the country from which the East Indiaman of my early days arrived. The palm groves do not grow with which that hand laid upon the ship placed me in magic conception. As for the lovely Indian maid whom the palmy arches bowered, she has long since clasped some native lover to her bosom, and, ripened into mild maternity, how should I know her now?

"You would find her quite as easily now as then," says my Prue, when I speak of it.

She is right again, as usual, that precious woman; and it is therefore I feel that if the chances of life have moored me fast to a book-keeper's desk, they have left all the lands I longed to see fairer and fresher in my mind than they could ever be in my memory. Upon my only voyage I used to climb into the top and search the horizon for the shore. But now in a moment of calm thought I see a more Indian India than ever mariner discerned, and do not envy

[1] The extracts from *Prue and I* and *The Public Duty of Educated Men* are used by permission of Harper and Brothers, authorized publishers of Curtis's works.

the youths who go there and make fortunes, who wear grass-cloth jackets, drink iced beer, and eat curry; whose minds fall asleep, and whose bodies have liver complaints.

Unseen by me forever, nor ever regretted, shall wave the Egyptian palms and the Italian pines. Untrodden by me, the Forum shall still echo with the footfall of imperial Rome, and the Parthenon, unrifled of its marbles, look perfect across the Ægean blue. My young friends return from their tours elate with the smiles of a nameless Italian or Parisian belle. I know not such cheap delights; I am a suitor of Vittoria Colonna; I walk with Tasso along the terraced garden of the Villa d'Este, and look to see Beatrice smiling down the rich gloom of the cypress shade. You stayed at the Hôtel Europa in Venice, at Danieli's, or the Leone Bianco; I am the guest of Marino Faliero, and I whisper to his wife, as we climb the giant staircase in the summer moonlight,

> "Ah! senza amare
> Andare sul mare,
> Col sposo del mare,
> Non puo consolare."

It is for the same reason that I did not care to dine with you and Aurelia that I am content not to stand in St. Peter's. Alas! if I could see the end of it, it would not be St. Peter's. For those of us whom Nature means to keep at home she provides entertainment. One man goes four thousand miles to Italy and does not see it, he is so short-sighted. Another is so far-sighted that he stays in his room and sees more than Italy.

But for this very reason that it washes the shores of my possible Europe and Asia, the sea draws me constantly to itself. Before I came to New York, while I was still a clerk in Boston, courting Prue and living out of town,

I never knew of a ship sailing for India, or even for England and France, but I went up to the State-house cupola or to the observatory on some friend's house in Roxbury, where I could not be interrupted, and there watched the departure.

The sails hung ready; the ship lay in the stream; busy little boats and puffing steamers darted about it, clung to its sides, paddled away from it, or led the way to sea, as minnows might pilot a whale. The anchor was slowly swung at the bow; I could not hear the sailors' song, but I knew they were singing. I could not see the parting friends, but I knew farewells were spoken. I did not share the confusion, although I knew what bustle there was, what hurry, what shouting, what creaking, what fall of ropes and iron, what sharp oaths, low laughs, whispers, sobs. But I was cool, high, separate. To me it was

> "A painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

Evils of Party Spirit

(*From* **The Public Duty of Educated Men**)

Undoubtedly a practical and active interest in politics will lead you to party association and co-operation. Great public results — the repeal of the corn laws in England, the abolition of slavery in America — are due to that organization of effort and concentration of aim which arouse, instruct, and inspire the popular heart and will. This is the spring of party, and those who earnestly seek practical results instinctively turn to this agency of united action. But in this tendency, useful in the state as the fire upon the household hearth, lurks, as in that fire, the deadliest peril. Here is our republic — it is a ship with towering

canvas spread, sweeping before the prosperous gale over a foaming and sparkling sea; it is a lightning train, darting with awful speed along the edge of dizzy abysses and across bridges that quiver over unsounded gulfs. Because we are Americans, we have no peculiar charm, no magic spell, to stay the eternal laws. Our safety lies alone in cool self-possession, directing the forces of wind and wave and fire. If once the madness to which the excitement tends usurps control, the catastrophe is inevitable. And so deep is the conviction that sooner or later this madness must seize every republic, that the most plausible suspicion of the permanence of the American government is founded in the belief that party spirit cannot be restrained. It is indeed a master passion, but its control is the true conservatism of the republic and of happy human progress; and it is men made familar by education with the history of its ghastly catastrophes, men with the proud courage of independence, who are to temper by lofty action, born of that knowledge, the ferocity of party spirit.

The first object of concerted political action is the highest welfare of the country. But the conditions of party association are such that the means are constantly and easily substituted for the end. The sophistry is subtle and seductive. Holding the ascendency of his party essential to the national welfare, the zealous partisan merges patriotism in party. He insists that not to sustain the party is to betray the country, and against all honest doubt and reasonable hesitation and reluctance, he vehemently urges that quibbles of conscience must be sacrificed to the public good; that wise and practical men will not be squeamish; that every soldier in the army cannot indulge his own whims; and that if the majority may justly prevail in determining the government, it must not be questioned in the control of a party.

This spirit adds moral coercion to sophistry. It denounces as a traitor him who protests against party tyranny, and it makes unflinching adherence to what is called regular party action the condition of the gratification of honorable political ambition. Because a man who sympathizes with the party aims refuses to vote for a thief, this spirit scorns him as a rat and a renegade. Because he holds to principle and law against party expediency and dictation, he is proclaimed to have betrayed his country, justice, and humanity. Because he tranquilly insists upon deciding for himself when he must dissent from his party, he is reviled as a popinjay and a visionary fool. Seeking with honest purpose only the welfare of his country, the hot air around him hums with the cry of "the grand old party," "the traditions of the party," "loyalty to the party," "future of the party," "servant of the party," and he sees and hears the gorged and portly money-changers in the temple usurping the very divinity of the God. Young hearts! be not dismayed. If ever any one of you shall be the man so denounced, do not forget that your own individual convictions are the whip of small cords which God has put into your hands to expel the blasphemers.

The same party spirit naturally denies the patriotism of its opponents. Identifying itself with the country, it regards all others as public enemies. This is substantially revolutionary politics. It is the condition of France, where, in its own words, the revolution is permanent. Instead of regarding the other party as legitimate opponents — in the English phrase, His Majesty's Opposition — lawfully seeking a different policy under the government, it decries that party as a conspiracy plotting the overthrow of the government itself. History is lurid with the wasting fires of this madness. We need not look to that of other lands. Our own is full of it. It is painful to turn to the opening years

of the Union, and see how the great men whom we are taught to revere, and to whose fostering care the beginning of the republic was intrusted, fanned their hatred and suspicion of each other. Do not trust the flattering voices that whisper of a Golden Age behind us, and bemoan our own as a degenerate day. The castles of hope always shine along the horizon. Our fathers saw theirs where we are standing. We behold ours where our fathers stood. But pensive regret for the heroic past, like eager anticipation of the future, shows only that the vision of a loftier life forever allures the human soul. We think our fathers to have been wiser than we, and their day more enviable. But eighty years ago the Federalists abhorred their opponents as Jacobins, and thought Robespierre and Marat no worse than Washington's Secretary of State. The opponents retorted that the Federalists were plotting to establish a monarchy by force of arms. The New England pulpit anathematized Tom Jefferson as an atheist and a satyr. Jefferson denounced John Jay as a rogue, and the chief newspaper of the opposition, on the morning that Washington retired from the presidency, thanked God that the country was now rid of the man who was the source of all its misfortunes. There is no mire in which party spirit wallows to-day with which our fathers were not befouled, and how little sincere the vituperation was, how shallow a fury, appears when Jefferson and Adams had retired from public life. Then they corresponded placidly and familiarly, each at last conscious of the other's fervent patriotism; and when they died, they were lamented in common by those who in their names had flown at each other's throats, as the patriarchal Castor and Pollux of the pure age of our politics, now fixed as a constellation of hope in our heaven.

The same brutal spirit showed itself at the time of An-

drew Johnson's impeachment. Impeachment is a proceeding to be instituted only for great public reasons, which should, presumptively, command universal support. To prostitute the power of impeachment to a mere party purpose would readily lead to the reversal of the result of an election. But it was made a party measure. The party was to be whipped into its support: and when certain Senators broke the party yoke upon their necks, and voted according to their convictions, as honorable men always will, whether the party whips like it or not, one of the whippers-in exclaimed of a patriotism, the struggle of obedience to which cost one Senator, at least, his life — "If there is anything worse than the treachery, it is the cant which pretends that it is the result of conscientious conviction; the pretense of a conscience is quite unbearable." This was the very acridity of bigotry, which in other times and countries raised the cruel tribunal of the Inquisition, and burned opponents for the glory of God. The party madness that dictated these words, and the sympathy that approved them, was treason not alone to the country but to well-ordered human society. Murder may destroy great statesmen, but corruption makes great states impossible; and this was an attempt at the most insidious corruption. The man who attempts to terrify a Senator of the United States to cast a dishonest vote, by stigmatizing him as a hypocrite and devoting him to party hatred, is only a more plausible rascal than his opponent who gives Pat O'Flanagan a fraudulent naturalization paper or buys his vote with a dollar or a glass of whisky. Whatever the offenses of the President may have been, they were as nothing when compared with the party spirit which declared that it was tired of the intolerable cant of honesty. So the sneering Cavalier was tired of the cant of the Puritan conscience; but the conscience of which plumed Injustice and coroneted Privi-

lege were tired has been for three centuries the invincible bodyguard of civil and religious liberty.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

To William Lloyd Garrison

Champion of those who groan beneath
  Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
  I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
  In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
  And promise of thy youth.

Go on, for thou hast chosen well;
  On in the strength of God!
Long as one human heart shall swell
  Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
  As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,
  The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
  I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
  The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
  And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
  And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain,
  A searcher after fame;
That thou art striving but to gain
  A long-enduring name;

That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand
And steeled the Afric's heart,
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long?
And watched the trials which have made
Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on, the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom;
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal;
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord!

Proem

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breath their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

Ichabod

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

Skipper Ireson's Ride

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, and free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him.
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!'
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

'Hear me, neighbors!' at last he cried,—
'What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!'
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, 'God has touched him! why should we!'
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
'Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!'
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

My Playmate

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems, —
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

Laus Deo!

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
'He hath triumphed gloriously!'

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

In School-days

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,' — the brown eyes lower fell, —
'Because, you see, I love you!'

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

The Lost Occasion

Some die too late and some too soon,
At early morning, heat of noon,
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian;
Whom no one met, at first, but took
A second awed and wondering look
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece
On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece);
Whose words in simplest homespun clad,
The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,
With power reserved at need to reach
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent
In passion, cool in argument,

Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
Crushing as if with Talus' flail
Through Error's logic-woven mail,
And failing only when they tried
The adamant of the righteous side, —
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
Of old friends, by the new deceived,
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
Where long and low the marsh-lands spread,
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow;
The late-sprung mine that underlaid
Thy sad concessions vainly made.
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's wall
The star-flag of the Union fall,
And armed rebellion pressing on
The broken lines of Washington!
No stronger voice than thine had then
Called out the utmost might of men,
To make the Union's charter free
And strengthen law by liberty.
How had that stern arbitrament
To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,
Shaming ambition's paltry prize
Before thy disillusioned eyes;
Breaking the spell about thee wound
Like the green withes that Samson bound;
Redeeming in one effort grand,
Thyself and thy imperilled land!
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
O sleeper by the Northern sea,
The gates of opportunity!
God fills the gaps of human need,
Each crisis brings its word and deed.

Wise men and strong we did not lack;
But still, with memory turning back,
In the dark hours we thought of thee,
And thy lone grave beside the sea.
Above that grave the east winds blow,
And from the marsh-lands drifting slow
The sea-fog comes, with evermore
The wave-wash of a lonely shore,
And sea-bird's melancholy cry,
As Nature fain would typify
The sadness of a closing scene,
The loss of that which should have been.
But, where thy native mountains bare
Their foreheads to diviner air,
Fit emblem of enduring fame,
One lofty summit keeps thy name.
For thee the cosmic forces did
The rearing of that pyramid,
The prescient ages shaping with
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
With hands of light their benison,
The stars of midnight pause to set
Their jewels in its coronet.
And evermore that mountain mass
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
To light, as if to manifest
Thy nobler self, thy life at best!

WALT WHITMAN [1]

A Child's Question

(*From* **Song of Myself**)

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out of their mothers' laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.

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[1] The poems of Walt Whitman here printed are used by permission of Messrs. Horace Traubel and Thomas B. Harned, the poet's executors. Small, Maynard & Company are the authorized publishers of Whitman's works.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,
And I perceive they do not not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

Mannahatta

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,

Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd,
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river, passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide.
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and shows,
A million people — manners free and superb — open voices — hospitality — the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night — O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd — O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless — O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle — and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well dear brother I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray débris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

* * * * * *

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till there on the prairies meeting,

These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

* * * * * *

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.
Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul — O wondrous singer!
You only I hear — yet the star holds me (but will soon depart),
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

* * * * * *

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.

15

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

* * * * * *

16

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands — and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

Come, said my Soul

COME, SAID MY SOUL,
SUCH VERSES FOR MY BODY LET US WRITE, (FOR WE ARE ONE),
THAT SHOULD I AFTER DEATH INVISIBLY RETURN,
OR, LONG, LONG HENCE, IN OTHER SPHERES,
THERE TO SOME GROUP OF MATES THE CHANTS RESUMING,
(TALLYING EARTH'S SOIL, TREES, WINDS, TUMULTUOUS WAVES,)
EVER WITH PLEAS'D SMILE I MAY KEEP ON,
EVER AND EVER YET THE VERSES OWNING — AS, FIRST, I HERE AND NOW,
SIGHING FOR SOUL AND BODY, SET TO THEM MY NAME,

WALT WHITMAN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The Height of the Ridiculous

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

'These to the printer,' I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
'There'll be the devil to pay.'

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

The Last Leaf

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,

And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

The Deacon's Masterpiece, or, The Wonderful 'One-hoss Shay'

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an 'I dew vum,' or an 'I tell *yeou*')
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown

'Fur,' said the Deacon, ''t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.'

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the 'Settler's ellum,' —
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he 'put her through.'
'There!' said the Deacon, 'naow she'll dew!'

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the earthquake-day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
'Huddup!' said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Parson Turell's Legacy, or, the President's Old Arm-Chair

A Mathematical Story

Facts respecting an old arm-chair,
At Cambridge. Is kept in the College there.
Seems but little the worse for wear.
That's remarkable when I say
It was old in President Holyoke's day.
(One of his boys, perhaps you know,
Died, *at one hundred*, years ago.)
He took lodgings for rain or shine
Under green bed-clothes in '69.

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do. —
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.

(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof, —
Standing still, if you must have proof. —
'Gambrel? — Gambrel?' — Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg, —
First great angle above the hoof, —
That's the gambrel: hence gambrel-roof.)
Nicest place that ever was seen, —
Colleges red and Common green,
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.
Sweetest spot beneath the skies
When the canker-worms don't rise, —
When the dust, that sometimes flies
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,
In a quiet slumber lies,
Not in the shape of unbaked pies
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbor it seems to be,
Facing the flow of a boundless sea.
Rows of gray old Tutors stand
Ranged like rocks above the sand;
Rolling beneath them, soft and green,
Breaks the tide of bright sixteen, —
One wave, two waves, three waves, four, —
Sliding up the sparkling floor:
Then it ebbs to flow no more,
Wandering off from shore to shore
With its freight of golden ore!
Pleasant place for boys to play; —
Better keep your girls away;
Hearts get rolled as pebbles do
Which countless fingering waves pursue,
And every classic beach is strown
With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red stone.

But this is neither here nor there;
I'm talking about an old arm-chair.

You've heard, no doubt, of PARSON TURELL?
Over at Medford he used to dwell;
Married one of the Mathers' folk;
Got with his wife a chair of oak, —
Funny old chair with seat like wedge,
Sharp behind and broad front edge, —
One of the oddest of human things,
Turned all over with knobs and rings, —
But heavy, and wide, and deep, and grand, —
Fit for the worthies of the land, —
Chief Justice Sewall a cause to try in,
Or Cotton Mather to sit — and lie — in.
Parson Turell bequeathed the same
To a certain student, — SMITH by name;
These were the terms, as we are told:
'Saide Smith saide Chaire to have and holde;
When he doth graduate, then to passe
To ye oldest Youth in y Senior Classe.
On payment of' — (naming a certain sum) —
'By him to whom ye Chaire shall come;
He to ye oldest Senior next,
And soe forever' (thus runs the text), —
'But one Crown lesse than he gave to claime,
That being his Debte for use of same.'

Smith transferred it to one of the BROWNS,
And took his money, — five silver crowns.
Brown delivered it up to MOORE,
Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.
Moore made over the chair to LEE,
Who gave him crowns of silver three.
Lee conveyed it unto DREW,
And now the payment, of course, was two.
Drew gave up the chair to DUNN, —
All he got, as you see, was one.
Dunn released the chair to HALL,
And got by the bargain no crown at all.

And now it passed to a second Brown,
Who took it and likewise *claimed a crown.*
When *Brown* conveyed it unto Ware,
Having had one crown, to make it fair,
He paid him two crowns to take the chair;
And *Ware*, being honest (as all Wares be),
He paid one Potter, who took it, three.
Four got Robinson; five got Dix;
Johnson *primus* demanded six;
And so the sum kept gathering still
Till after the battle of Bunker's Hill.

When paper money became so cheap,
Folks wouldn't count it, but said 'a heap,'
A certain Richards, — the books declare
(A. M. in '90? I've looked with care
Through the Triennial, — *name not there*), —
This person, Richards, was offered then
Eightscore pounds, but would have ten;
Nine, I think, was the sum he took, —
Not quite certain, — but see the book.
By and by the wars were still,
But nothing had altered the Parson's will.
The old arm-chair was solid yet,
But saddled with such a monstrous debt!
Things grew quite too bad to bear,
Paying such sums to get rid of the chair!
But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,
And there was the will in black and white,
Plain enough for a child to spell.
What should be done no man could tell,
For the chair was a kind of nightmare curse,
And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort, to clear the doubt,
They got old Governor Hancock out.
The Governor came with his Lighthorse Troop
And his mounted truckmen, all cock-a-hoop;

Halberds glittered and colors flew,
French horns whinnied and trumpets blew,
The yellow fifes whistled between their teeth,
And the bumble-bee bass-drums boomed beneath;
So he rode with all his band,
Till the President met him, cap in hand.
The Governor 'hefted' the crowns, and said, —
'A will is a will, and the Parson's dead.'
The Governor hefted the crowns. Said he, —
'There is your p'int. And here's my fee.
These are the terms you must fulfil, —
On such conditions I BREAK THE WILL!'
The Governor mentioned what these should be.
(Just wait a minute and then you'll see.)
The President prayed. Then all was still,
And the Governor rose and BROKE THE WILL!

'About those conditions?' Well, now you go
And do as I tell you, and then you'll know.
Once a year, on Commencement day,
If you'll only take the pains to stay,
You'll see the President in the CHAIR,
Likewise the Governor sitting there.
The President rises; both old and young
May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,
The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,
Is this: Can I keep this old arm-chair?
And then his Excellency bows,
As much as to say that he allows.
The Vice-Gub. next is called by name;
He bows like t'other, which means the same.
And all the officers round 'em bow
As much as to say that *they* allow.
And a lot of parchments about the chair
Are handed to witnesses then and there,
And then the lawyers hold it clear
That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to give
Money to colleges while you live.
Don't be silly and think you'll try
To bother the colleges when you die,
With codicil this, and codicil that,
That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat;
For there never was pitcher that wouldn't spill,
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will!

All Here

It is not what we say or sing,
  That keeps our charm so long unbroken,
Though every lightest leaf we bring
  May touch the heart as friendship's token;
Not what we sing or what we say
  Can make us dearer to each other;
We love the singer and his lay,
  But love as well the silent brother.

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,
  Thrice welcome to our smiles and praises;
Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,
  Thanks for the marigolds and daisies;
One flower ere long we all shall claim,
  Alas! unloved of Amaryllis —
Nature's last blossom — need I name
  The wreath of threescore's silver lilies?

How many, brothers, meet to-night
  Around our boyhood's covered embers?
Go read the treasured names aright
  The old triennal list remembers;
Though twenty wear the starry sign
  That tells a life has broke its tether,
The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine —
  God bless THE BOYS! — are all together!

These come with joyous look and word,
With friendly grasp and cheerful greeting, —
Those smile unseen, and move unheard,
The angel guests of every meeting;
They cast no shadow in the flame
That flushes from the gilded lustre,
But count us — we are still the same;
One earthly band, one heavenly cluster!

Love dies not when he bows his head
To pass beyond the narrow portals, —
The light these glowing moments shed
Wakes from their sleep our lost immortals;
They come as in their joyous prime,
Before their morning days were numbered, —
Death stays the envious hand of Time, —
The eyes have not grown dim that slumbered!

The paths that loving souls have trod
Arch o'er the dust where worldlings grovel
High as the zenith o'er the sod, —
The cross above the sexton's shovel!
We rise beyond the realms of day;
They seem to stoop from spheres of glory
With us one happy hour to stray,
While youth comes back in song and story.

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel
That war has tried in edge and temper;
It writes upon its sacred seal
The priest's *ubique — omnes — semper!*
It lends the sky a fairer sun
That cheers our lives with rays as steady
As if our footsteps had begun
To print the golden streets already!

The tangling years have clinched its knot
Too fast for mortal strength to sunder;
The lightning bolts of noon are shot;
No fear of evening's idle thunder!

Too late! too late! — no graceless hand
Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor
To rive the close encircling band
That made and keeps us one forever!

So when upon the fated scroll
The falling stars have all descended,
And, blotted from the breathing roll,
Our little page of life is ended,
We ask but one memorial line
Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother:
'My children. Boys of '29.
In pace. How they loved each other!'

The Broomstick Train; or, The Return of the Witches

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come back!
They hanged them high, — No use! No use!
What cares a witch for a hangman's noose?
They buried them deep, but they wouldn't lie still,
For cats and witches are hard to kill;
They swore they shouldn't and wouldn't die, —
Books said they did, but they lie! they lie!

A couple of hundred years, or so,
They had knocked about in the world below,
When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,
And a homesick feeling seized them all;
For he came from a place they knew full well,
And many a tale he had to tell.
They longed to visit the haunts of men,
To see the old dwellings they knew again,
And ride on their broomsticks all around
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex county there's many a roof
Well known to him of the cloven hoof;

The small square windows are full in view
Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high,
Seen like shadows against the sky;
Crossing the track of owls and bats,
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,
The sights we see in our daily drives:
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
Browne's bare hill with its lonely tree,
(It wasn't then as we see it now,
With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow;)
Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake
Glide through his forests of fern and brake;
Ipswich River; its old stone bridge;
Far off Andover's Indian Ridge,
And many a scene where history tells
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, —
Of 'Norman's Woe' with its tale of dread,
Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
(The fearful story that turns men pale:
Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

Who would not, will not, if he can,
Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
Rest in the bowers her bays enfold,
Loved by the sachems and squaws of old?
Home where the white magnolias bloom,
Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume,
Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea!
Where is the Eden like to thee?
For that 'couple of hundred years, or so,'
There had been no peace in the world below;
The witches still grumbling, 'It isn't fair;
Come, give us a taste of the upper air!

We've had enough of your sulphur springs,
And the evil odor that round them clings;
We long for a drink that is cool and nice,—
Great buckets of water with Wenham ice;
We've served you well up-stairs, you know;
You're a good old — fellow — come, let us go!'

I don't feel sure of his being good,
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood,—
As fiends with their skins full sometimes are
(He'd been drinking with 'roughs' at a Boston bar).
So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, 'Let 'em out!'

To mind his orders was all he knew;
The gates swung open, and out they flew.
'Where are our broomsticks?' the beldams cried.
'Here are your broomsticks,' an imp replied.
'They've been in — the place you know — so long
They smell of brimstone uncommon strong;
But they've gained by being left alone,—
Just look, and you'll see how tall they've grown.'
'And where is my cat?' a vixen squalled.
'Yes, where are our cats?' the witches bawled,
And began to call them all by name:
As fast as they called the cats, they came:
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And many another that came at call,—
It would take too long to count them all.
All black,— one could hardly tell which was which,
But every cat knew his own old witch;
And she knew hers as hers knew her,—
Ah, didn't they curl their tails and purr!

No sooner the withered hags were free
Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree;

I couldn't tell all they did in rhymes,
But the Essex people had dreadful times.
The Swampscott fishermen still relate
How a strange sea-monster stole their bait;
How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
And they found dead crabs in their lobster-pots.
Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,
And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops.
A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
It was all the work of those hateful queans!
A dreadful panic began at 'Pride's,'
Where the witches stopped in their midnight rides,
And there rose strange rumors and vague alarms
'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.

Now when the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles;
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.
'Come here, you witches! Come here!' says he, —
'At your games of old, without asking me!
I'll give you a little job to do
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!'

They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
'Now, then,' says he, 'you've had your fun,
And here are the cars you've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don't want horses, we don't want steam;
You may keep your old black cats to hug,
But the loaded train you've got to lug.'

Since then on many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;

On every stick there's a witch astride, —
The string you see to her leg is tied.
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful man,
And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
As for the hag, you can't see her,
But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,
And now and then, as a car goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.
Often you've looked on a rushing train,
But just what moved it was not so plain.
It couldn't be those wires above,
For they could neither pull nor shove;
Where was the motor that made it go
You couldn't guess, *but now you know.*

Remember my rhymes when you ride again
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

The Episode of the Pie

(*From* **The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table**)

— I will thank you for that pie, — said the provoking young fellow whom I have named repeatedly. He looked at it for a moment, and put his hands to his eyes as if moved. — I was thinking, — he said, indistinctly —

— How? What is't? — said our landlady.

— I was thinking — said he — who was king of England when this old pie was baked, — and it made me feel bad to think how long he must have been dead.

[Our landlady is a decent body, poor, and a widow, of course; *cela va sans dire.* She told me her story once; it was as if a grain of corn that had been ground and bolted had tried to individualize itself by a special narrative.

There was the wooing and the wedding, — the start in life, — the disappointment, — the children she had buried, — the struggle against fate, — the dismantling of life, first of its small luxuries, and then of its comforts, — the broken spirits, — the altered character of the one on whom she had leaned, — and at last the death that came and drew the black curtain between her and all her earthly hopes.

I never laughed at my landlady after she had told me her story, but I often cried, — not those pattering tears that run off the eaves upon our neighbors' grounds, the *stillicidium* of self-conscious sentiment, but those which steal noiselessly through their conduits until they reach the cisterns lying round about the heart; those tears which we weep inwardly with unchanging features; such I did shed for her often when the imps of the boarding-house Inferno tugged at her soul with their red-hot pincers.]

Young man, — I said, — the pasty you speak lightly of is not old, but courtesy to those who labor to serve us, especially if they are of the weaker sex, is very old, and yet well worth retaining. The pasty looks to me as if it were tender, but I know that the hearts of women are so. May I recommend to you the following caution, as a guide, whenever you are dealing with a woman, or an artist, or a poet; — if you are handling an editor or a politician, it is superfluous advice. I take it from the back of one of those little French toys which contain pasteboard figures moved by a small running stream of fine sand; Benjamin Franklin will translate it for you: "*Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il ne faut pas* BRUTALISER *la machine.*" — I will thank you for the pie, if you please.

(I took more of it than was good for me, — as much as 85°, I should think, and had an indigestion in consequence. While I was suffering from it, I wrote some sadly desponding poems, and a theological essay which took a very

melancholy view of creation. When I got better, I labeled them all "Pie-crust," and laid them by as scare-crows and solemn warnings. I have a number of books on my shelves that I should like to label with some such title; but, as they have great names on their title-pages, — Doctors of Divinity, some of them, — it wouldn't do.)

My Last Walk with the Schoolmistress

(*From* The Autocrat)

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it, — but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers. — Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman, (of the right kind,) reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that, — that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge

sucks up water, — to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan-pit, — to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill-wheel works up a stream that runs through the flume upon its float-boards, — to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing-sickness which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years, — to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium, — and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life, too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love, — unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

— I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that

we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among the people at the boarding-house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon, — with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, — Will you take the long path with me? — Certainly, — said the schoolmistress, — with much pleasure. — Think, — I said, — before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! — The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, — the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree. — Pray, sit down, I said. — No, no, — she answered, softly, — I will take the *long path* with you!

— The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, — "Good morning, my dears!"

NOTES

It is assumed that some handbook is used with these readings. Hence, dates of composition and biographical details are not given unless they have some important bearing on the passages quoted. If no guide is in the hands of the student, some of the larger histories of American literature should be available for reference — such as Trent's (Appleton), Richardson's (Putnams), and Wendell's (Scribners). Words are not explained when satisfactory definitions may be found in such volumes as Webster's *Secondary-School Dictionary* (American Book Company) or the *Concise Oxford*. The first-named should be in the possession of every reader who can not procure the *International*, of which it is an abridgment.

Smith. — The student should bear in mind that the language of Smith is in general the language of Shakspere's plays and of the King James (or "Authorized") version of the Bible. A glance at a first edition of *King Lear* or *Hamlet* (or a facsimile reprint) will show the same inaccuracy and inconsistencies in spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and as many obsolete words and idioms as are found in Smith. For spelling, note *desart* (line 3), *bredth* (4), *seazed* (15), and *ceazed* (39). Utterly reasonless punctuation and capitalization are easily observed. For words and forms of expression no longer in good use, note *his* (4), *boughts* (8; "windings"), *in* (21; "by"), *them* (28; "themselves"), *admired* (42; "wondered").

7. *vituals*. The student should look up the etymology of "victuals" in some good dictionary. 10. *light*, lighted. The guns were matchlocks. 11. *peece*, piece, firearm. 18. *with*, by; frequent in Elizabethan English. Cf. *The Tempest*, II, ii, 112: "killed with a thunderstroke." 21. *By that*, by the time that. 25. Supply "fell" before *short*. 29. *shot*, shooting. 30. *discovered*, disclosed. 34. *minding*, paying attention to. 40. *the King*, i.e., Opechancanough. 42. *as*, that. 48. Supply after *woods:* "that they were a party hunting deer." 51. The town is named in 112, *Rasawrack*. Its location is not clear. 52. *onely*, only. 54. *ad-*

vertised, informed; accented on the second syllable in the seventeenth century. See Shakspere's 3 *Henry VI*, V, iii, 18. 59. *bishion*. Probably a military term. 66. *pound* as plural, like "year," "mile," and some other nouns of measure, is no longer good English. 70. *points*, cords to fasten hose and doublet. 72. *wanted*, lacked. 77. *mischance*, i.e., the capture of Smith. 85. *Paspahegh*, the district in which Jamestown was located; here used for the town itself. 89. *unpossible*, impossible. 92. *Their intent, I incerted* (for "inserted"), of their intention I informed. 96. *salvage*, savage. 106. *Youghtanan;* now the Pamunkey. 107. *Mattapament;* now the Mattapony. 109. *Pewhakan*, misprint for Powhatan. 110. *Fals*, on the James at what is now Richmond. 112. *marsh*, march.

Strachey. — On Strachey's language see the general remarks on Smith above. 1. *St. James his day*, old form for "St. James's day." 53. *took down the braves*, took away the courage. 66. *made up*, came up. 72. *bisket*, old spelling of "biscuit." 88. *spell*, relieve. 99. *as*, that. 104. *whip-staff*, obsolete for "tiller," the lever by which the rudder is turned. 105. *ceased*, seized. 113. *capstone*, capstan. 116. *all thoughts . . . else, then that*, all other thoughts except that. 120. *remora*, the sucking-fish, supposed to attach itself to vessels and check their course. 123. A *watch* on board ship is four hours. *his*, its, referring to "thing," the word "it" being superfluous. Beginning of sentence, then, means: "One thing does not fail of being wonderful."

Wigglesworth. — 1. *Bar*, judgment-seat (of Christ). 3. *or . . . or*, either . . . or. 25. *Nature* was probably pronounced as an exact rhyme with *Creator*.

Bradstreet. — 29–30. See *Psalms*, XIX, 5. 33. *vegative* (usually spelled "vegetive"), showing little mental activity; *i.e.*, animals of a low order. 66. *Philomel*, the nightingale.

Bradford. — 2. *pretty parts*, accomplishments. 19. *of*, off. 21. *livetenante*, lieutenant. The common pronunciation to-day in Great Britain is "leftenant." 25. *petiefogger*, pettyfogger; an unscrupulous, incompetent lawyer. *Furnefells Inne*, Furnival's Inn; one of eight "Inns of Chancery," a sort of preparatory school for law students who afterward entered the "Inns of Court." 55. The floralia, or *feasts of the goddess Flora*, were celebrated with much license.

WINTHROP. — Winthrop was a contemporary of Bradford; but the text in all modern editions of the former is, for some reason not apparent, modernized, while the only edition of Bradford's history, that made by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is a faithful reprint of the original. 10. *omnes*, etc., we all grow worse by license. 41. *let us break their bands*, etc. See *Psalms*, II, 3.

MATHER. — 8. *Patent*, official grant of territory. 14. *presently*, immediately. 29. *almost as vernacular*, almost as if it were his native speech. 37. *Anabaptism* taught (1) that the baptism of infants is not sanctioned by the Bible; (2) that the church is composed of those only who have been baptized upon a profession of faith; and (3) that there should be an entire separation of church and state. 55. *O mihi*, etc., May a similar end of life fall to me! 58. Νομευς, etc., the shepherd and rearer of the human flock. See Plato's *Statesman*, 268, A.

EDWARDS. — 14 ff. The number of omissions in this selection (indicated by asterisks) is due to the fact that both Edwards's style and his details are unimportant for the student's purposes. The ten "considerations" stated in barest form sufficiently characterize the man himself and the greater portion of his hearers.

FRANKLIN. — *On Drunkenness.* — The series of *Dogood Papers* appeared in Franklin's brother's paper, the *Courant*, with no indication of authorship, and with no suspicion of the identity of the writer. 1. *Quod est*, etc.: What the sober man thinks, the drunken man speaks. Franklin's free use of capitals and italics is reproduced here. 6. *humane*, human. 15. *Bacchus*, god of wine. 19. *discover;* see note on Smith, 30. 24. *Ponder* is, of course, a fictitious personage. 33. *my own sex.* Recall that this is supposed to be written by a woman. 53. *impertinence*, matter having no connection with the subject in hand. 77. *froze*, for "frozen," as also *chose* (80) for "chosen." The preterit of strong verbs was formerly used freely for the past participle.

Causes of the American Discontents, first published in *The London Chronicle*, Jan. 7, 1768, pretends to have been written by an Englishman. In our readings it is abridged by the omission of two passages summarized in the note below. 66. In this paragraph Franklin turns aside from this statement of facts for a characteristic bit of irony. 74. A passage omitted here recites in order the abuses from which the

colonies had suffered — the Stamp Act; the act for quartering soldiers in private houses; the act taking away the legislative powers of the New York colonial assembly; the imposition of new customs duties, with a high-salaried British board to collect them, and to use them in paying governors, judges, and other officials not appointed by the colonies. 124. *emptying our gaols.* It was customary to send British criminals to America, bound to service for a number of years, instead of holding them in prison. (Cf. the next selection, 44–50.) 135. *ad libitum*, at pleasure. 138. A passage omitted here sets forth that the colonists have agreed to refrain from the use of taxed articles; and that they assert vigorously their loyalty to the king, while refusing loyalty to a House of Commons in which they are not represented.

An Edict by the King of Prussia was published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (London), October, 1773. 29. *these presents*, this document. Legal term. 34. *ad valorem*, according to value. 54. *statutes of*, etc. Abbreviations signify the year of the reign of the monarch, and the chapter of the statutes of that year. *E.g.*, the tenth and eleventh years of William III, chapter 10. 71. *Rechtmaessig*, German, equivalent to "Fair-and-just." 72. *Jeux d'Esprit*, French, meaning "humorous trifles" (singular, *jeu.*)

Whistle. — 76. *apples of King John.* Apparently Franklin means apples of *Saint* John, so called because they reached maturity about Saint John's Day (May 6). "It is said they will keep for two years, and are best when shriveled." (Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*)

Henry. — The genuineness of this speech has been questioned, but to the present editor the evidence against it seems not worth repeating. 39. *election*, choice.

Otis. — The extract gives all the information necessary to understand the nature, issuance, and execution of the writs. 28. *14 Charles II.* See note on *Edict by the King of Prussia*, 54.

Paine. — 64. *Howe*, British commander.

Washington. — It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the student that Washington was first inaugurated on April 30, 1789, in New York City. 6. *retreat*, Mount Vernon on the Potomac.

Jefferson. — The *Summary View* was offered by Jefferson as suitable instructions for the Virginia delegates to the First Continental

Congress. Regarded as extreme, they were rejected. Later in the year the document was printed at Williamsburg, Virginia, by friends of the author.

Hamilton. — 74. *Montesquieu*, French writer of the eighteenth century on political science. His most important work, *The Spirit of Laws*, influenced greatly the writings on the American Constitution.

Woolman. — Woolman's *Journal* was not written for publication, and was not published until after his death. The entire work is now accessible in several cheap editions, and makes an interesting study, especially when compared with Franklin's *Autobiography*. The extract given is from Chapter IV. 1. *This* [*province*], Maryland. 15. *Thou shalt not. Exodus*, XXIII, 8. 16. *As the disciples*, etc. See *Matthew*, X, 10. 26. *Society*, the Religious Society of Friends; also called Quakers. 36. *esteemed before myself*, thought better than myself. 38. *the prophet*, Moses. See *Numbers*, XI, 15. 47. *My soul. Psalms*, CXXXI, 2. 74. *The 7th day of the fifth month.* Friends still number the months and the days of the week instead of naming them. "Saturday, July fourth" would be expressed in "Friendly" style, "Seventh Day, Seventh Month, Fourth." 80. *Yearly Meeting.* A single congregation of Friends is called a Monthly Meeting; the Monthly Meetings within a limited territory constitute a Quarterly Meeting; a number of Quarterly Meetings unite in a Yearly Meeting. In the United States there are eleven Yearly Meetings of the "Orthodox" branch of Friends, and seven of the "Liberal" branch. In the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the latter nine Quarterly Meetings are included. 85. *Port Royal*, a town on the Rappahannock in eastern Virginia.

Hopkinson. — *The Battle of the Keys*, sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," was immensely popular during the Revolution.

Anonymous Revolutionary Songs. — *Paul Jones.* — 1. *Buccaneer*, pirate. Jones is so called because of the irregular character of his commission — and indeed of the whole colonial navy. 12. *Alfred*, first ship commanded by Jones. *Hopkins*, Admiral Esek; commander of the first fleet sent out by the colonies. 15–16. The first American flag was raised on the *Alfred* by Jones in 1776. On it was a pine tree, with a coiled rattlesnake at its feet, and the motto, "Don't tread on me." 21–22. On September 23, 1779, the British ship *Serapis* surrendered to the *Bonhomme* (Good-Man) *Richard*, in command of

Jones, off Flamborough Head, east coast of England. For an interesting imaginative presentation of John Paul Jones, read Cooper's *The Pilot*.

Riflemen's Song. — At Bennington, Vermont, August 15–16, 1777, the British and Hessians were utterly routed by the Americans under Colonel John Stark. We are told that when the enemy came in sight, Stark said: "There are the red-coats. We must beat them to-day or Molly Stark's a widow."

(A large number of interesting Revolutionary poems and songs may be found in *Poems of American History*, edited by B. E. Stevenson; published by Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Trumbull. — *McFingal.* — The student should see a summary or outline of the entire poem in some history. Canto III, 1. *pole*, the "Liberty Pole." McFingal called it a "May-pole of sedition." Canto IV, 4. *beneath their nose.* "This, during the American war, was a fashionable phrase with the British. No officer, who had a lucky escape, failed of stating in his report, that he made a grand retreat under the very nose of the enemy." (Trumbull's note.) 5. *the window*, of the cellar where the Tories were meeting. 12. *Lot.* See *Genesis*, XIX, 12–26. 13. *North*, British Prime Minister. 15. *phantom of Independence.* "On the Declaration of Independence, the ministerial speakers in Parliament amused themselves by calling it, the phantom of independence. The wit was echoed by their newspapers." (Trumbull's note.)

Barlow. — *Vision of Columbus.*—In this poem (in nine books) Columbus is represented as seeing from a hill the future greatness of America. 11–12. In 1753–1754 Washington gained distinction in a campaign against the French at the headwaters of the Ohio, the beginning of the French and Indian War. 16–17. Forty-four lines omitted here give a catalogue of Washington's lieutenants. 31. *Charlestown*, then a suburb of Boston; now a part of the city. 32. *Champlain*, the lake in northeastern New York.

Godfrey. — *Prince of Parthia.* — The scene given shows one of the leading motives of the play — the love of the brothers, Princes Arsaces and Vardanes, for Evanthe, a beautiful captive. Arsaces, the heroine's choice, has by Vardanes's schemes been imprisoned; and the latter threatens that, unless she look upon his suit with favor, her beloved will be put to death.

FRENEAU. — *A Political Litany* (also called *Emancipation from British Dependence*). — Written in 1775. One of the earliest expressions in print of the sentiment for absolute independence of the colonies. Title: the form of the poem imitates the Litany of the Episcopal church. 1. *Libera*, etc. The Litany contains eight petitions beginning "From," and concluding with the response of the congregation, "Good Lord, Deliver Us." 7. *St. James's*, the English Court; here meaning the government. 13. *Wallace*, Sir James, and *Graves*, Baron Thomas, British admirals. Two British warships were named *Viper* and *Rose;* Wallace commanded the *Rose* in 1771–1776. 15. *Dunmore*, last royal governor of the colony of Virginia, 1772–1776. 17. *Montague*, Sir George, British naval officer. 23. *Tryon*, William, last royal governor of New York. 27. *North*. See note on *McFingal*, IV, 13. 28. *King Log*, about equal to "King Worthless." See note, page 355, for the story from which the expression comes.

Eutaw Springs. — "To the Memory of the Brave Americans under General Greene, in South Carolina, who Fell in the Action of September 8, 1781, at Eutaw Springs" (full title). Line 20 of this poem Scott thought good enough to appropriate with the change of a single word. In the Introduction to Canto III of *Marmion*, Scott has:

"They snatched the spear — but left the shield."

IRVING. — *Character of Peter Stuyvesant*. — 2. *Wouter Van Twiller* was the first of the Dutch governors. In 59 the English equivalent of his name is given — *Walter the Doubter*. 9. *spinsters*, female spinners. Of the three *fates*, Clotho spins the thread of life, Lachesis twists it, Atropos cuts it. 13. *Ajax Telamon* was "the bulwark of the Greeks," of "immeasurable strength," and his buckler was "like a rampart." See the *Iliad*, Bryant's translation, Book VII, lines 211–411. 16. *Atlas* was one of the Titans, who, after the defeat of his party by Jupiter, was compelled to bear the heavens on his shoulders. *Hercules* agreed to bear Atlas's load while the latter did him a favor. 17. *Coriolanus*, a Roman military leader of the fifth century B.C. *Plutarch* wrote parallel lives of great Greeks and Romans, from which Shakspere got the materials for his Greek and Roman plays. Note 1. *Josselyn* and *Blome* were Englishmen who visited America in the late seventeenth century and wrote some very absurd things about the country. 35. *choleric Achilles*. The real subject of the

Iliad is the "wrath of Achilles." His rages and frequent refusals to fight are responsible for most of the Greeks' troubles. 39. *Peter the Great*, Czar of Russia, beginning of eighteenth century. 41. *Plato*, *Aristotle*, Greek philosophers; *Hobbes*, *Bacon*, English philosophers; *Sydney* (or Sidney), English statesman and political scientist; *Paine*, see above, pages 40–42. 50. Wilhelmus *Kieft*, or *William the Testy* (60), governor after Wouter Van Twiller. 66. *wanted*, lacked.

Tom Walker. — 160. *persecutions.* During the seventeenth century these sects were severely persecuted in Massachusetts. Roger Williams led a number of Baptists to Rhode Island, where they not only "worshipped God according to their own belief," but allowed all men to do so. A tract entitled *The Wrongs of the Quakers* (1660), by Edward Burrough, an English Quaker (printed in Hart's *American History Told by Contemporaries*, Vol. I, pp. 404–6); and Hawthorne's imaginative presentation of the same in *The Gentle Boy* (in *Twice Told Tales*), will give the student a most interesting bit of "parallel reading." 332. *rhino*, slang for "money." 348. *Eldorado*, land of gold or immense wealth. 373. *'change*, the stock exchange.

Bryant. — *Thanatopsis.* — The title is from two Greek words meaning "a view of death." 12. *the narrow house*, the grave. 17. *Yet a few days.* The poem as first published began with these words. 28. *the rude swain*, etc. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, i, 83 ff. 51. *Barcan wilderness*, in northern Africa. 66. *bed with thee.* Poem as first published ended here.

Waterfowl. — This poem is a meditation on an actual flight of a bird observed by the poet. 10. *marge*, poetic word for "margin."

Forest Hymn. — 3. *architrave*, in classical architecture, that part of a building which rests directly on the capitals of the pillars. 5. *vault*, in Gothic architecture, the arch which itself forms the roof or supports a separate roof. 11. *stilly*, poetic word. 26–28. See *Genesis*, I, 11–12. 45. *instinct* (accented on second syllable), filled.

Death of the Flowers. — 25 ff. These lines refer to the poet's beloved sister, who had died the year before.

Fringed Gentian. — Cf. Wordsworth's four poems on the daisy and three on the celandine.

Gladness of Nature. — One of the few nature-poems of Bryant which have no moral. Not seldom it seems very loosely joined to the poem, as in *To the Fringed Gentian* and *To a Waterfowl;* but for Bryant the moral was always just as real and just as impor-

tant as the rest of his meditation — the description of the natural object.

Cooper. — *Ariel and Alacrity.* — The scene of most of *The Pilot* is the northeastern coast of England; the time, December, 1778. 1. *English cutter*, the *Alacrity*. 7. *Barnstable*, commander of the American schooner *Ariel*. 12. *The cockswain*, "Long Tom" Coffin, is one of the notable characters of English fiction, worthy to rank with Cooper's two other creations — Leather-Stocking and Harvey Birch. 9. *in the wind's eye*, against the wind. 40. *bolt-ropes*, ropes stitched to the edge of sails. 66. *his namesake*, the cannon, called "Long Tom." 75. *long bowls*, a game somewhat like tenpins. 79. *dub*, trim. Trimming a gamecock for a fight is called "dubbing." 114. *curmudgeon* is hardly a suitable name for the boy; but Tom's anger is not very accurate in expressing itself. Besides, he probably did not know the meaning of the word, but attached it to his vocabulary as a good "mouth-filling" term of abuse. 181. *soldiers*. A party of British troopers were watching the contest from the cliff. 260. *Merry*, the boy who earlier had so stirred Tom's anger.

Halleck. — *Marco Bozzaris.* — 13. *Suliote*, native of Suli in Epirus, where Bozzaris was born. 16. *Persian;* probably Xerxes is meant, though the Persian commander defeated at *Platæa* was Mardonius. When this battle was fought, Xerxes had returned to Persia, after his own defeat in the sea fight of Salamis. 38. *Moslem*, Mohammedan. 75. *Indian isles*, the West Indies. 76. *Genoese*, Columbus.

Calhoun. — 18. *twenty-four sovereign powers.* The debate between Calhoun and Webster took place in 1833. 61–62. Calhoun's last prediction has come true; for we have chairs of political science everywhere, and not a few "schools of diplomacy."

Webster. — If time serves, the study of Calhoun and Webster here might well be preceded by at least a rapid reading of the debate three years earlier between Robert Y. Hayne and Webster. 43. *gloss*, marginal note. 72. *Mirabeau*, French statesman of the Revolution. He and Napoleon are commonly regarded as the greatest figures who appeared in that momentous period. 107 ff. The student would do well to follow Webster's argument with a good American history — or better, with two histories, one written from Webster's

point of view, the other from Calhoun's. Even H. C. Lodge, however, Webster's biographer and certainly in sympathy with his subject, says that the Massachusetts statesman's argument was *historically* unsound.

Lincoln. — *Showing His Hand.* — *New Salem* was in *Sangamon* County, Illinois. Lincoln at the time of this letter was serving his first term in the legislature. *Hugh L. White* was the candidate of the Whig party.

Speech Leaving Springfield. — If we had nothing of Lincoln's but this, there would be slight ground for questioning his religion, as has frequently been done.

Gettysburg Address. — This speech was delivered at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg a few months after the great battle.

Timrod. — *A Cry to Arms.* — The second of Timrod's remarkable series of poems growing out of incidents of the war. The first was *Ethnogenesis.* 5. *byre*, cowhouse. *cot*, cottage, *i.e.*, home.

Flower-Life. — 41. *Sibyl-leaves*, valuable fragmentary writings easily scattered or lost.

Hayne. — *Beauregard's Appeal.* — Early in 1862 General Beauregard appealed to the people of the Mississippi valley to give up plantation-bells to be moulded into cannon. Not only was this request granted: churches gave up their bells, and women offered brass candlesticks and andirons.

Forgotten. — 29. Supply "that" before "Its."

Axe and Pine. — This poem and *Poets* are excellent examples of the sonnet, a form in which few poets have been strikingly successful. Longfellow is the greatest American sonnet-writer. For a satisfactory brief treatment of the sonnet, see Corson, *Primer of English Verse*, Chapter X.

Poets will repay careful study of substance as well as of form.

Poe. — *To Helen.* — Of this poem Lowell said: "There is a little dimness in the filling up, but the grace and symmetry of the outline are such as few poets ever attain. . . . The melody of the whole, too, is remarkable. It is not of that kind which can be demonstrated arithmetically upon the tips of the fingers. It is of that finer sort which the inner ear alone can estimate. It seems simple, like a Greek column, because of its perfection." 2. *Nicean*, Poe prob-

ably used this word with no definite place in mind, merely suggesting something distant. So the *wanderer* of line 4, though some have thought it an allusion to Ulysses, is perhaps not meant to indicate any man in particular. 7. *hyacinth* here means simply "beautiful." It was a favorite epithet with the poet. 8. The *Naiads* were nymphs who presided over fountains, lakes, brooks, and wells. 9–10. These lines originally read :

> "To the beauty of fair Greece,
> And the grandeur of old Rome."

It would be a good exercise to find out how the revision is an improvement. 14. *Psyche*, the soul. Cf. *Ulalume*, line 12.

Israfel. — 5. *giddy*, whirling rapidly. 12. *levin*, lightning. 23. *skies* is the object of *trod*. 45–51. The thought of this stanza — the influence of environment on what one accomplishes — is expressed elsewhere by Poe.

Haunted Palace. — Poe explained that the haunted palace symbolizes "a mind haunted by phantoms." In a letter he asserted that Longfellow's *Beleaguered City* (page 204) was taken from this poem, claiming that even the versification was copied. The student might well compare the two to see how far Poe's charge was justified. 9–10. These lines show Poe's careful choice of words for their sound value. Note also *The Raven*, 13, 71, *Ulalume*, 5, 18–19, *Annabel Lee*, 34. He was fond of words containing long vowels and sustainable consonants. 22. *Porphyrogene*, born to the purple.

Raven. — See first note on *Short-Story* below. 10. Poe used the name Lenore in several other places. Others that he used, to some extent at least for their sound value, are "Eleonora," "Berenice," "Morella." 41. *Pallas*, or Minerva, goddess of wisdom ; a suitable bust for a student's room, said Poe. 89. *Balm in Gilead.* See *Jeremiah*, VIII, 22. 93. *Aidenn*, a variant of "Eden" ; here it means any delightful place. 101. Here it becomes apparent, says Poe, that the raven is "emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance.*"

Annabel Lee is supposed to have been inspired by the memory of the poet's child-wife.

Ulalume. — N. P. Willis, friend and admirer of Poe, said that this poem is "full of beauty and oddity in sentiment and versification, but a curiosity (and a delicious one, we think) in philologic flavor." Professor Pattee thinks its meaning is perfectly clear — it

is an allegory — "the epitome of Poe's last years"; "the marvelous repetition . . . shows that the poet's mind was in a state almost of collapse." See the *Chautauquan*, Vol. 31, pp. 182–186 (May, 1900). Pattee expounds the "allegory" in great detail, but is not altogether convincing.

Morella. — 8. *Eros*, love. 20. *Presburg*, ancient capital of Hungary, and one of its finest cities. 45. *Hinnon became the Gehenna*. Before being defiled by Josiah (see 2 *Kings*, XXIII, 10) the valley of Hinnon south of Jerusalem formed part of the royal gardens. 53. *Pantheism*, etc. It would be quite useless for the student to attempt to understand even the names here. They are given merely as specimens of abstruse philosophies. 58. *Locke*, John: chief work, *Essay on the Human Understanding*. 118. *Pæstum*, ancient Greek city of Lucania (southern part of Italy). 119. *play the Teian with time* seems to mean "enjoy a care-free sort of existence." The Teian is probably put for Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet, who was born at Teos in Ionia. He wrote many poems in praise of love and wine, and was a favorite at the courts of several rulers. 175. A lustrum (plural, *lustra*) is five years.

Short-Story. — The theory of poetry set forth in the first paragraph here Poe repeated in many places. One of the most interesting for the young student is *The Philosophy of Composition*, which purports to tell how *The Raven* was composed. (The essay may be had in several cheap editions.) 28. *De Béranger*, a French poet prominent in Poe's day. 34. *In medio*, etc.: A happy medium is safest. 79. *tales of ratiocination*, tales in which acute reasoning is used; sometimes spoken of as analytical tales. The best examples are Poe's own — *The Gold-Bug*, *The Purloined Letter*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*. Sir Conan Doyle's stories of Sherlock Holmes are later examples of the same kind. The models for these, by the way, Doyle unhesitatingly asserted were Poe's tales just mentioned. 91. *par parenthèse*, parenthetically.

Hawthorne. — *May-Pole.* — See the reading from Bradford, page 15. 70. *Comus*, god of mirth. See Milton's masque. 98. *Clerk of Oxford*, minister educated at Oxford University. 195. St. John's Day is Dec. 27. 300. *Endicott*, colonial governor of Massachusetts, severe in his treatment of "heretics." He figures also in another of the *Twice Told Tales* — *Endicott and the Red Cross*. 303. *Blackstone*, the clerk of line 98. 328. *Ancient*, standard bearer.

Drowne's Wooden Image. — 10. *Fayal*, one of the Azores islands (pronounced Fī-äl′). 30. *Neptune*, god of the sea. 38. When the story has been completed, it would be interesting to discuss what was Hunnewell's "secret"; also the "mystery in the carver's conduct" (110). 53. *Parian*, from Paros, one of the Cyclades, a group of islands in the Ægean Sea. *Carrara*, a city of Tuscany, Italy. 68. *Galen* (second century A.D.), and *Hippocrates* (fifth century B.C.), famous Greek physicians. The latter was called the "father of medicine." 129. *hamadryad*, in classical mythology, a nymph whose life is bound up with that of her tree. 151. *What a wide distinction*, etc. This thought is expressed in several other places by Hawthorne — *e.g.*, in *The Marble Faun*, Chapter XIII, and in the *Italian Note-Book*, under Feb. 14, 1858. 205. *Pygmalion*, a mythological sculptor who made a statue of Galatea, with which he fell in love, and which, in response to his prayer, Venus endowed with life. 425. *witch times*. The famous witch-trials took place in Salem in 1692–1693. 448. *statuary*, sculptor. 471. *Province House*, home of the colonial governors of Massachusetts. See Hawthorne's description of it at the beginning of *Howe's Masquerade*, in *Twice Told Tales*.

Motley. — William, Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau, called "the Silent" (1533–1584), was the founder of the Dutch Republic. The tour described took place in August, 1577. 2. *little provinces*, *i.e.*, the fifteen states which with Holland and Zealand had united in the Pacification of Ghent to drive out the Spaniards. The Pacification had been signed in November preceding William's tour. 5. *Father William*. Since the union of the provinces was due more to William's efforts than to any one else's, he was very appropriately called the father of his country. 16. *states-general*, the "Congress" of the provinces. *Don John* [of Austria], youngest son of Charles V of Spain, and half-brother of Philip II. His mother was a peasant of low birth. Philip appointed him governor of the Netherlands in 1576. 36. *seizure of Namur Castle*, by Don John. As the commandant came out to welcome the governor, he was arrested, and the entire garrison, composed of old men, turned out. 38. John *Taffin*, an eminent minister of the Reformed Church; Philip Marnix, Baron *Saint Aldegonde*. Both were devoted adherents of William. 64. *treaty of Marche en Famine*, also called the "Perpetual Edict," an agreement between Don John and the little provinces — Holland and Zealand, under William's influence, refusing to sign. In less than a year the states-general de-

clared that Don John (who had wisely fled) was no longer an officer of the country, and was really its enemy. 73. *Escovedo*, Juan, a Spaniard, close friend of Don John. 118. The *convention of "Satisfaction,"* which granted William's demands for religious toleration, was signed about two months after his visit. 126. *episcopal city*, seat of a bishop. The bishopric of Utrecht dates from the eighth century. 144. *ancient church*, the Roman Catholic.

EMERSON. — *Rhodora.* — 11–12. The lines answer the question heading the poem.

Concord Hymn. — The battle of Lexington and Concord took place April 19, 1775.

Humble-Bee. — 16. *Epicurean*, one who believes that pleasure is the chief aim of life.

Terminus. — When he wrote this poem (1867), he realized that "his working days were nearly done," says his son, Dr. E. W. Emerson. 28. *Baresark*, or "berserk," a Scandinavian warrior who fought without armor.

Nature of Government. — The cutting from Lowell's essay (page 252) should be given at least a rapid reading before reading this of Emerson's. 17–18. These two short sentences are typical of Emerson. They furnish food for much thought, yet it is doubtful whether we ever get from them his full meaning. 56. The essay on *Politics* was published in 1844, but contained portions of a lecture given in 1836. The student should find out what was the political situation in the United States in those years. 85. *Botany Bay*, in Australia. The name is commonly used as the equivalent of "penal colony"; but such a colony was never located there. The British planned to establish it at Botany Bay, but found a more desirable site near the present city of Sydney. 95. *Fisher Ames*, American orator and statesman (1758–1808). 106. *fact of two poles*, etc. This idea is repeatedly expressed by Emerson, and is fully developed in the essay *Compensation*.

THOREAU. — *Coming of the Birds.* — 60. *Anacreon*, Greek lyric poet, fifth century B.C.

LONGFELLOW. — *Beleaguered City.* — 4. *Prague*, capital of Bohemia, Austria; it is situated on the *Moldau* River. See note on *Haunted Palace*, above.

Building of Ship. — 37. *I wis*, here used (as generally) as an old-

fashioned expression for "I know." It really is from Anglo-Saxon *gewis*, an adverb meaning "certainly." 61. *Pascagoula*, in Mississippi. 62. *Roanoke*, river in Virginia and North Carolina. 161. *Lascar*, an East Indian sailor. 178. *stemson*, *keelson*, *sternson knee*, timbers of a ship. 382–7. The student will recall that the "Master" and several of the chief "Workmen" are represented in the second group of our readings (pages 24–49).

Hiawatha. — 12. *Dacotahs.* Hiawatha was an Ojibway (line 166). 14. *Nokomis*, Hiawatha's grandmother, who reared him. 86. *chalcedony.* Accented here on the first and third syllables.

Birds. — This poem is founded on a tradition connected with the town of Killingworth, Connecticut. 2. *merle*, blackbird. *mavis*, thrush. 11–12. See *Matthew*, X, 29, 31; *Luke*, XII, 6–7. 17. *Sound*, Long Island. Killingworth is about 10 miles from the Sound. 30. *Cassandra-like*, etc. Cassandra, daughter of Priam, king of Troy, prophesied evil to her city. 43. *Squire*, Justice of the Peace. 51. See the reading from Edwards, page 21, above. 89. *Plato*, Greek philosopher, fourth century B.C., in a work called the *Republic*, set forth his ideal of government. *Reviewers.* Longfellow doubtless refers to the magazines of the early nineteenth century — *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly*, and others — which severely criticized Wordsworth and others of the so-called "Romantic" school, sometimes denying them any claim to the title of poet. 93. *Troubadours*, lyric poets of Italy, Spain, and especially Southern France, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who sang chiefly of love. 96. See 1 *Samuel*, XVI, 14–23. 184. *St. Bartholomew.* On St. Bartholomew's Day (Aug. 24), 1572, there was a terrible massacre of Protestants and Huguenots in Paris. 193. See *Acts*, XII, 20–23. 212. *Doom's-Day Book*, properly "Domesday" (day of judgment), a valuation-survey of England made by William the Conqueror. It made taxation on a sound basis possible, besides being a census roll and a record of estate valuations. The nickname came from the fact that in the eyes of the people it was like the great reckoning of doomsday.

Hanging of Crane. — "This is the story of life," said Longfellow, "the sweet and pathetic poem of the fireside." 72. *Canute* was king of England from 1017 to 1035. He was a small man; and the early part of his reign was characterized by great barbarity and severity. Which of these facts has Longfellow in mind in giving the baby this name? 108. *Ariadne's Crown.* After Ariadne was deserted by Theseus, she was wooed and won by Bacchus, who gave her

a golden crown. After her death, Bacchus made a heavenly constellation of the crown. 148. *Cathay*, China.

Cross of Snow. — A sonnet commemorating the death by fire of the poet's wife. With characteristic reserve and self-control, Longfellow made no record of the great sorrow except this short lyric eighteen years after the event, and then did not print it.

Lowell. — *My Love.* — This poem was composed about the time the poet became engaged to Maria White.

Freedom. — Written in 1843. Few men of Lowell's position and ability were then outspoken in opposition to slavery.

Commemoration Ode. — This poem was dedicated "To the ever sweet and shining memory of the ninety-three sons of Harvard College who have died for their country in the war of nationality." 23. *Veritas*, truth. In 1643 the seal of Harvard was adopted — a shield with three open books bearing the word *Veritas*. 49. *her* (as elsewhere in this section) refers to "truth" (line 28). 66–70. See 1 *Kings*, XVIII, 17–46. 95. Lincoln was assassinated three months before the *Ode* was written. The form read at the commemoration exercises did not contain section VI; but, as has often been remarked, it follows V so naturally and effectively that it does not seem like an afterthought. 129 ff. "Or if there was anything of Europe in him, it was Europe in its early days (*fronting mornward*), when there were no hereditary distinctions of rank." 134. *Plutarch's men.* See note on Irving's *Stuyvesant*, line 17. 152. *The first American.* Cf. Grady, page 275. 167. *dear ones.* Three nephews of Lowell and five other relatives fell in the war. 174. See *Numbers*, XIII, 1–2, 21–24. 181. Line means: "We shall never be without their glorified presence." 230. *Katahdin*, *Monadnock*, *Whiteface*, mountains; in Maine, New Hampshire, and Colorado, respectively.

Old Elm. — 3–5. Washington expressed himself as thinking he was almost miraculously spared at Braddock's defeat in the French and Indian War. 6. *gown to arms had yielded.* Several of the Harvard buildings were used for military purposes. 25–26. "ready to vote down the religious doctrine of Freewill, but inclined to be very free in the exercise of their own will." 42. *buff and blue*, the colors of the Continental uniform. 44. "I seem to see the sun-flecks weave halos prophetic of glory round the head of Washington, which have not grown less glorious with his passing, but

continue our guiding light." 72. In section VIII, Lowell said, he "held out a hand of kindly reconciliation to Virginia." 79. *inevitable wrong*, the War between the States. 93. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Church enforced cessation of hostilities at certain periods. Such cessation was called the *Truce of God.*

Emerson the Lecturer. — 5. *King Logs.* "The frogs prayed to Jove to send them a king, and the god threw a log into the pool, the splash of which terribly alarmed them for a time; but they soon learnt to despise a monarch who allowed them to jump upon its back, and never resented their familiarities. The croakers complained to Jove for sending them so worthless a king." (Brewer's *Reader's Handbook.*) 10. *What they do not fully understand*, etc. Most readers of Emerson take this attitude, just as his hearers did. 12. *old poet*, Matthew Roydon, friend of Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe, and other famous poets of the later sixteenth century. The lines quoted are from an *Elegie* written by Roydon on Sidney's death. 19. *spread-eagle*, noisily patriotic. 20. *We are reckoned.* This and the next sentence are somewhat in Emerson's cryptic style. 24. *Buncombe constituency*, body of supporters who wish their representative to do a great deal of talking in a high-flown style, even if he seldom touches any subject of interest or importance. See "Buncombe" in the *International Dictionary.* 25. *Plotinus*, Egyptian philosopher of the third century. 28. *Vedas* are the sacred books of India. 40. *Brahma* is the title of one of Emerson's most obscure poems. 44. *Montaigne*, French essayist. 57. *Epistolæ*, etc., Letters of Obscure Men. 64. Rev. Thomas *Fuller* and Sir Thomas *Browne* were great writers of the seventeenth century, but the average person would not admire them as Lowell does. 65. *abominable word.* This was written in 1868. The word is now, of course, firmly established in the language. It was objected to on the ground of irregularity of formation. 71. *The many*, etc. This sentence is worthy of the student's best thinking. It and the one following are quite Emersonian. 89. *as old as I am.* Lowell was forty-nine. 101. "*plain living and high thinking*," quoted from a sonnet of Wordsworth beginning, "O Friend! I know not which way I must look." 136. *ere one can say it lightens.* See *Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii, 120. 146. *consulate* for "presidency" is merely a mild witticism — the sort of thing that occasionally mars Lowell's best work. 153. *remainder-biscuit.* See *As*

You Like It, II, vii, 39. 164. *stocks*, machine for punishing by putting the arms or legs of an offender in a cramped position. 165. *And who that saw.* The remainder of this paragraph is characteristic of the author — four sentences of prose that is only just short of poetry, followed by three familiar and humorous ones. He once said he was "a kind of twins, divided between grave and gay." 181. *vegete*, lively. 185. *fugleman*, leader. The student has doubtless already discovered Lowell's fondness for uncommon words. It was not affectation, but the result of continued and loving study of older English writers. 186. *Titian*, Venetian painter. *Assumption*, reception of the Virgin Mary into heaven; a favorite subject with the old masters. 193. *saved us*, etc. See *Romans*, VII, 24. 205. *we should not have been careful for an answer.* See *Daniel*, III, 16. 215. *Che in la mente*, etc. From Dante's *Inferno*, Canto XV, lines 82–85:

> "For in my mind is fixed, and touches now
> My heart the dear and good paternal image
> Of you, when in the world from hour to hour
> You taught me how a man becomes eternal."
> (Longfellow's translation.)

White's Selborne. — According to the *Dict. Nat. Biog.* this book, which so arouses Lowell's enthusiasm, is "the only work on natural history which has attained the rank of an English classic." Selborne is in Sussex county, about fifty miles southwest of London. 8. *Fellow of Oriel.* In English universities a student may be a Fellow and receive a regular income from the institution for a much longer period than is possible in America. *Oriel*, one of the colleges of Oxford. 11. *hobby-horse*, now usually "hobby." A subject, theory, occupation, to which a person devotes a great deal of time and attention, without earning his living thereby. 13. *Barrington*, *Pennant* (Thos.). White's book is in the form of letters to these English naturalists and friends of his. 15. Izaak *Walton*, an English writer immortalized by a book in praise of the sport of fishing — *The Complete Angler.* 16. William *Cowper* (pronounced Cooper), English poet. The following lines from his *The Task*, Book VI, indicate what Lowell had in mind:

> "I would not enter on my list of friends
> (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

26. *his parishioners.* White was minister as well as naturalist. 31. *Annihilating*, etc. From *The Garden*, by Andrew Marvell, English poet (seventeenth century). 35. *See great Diocletian walk*, etc. The editor is unable to place this passage. Lowell's reading covered an enormous range, many apparently not striking passages stuck in his memory, and he often failed to quote accurately. These facts make very difficult the identification of many of his quotations and allusions. The Roman emperor Diocletian after his abdication (305 A.D.) retired to Salona (modern Spalato) in Dalmatia, where he built a magnificent palace with extensive gardens. 39. *revolt of the American colonies.* White's book was in preparation from 1773 to 1789. 47. *Chartreuse*, a Carthusian (austere) monastery; hence, a quiet retreat. 54. *fauna*, animals inhabiting a region. 57. *anthropophagous,* man-eating. 60. *our share of owls.* What does he mean here by "owls"? 64. Francis *Willoughby* and John *Ray* were English naturalists about a hundred years before White. 65. *stilted plover.* "In the last week of last month, five of those most rare birds, too uncommon to have obtained an English name, but known to naturalists by the terms of *himantopus*, or *loripes* and *charadrius himantopus* were shot. . . . One of these specimens I procured. . . . These birds are of the plover family, and might, with propriety, be called the stilt-plovers." — *Nat. Hist. Selb.*, Letter XCI. 78. *Windsor Castle*, one of the English sovereign's residences, located about twenty miles from London. 79. *Royal Society*, the most important scientific organization in Great Britain. 90. *Diogenes*, Greek cynic philosopher. 95. *reconstruction.* This essay was written in 1869, when the "reconstruction" of the states of the Southern Confederacy was taking place. 108. *Martin*, Benjamin, mathematician and instrument maker, who graduated the thermometer used at Selborne. 118. *abnegated*, renounced. 131. *graduation; Mercury.* Lowell was as fond of puns as was Holmes. 139. *Barabas*, a character in Marlowe's *Jew of Venice.* 140. "*Into what quarter*," etc. See the *Jew*, I, i, 39. 147. *I have little doubt*, etc. "This was written before we had a Weather Bureau." (Lowell's note in the complete edition of his works.) The Weather Bureau was not organized until 1891, but systematic work that led to its organization goes back to 1870. 167. *cloaca maxima*, the great sewer.

Democracy. — 8. *Piccadilly*, one of the finest streets in London, where fashionable people promenade. 28. *Hudson.* The sum of £25,000 had been raised for a statue to the "railway king" while he was alive; but discovery that his methods were highly dishonorable put an immediate stop to the movement. 29. *Louis Napoleon*, nephew of the great Napoleon. He became president of France in 1848, and had himself proclaimed emperor in 1852. He imitated his uncle's methods, but succeeded only in gaining the title of "Napoleon the Little." 71. *more famous tribune.* See note on Webster, line 72. 98. Robert Lowe, Viscount *Sherbrooke*, British statesman; living when Lowell spoke these words. 110. "*where two men ride*," etc. See Shakspere's *Much Ado About Nothing*, III, v, 40. The "very sagacious person" is a foolish constable named Dogberry. 115. Henry *George*, a great politician of New York City, advocate of the single tax. At the time of his death in 1898 he was a candidate for mayor of the city, with what were thought to be excellent chances of election. 118. *a fortiori*, for a stronger reason. 151. *Be your own palace*, etc. See John Donne's *Letter to Sir Henry Wotton*, line 52. Donne wrote "*thine* own" and "*thy* gaol." 175. *Our healing*, etc. See 1 *Kings*, XIX, 9–18.

Lanier. — *My Springs.* — 25. Note that *perverse* is here accented on the first syllable. 52. *Magdalen and Ruth;* that is, for bad women and good women. See *Luke*, VII, 36–50 (especially 37, 39); and the book of *Ruth* (especially III, 11).

Chattahoochee. — *Habersham* and *Hall* are counties in the northeastern part of Georgia. As the poem implies, the river rises in Habersham County. 44. It will be interesting for the student to compare Lanier's way of bringing out his moral with Bryant's.

[The editor regrets that arrangements could not be made with Lanier's publishers to give the poet more adequate representation in these readings.]

Grady. — *The New South* was delivered in December, 1886, at the annual banquet of the New England Society of New York City. He was thirty-six years old, the son of a Confederate soldier, and the most prominent journalist in the South. 5. *B. H. Hill*, a noted Georgia statesman. *Tammany Hall*, home of the "regular" branch of the Democratic party in New York. 54. *Cavalier*, settler of the Southern colonies; *Puritan*, settler of New England. 64. *Myles Standish*, the Puritan leader who enforced the severe laws

of his party. Longfellow's *The Courtship of Miles Standish* gives an interesting presentation of his character. 84. *Talmage*, T. DeWitt (died 1902), prominent preacher whose sermons were widely printed and read week by week. 90. *the first typical American.* Cf. Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*, section VI (page 245). 121. *Appomattox* Court House, Virginia, where Lee surrendered, April 9, 1865. 132. *cross*, the Confederate flag. 158. *Bill Arp*, pen-name of Charles H. Smith, a Georgia newspaper man and humorist, whose letters during and after the war were very popular. The name "Arp" he made from the initial letters of the phrase, "A Rebel Private." 167. *a kind of careless man about fire.* Sherman burned Atlanta on his famous "march to the sea." 186. *Mason and Dixon's line*, boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania, named for the men who surveyed it. It was long referred to as the dividing line between the Northern free states and the Southern slaveholding states. 233. *Toombs*, Robert, noted Georgia soldier and statesman. 237. *chattel*, any sort of property except real estate. 266. *Johnston*, Gen. Joseph E., one of the three or four greatest leaders of the Confederates. 275. *toad's head.* See Shakspere's *As You Like It*, II, i, 12–17. 331. *city in which I live*, Atlanta. 369. *Those opened eyes*, etc. See Shakspere's 1 *Henry IV*, I, i, 9–15. "opened" is an error for "opposed."

Curtis. — *Prue and I* is a sort of novel dealing with an obscure New York bookkeeper and his wife. The extract is from the chapter called *Sea and Shore.* 5. Earlier in the chapter we learn that the supposed narrator "made the India Voyage" when a small boy, by exploring a ship from India in some American port. 11. *East Indiaman*, ship engaged in the East Indian trade. 28. *top*, short for "topsail." 33. *Parthenon*, etc. Many marble ornaments of the Parthenon at Athens were removed in the years 1803–1812 by Lord Elgin, who afterwards sold them to the British government. They are now among the greatest treasures of the British Museum. Curtis's "unrified" implies that Lord Elgin's conduct was not meritorious, but most people think otherwise. See Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin, in *Dictionary of National Biography.* 37. *Vittoria Colonna*, an Italian poet (1490–1547), who refused many suitors both before marrying the man of her choice, and after his death. *Tasso*, famous Italian poet of the sixteenth century. 38. *Villa d'Este*, palace at Ferrara of Cardinal Luigi d'Este, Tasso's patron. *Beatrice*,

the inspiration of the Italian poet Dante's whole life (1265–1321), and the central figure of his *The New Life* and of his *Paradise*, the last section of *The Divine Comedy*. 40. *Hotel Europa*, *Danieli's*, *Leone Bianco*, popular resorts in Venice of the mid-nineteenth century. 41. *Marino Faliero*, doge of Venice (14th century), who had a young and very beautiful wife. 44. *Ah! senza amare*, etc. : "Ah, there is no consolation to walk along the sea without love." 49. *you and Aurelia*. Aurelia was a city belle whom the narrator did not know but admired from a distance ; "you" was her escort. *St. Peter's*, cathedral at Rome. 62. *Roxbury* is now a part of Boston. 76. *A painted ship*, etc. See Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, lines 117–118.

Evils of Party Spirit. — The address from which this selection is taken was delivered before the graduating class of Union College, Schenectady, New York, in 1877. It is one of the earliest and most notable pleas for independence in politics. The present strong tendency toward independence is probably due in no small measure to Curtis's continued preaching of the doctrine. 62. *money-changers*. See *John*, II, 13–16. 92. *Federalists*. See any good history of the United States for the party divisions during the early days of the nation. 93. *Jacobins*, the extreme republicans of the French Revolution. *Robespierre* and *Marat* were leaders of this party. 110. *Castor and Pollux*, twins. To understand the passage fully, look up either name in an encyclopedia or in a handbook of mythology. 123. *whips*. A whip is a person designated by his party to enforce discipline. The office and name originated in the British House of Commons, but are now used also in the American House of Representatives. 125. *one Senator*, James W. Grimes, of Iowa. Though ill, he dragged himself to the trial, and two days after delivering his opinion in favor of President Johnson's acquittal, was stricken with paralysis. 130. *Inquisition*, a court of the Roman Catholic Church, the business of which was to suppress heresy. It was finally abolished in 1834.

Whittier. — *To Garrison.* — William Lloyd Garrison was one of the earliest and most vigorous opponents of slavery. He and Whittier were lifelong devoted friends. 3. Before the actual outbreak of hostilities Garrison was several times in danger of death at the hands of mobs who disapproved his conduct.

Proem. — 3. *Spenser*, Edmund, English poet of the time of Shakspere. Whittier has in mind Spenser's *Amoretti*, *Prothalamion*, and

other lyric poems, rather than the better known *Faerie Queene*. 4. Sir Philip *Sidney*, contemporary and friend of Spenser, wrote a romance called *Arcadia*, and many lyrics. 33. *Marvell*, see note on Lowell's *White's Selborne*, line 31.

Ichabod. — The title-name of this poem means "the glory is departed." (See 1 *Samuel*, IV, 21.) It was written after Webster's *Seventh of March Speech* (1850), which supported Clay's Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law, and which most of the North considered an act of treachery. Webster, however, had been the champion, not of the anti-slavery forces, but of the Union; and he believed to the end that war could be avoided if the opposing parties would only exercise enough patience. *The Lost Occasion* (p. 303) should be read along with *Ichabod*.

Skipper Ireson. — Years after this poem was written Whittier was told that not Ireson but his crew committed the crime told of in stanzas four and five. He had based the verses on a bit of rhyme of a schoolmate. 3. *Apuleius's Golden Ass* was a young man who had been transformed into the animal but retained his human consciousness. 4. *Calender's horse*. The *Tale of the Third Calender* in the *Arabian Nights* tells of one Agib, who was entrusted with the keys of a palace and given permission to enter every room but one. He nevertheless entered that one, mounted a horse he found there, and was carried through the air to Bagdad. The horse set him down, and with a whisk of his tail knocked out Agib's right eye. 6. *Al-Borak*, the animal brought by Gabriel to carry Mahomet to heaven, had the face and voice of a man, the cheeks of a horse, the wings of an eagle. 8. *Marblehead*, coast town of Massachusetts. 6. *Bacchus*, god of wine. 30. *Mænads*, female attendants of Bacchus. 35. *Chaleur Bay*, an inlet of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Playmate. — A tender recollection of a boyhood love — Whittier never married. 1. *Ramoth hill* was near Amesbury, the poet's home from 1836 to 1876; as were the "woods of Follymill" (line 36). 59. The *veery* is a kind of thrush.

Laus Deo. — "On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery." (Whittier.) 19. See note on Lowell's *Democracy*, line 175. 27 ff. See *Exodus*, XV, 21.

Lost Occasion. — 3. *Thou*, Daniel Webster. See note on *Ichabod*. This poem was written in 1880. 11. *Olympian*, godlike. 15. *Phidias*, the greatest sculptor of Greece. 17. *Cædmon*,

English poet of about the seventh century. 23. *Norse god*, Odin. 24. *Talus*, the groom of Sir Artegal in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (book V, canto 1, stanza xii), carried an iron flail,

"With which he threshed out falsehood, and did truth unfold."

51. See *Judges*, XVI, 6–9. 74 ff. Mount Webster (3876 feet), in the White Mountains, about sixty miles from Webster's birthplace.

WHITMAN. — Whitman is the most individual poet in our literature; and his admirers assert that he must not be judged by the methods used in judging other poets. John Burroughs, the most noted American champion of the "sage of Camden," says: "We can make little of Whitman unless we allow him to be a law unto himself, seek him through the clues which he himself brings. When we try him by current modes, current taste, . . . we are disappointed." Sydney Dobell, English critic, says: "It is the American poet's first demand upon us that we shall dismiss our prepossessions in favor of the poets of culture from our minds — not asking whether he conforms to the rules which we apply to them, but whether he has a new message for the world, which demands a new and freer method for its fit expression. If we are not willing thus to reconsider our established ideas as to the art of poetry, we had better conclude that Whitman has no message for us, and concern ourselves no further about him."

If these statements hold, it should be easier for young readers, who have fewer "prepossessions" and less fixed standards, to understand and appreciate Whitman than for those who have for many years been reading and loving the "poets of culture."

A Child's Question. — 8. *hieroglyphic*, secret sign. 11. *Kanuck*, a Canadian; *Tuckahoe*, a Virginian (see the *Standard* dictionary); *Cuff*, a miserly old fellow. All three are slang.

Mannahatta. — 1. *my city*, New York. 2. *the aboriginal name.* The aboriginal Delawares of New York City were called "manhatanis," meaning "those who dwell upon an island." (*New Inter. Enc.*) 7. *high growths*, etc., the "sky-scrapers." 16–18. Students who have visited New York might check up Whitman's description from their own observation. This is the sort of poem Robert Louis Stevenson has in mind when, in *The Amateur Emigrant*, he speaks of "all that bustle, courage, action, and constant kaleidoscopic change that Walt Whitman has seized and set forth in his vigorous, cheerful, and loquacious verses."

O Captain! — Lee had surrendered, the Union was preserved, but Lincoln had died by the assassin's hand.

When Lilacs. — See Carpenter's *Whitman* (*Eng. Men of Letters*), page 105: "... strange and beautiful hymn, in which Lincoln's name is not mentioned, nor is there more than a faint reference to him; a threnody, therefore, of all that had died in the colossal struggle, symbolized through him. A poem of three themes, it sings of the lilac blossoms, sweet, and homely, and transient; of the evening star, shining luminous for all men, but slowly sinking to its rest; of the hermit thrush, Nature's one foreboding singer of the wilderness at twilight. The flower of the dooryard fades at the appointed time, the star disappears according to its season, the bird sings of death as the 'deliveress' of mankind, for the poet's trust is as strong as his love, and he contemplates death with gratitude and with praise. Further analysis fails."

Come, said my Soul. — This poem appeared first as a sort of preface to the 1876 edition of *Leaves of Grass.* In the edition of 1881 it was placed on the title-page and signed by the author.

Holmes. — *The Height of the Ridiculous.* — 16. Any one who doesn't appreciate *the trifling jest* may look up "printer's devil" in the dictionary.

The Last Leaf. — Holmes did outlive most of his close friends; he died in 1894, at the age of 85.

The Chambered Nautilus. — This poem was "suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. . . . [Such a section] will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?" — *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, No. IV. The student should look up an illustration of the nautilus in dictionary or encyclopedia in order to get the full meaning of the poem on the natural side. Much use must be made of the dictionary — few poems will better repay detailed study.

4. *purpled wings.* Many purple wings or arms are attached to the head of the nautilus. When alive, it can "fling" these out at will. 5. The Sirens were sea nymphs who by their beautiful singing lured sailors to destruction on the rocky shores they inhabited. 8. The *webs of living gauze* are the "purpled wings" of line 4. 9. When the animal dies, the shell is tossed about by the sea, and

thus "wrecked." 11–12. *dim dreaming life . . . frail tenant.* These expressions refer to the low order of life to which the nautilus belongs. 14. *irised*, many-colored. 16. The coil was *lustrous* because of the "irised ceiling." 22. *heavenly message*, given in the last stanza. 26. *Triton*, trumpeter of Neptune, god of the sea. His *wreathed horn* was a shell. 31. *low-vaulted.* The nautilus successively dwelt in larger compartments of the spiral, which may be thought of as rooms of higher vault or ceiling. Hence, its previous mansions might be called "low-vaulted" by comparison. 32. *Let each new temple, . . . Shut thee from heaven, i.e.:* "Let each new temple, the dome (or roof) of which stands between thee and heaven (*i.e.*, the sky), be vaster than its predecessor." Or, leaving the figure of speech: "Keep growing, intellectually and spiritually."

The Deacon's Masterpiece. — Shay is colloquial for "chaise," a light carriage. 11. George II was hardly a "drone." He was willing enough to work, but yielded the opportunity when he found a prime minister more capable than himself. *German hive.* The House of Hanover, which still rules England, is German in origin. 20. *felloe* (also written "felly"), wooden rim of wheel. *thill*, shaft. 22. *thoroughbrace*, leather strap used as spring, or to join C-springs. See line 53. 45. *ellum*, provincial pronunciation of "elm." 92. *encore* is restricted in English to a single use, where it means "again." Here it has, of course, one of its other French meanings, "besides."

Parson Turell's Legacy. — 2. Legally Harvard is still only a "college." 5. Edward Holyoke was president of Harvard from 1737 to 1769. 64. *y^e* is the old abbreviation for "the," and should be so read, not as if written "ye." Similarly, *y^t* was frequently written for the conjunction "that." In the quotation Holmes imitates the forms of the seventeenth century. 69. An English *crown* is five shillings (about $1.25). 98. *Triennial.* From 1776 to 1875 Harvard published every three years a catalogue of officers and graduates. Since 1880 the catalogue has appeared every five years and been called the "Quinquennial." 118. *cock-a-hoop*, exultant. There is an interesting discussion of this word in the New English (Oxford) Dictionary. 147. *Vice-Gub*, Lieutenant-Governor.

All Here. — Written for the thirty-eighth anniversary of Holmes's class at Harvard — the famous class of 1829. 20. *triennial;* see note on line 98 of preceding poem. 21–22. In a list of names, deceased persons are usually indicated by stars. 24. *The Boys*, title of Holmes's poem for the class reunion of 1851. 52. *ubique — om-*

nes — semper, everywhere — all — always. 70. *Gracious Mother*, Harvard. The translation of "Alma Mater." 72. *In pace*, in peace.

The Broomstick Train. — 11. *Essex.*] Salem, the scene of the witchcraft trials of the seventeenth century, is in Essex County. So also are *Ipswich River*, *Cape Ann*, *Swampscott*, *Danvers*, *Beverly*, *Wenham*. *Wilmington* is just over the line in Middlesex. *Chelsea* is a suburb of Boston. 41. *Norman's Woe*, a dangerous reef near Gloucester, Massachusetts. See Longfellow's *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. 53. See line 9. 77 ff. Recall the witch-scenes in *Macbeth*, and compare the lists of attendant spirits or "familiars." 128 ff. The *broomstick*, it is hardly necessary to say, is the trolley; the *careful man*, the conductor; the *black cat's purr*, the whirr of the motor; the *gleam*, the spark made when the trolley slips off the wire. In *Over the Teacups*, written the same year as this poem (1890), Holmes has a long passage on this subject, beginning: "Look here! There are crowds of people whirled through our streets on these new-fashioned cars, with their witch-broomsticks overhead, — if they don't come from Salem, they ought to." The first trolley line had been started four years before in Richmond, Virginia.

Episode of the Pie. — 10. *cela va sans dire*, that goes without saying. 22. *stillicidium*, the flowing of a liquid, drop by drop. 27. *Inferno*, Italian for "hell," and the title of the first part of Dante's great poem, *The Divine Comedy*. 39. *Benjamin Franklin* was "our landlady's youngest." 40. "*Quoiqu'elle*," etc.: Although it is strongly made, this toy must not be handled roughly.

My Last Walk. — 18. See *Ruth*, Chapter II. 40. *single* is used here, of course, in the sense of "one." 70. *Common*, a large and beautiful park in the heart of Boston. 87. *Gingko*, an Asiatic tree having fan-shaped leaves. Also spelled "ginkgo"; the initial *g* is sounded either hard or soft. 90. *the old gentleman who sits opposite*, *i.e.*, opposite the Autocrat at the boarding-house table. He is never named; but in the last chapter the Autocrat "took the schoolmistress before the altar from the hands of the old gentleman who *used to sit* opposite." (Italics are the editor's.)

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